

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL





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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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INTRODUCTION

IN or about the year 1850 I had joint-chambers in Lincoln's Inn with Mr. J. M. Ludlow (afterwards Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, the author of the *History of the United States*: Macmillan's). We were both of us strong Abolitionists, and, speaking at least for myself, more interested in the United States slavery question than in any political topic of that particular time in England. One day he came into my room, paper in hand (the *Morning Chronicle*, in which Sir Henry Maine had reviewed the "Biglow Papers"), and beaming. "Just listen to this," he said, and began reading—

"Thrash away, you'll hev to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer seller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahold o' me!" (P. 146.)

That first verse took "ahold on me" which has never been relaxed; and as he went on, the hold strengthened. It was quite a new sensation to hear—

"We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on cend at bein' biled?" etc. (P. 146.)

And again,

"Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
Wether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The eternal bung wuz loose!" (P. 147.)

And,

"Take them editors thet's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old,—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
Though they be so blasted bold." (P. 147.)

As the poem draws to its close the scorn and invective melts into pathos as he dismisses the recruiting sergant, the trimmers and editors, with—

"Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
 Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
 Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
 Insults on your fathers' graves;
 Help the strong to grind the feeble,
 Help the many agin the few,
 Help the men thet call your people
 Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew ! " (P. 147)

and turns to his own "dear old Bay State," appealing to her to come out of the slave-owners' camp at all risks, for

" Man hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has noways jined ;
 An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
 Ef there's thousands o' my mind." (P. 147.)

I felt at once that a new star had risen above the literary horizon—at any rate for me—and went to work at once to learn all I could about the author, and to get whatever works he might have published, either in England or in his own country. At that time I had never come across any writing of his, and indeed, so far as I remember, did not even know his name.

I was well rewarded by becoming the owner of "The Vision of Sir Launfal, and other Poems," of which a small cheap edition had appeared in England; and, in an honest desire to make my countrymen sharers in my newly-found treasure, did what I could by writing and lecturing (for which in those early professional days I had much leisure) to spread the knowledge of Lowell's poems in England.

I suppose that Messrs. Trübner were aware of these efforts: at any rate in the spring of 1859 a proposal came from them that I should write a preface to an English edition of the "Biglow Papers," which had not then been published here. I eagerly consented, as it gave me the chance of writing to the author, which I had long wished to do, but for which, till then, I had had no excuse. His answer made us friends at once. After the business details it ran: "Allow me to offer you a hearty grip of the hand across the water, and perhaps the fact that my only son lies under the daisies in Rome may justify me in offering to you and your wife my sympathy in your late terrible sorrow" (we had just lost our eldest son). This was the first of a series which only ceased two months before his death, and have been an unfailing source of joy and strength to me for more than thirty years. For I doubt whether any of the most famous letter-writers ever unbosomed themselves more frankly in their correspondence than Lowell. Milton says, in his speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, that books "do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacies and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." A hard saying perhaps to us in 1891, and possibly if Milton had lived in our time he might have qualified it; but true, I believe, of all good books, and even more true of genuine letters. For in writing books we have all more or less in our minds the outside world which knows us not, and before which we feel that it is only respectful to appear in our dress clothes; whereas in our letters we have only in our minds the friend who knows us, and with whom we feel most at home in our shirt-sleeves or shooting-jackets.

Lowell says of himself—

“For me Fate gave, whate’er she else denied,
A nature sloping to the southern side;
I thank her for it, though when clouds arise
Such natures double-darken gloomy skies.” (P. 478.)

His was indeed “a nature sloping to the southern side,” and his friends could bask in the even sunshine of it, while he kept the gloomy skies carefully to himself. After months of constant pain, and anxiety for his daughter’s health which he sums up in half a dozen lines, he writes in October 1890: “I am beginning to feel like my old, or rather my young self again. When you write next it must be in words of one syllable, and with everything adapted to the apprehension of a boy. . . . I have had enough to do with death, nor wish to have more till my own turn comes, and that I am ready for, tho’ perhaps too easily contented here. But the earth is so beautiful!” And six months later, in his last letter, after a terrible relapse: “Yesterday I left my bed where I had been lying for a fortnight, and am now hobbling about in felt slippers. I suffered such bitter torture that I foresee I shall recover slowly. This being so, I must give up the feeble hope I had of seeing the dear old Home this summer. . . . I am glad you got the books and like them. I didn’t mean by this collected and uniform edition to write ‘finis,’ tho’ I am not sure my health won’t write it for me. But I have enough uncollected essays of one kind or another to make a volume, and poems enough to fill a small other volume. If the summer does as much for me as I hope, I suppose that I shall wet my pen again.” Good news this for readers, and for friends, even in their present distress. Then he breaks away into politics with all his old playfulness. “You mustn’t think the Irish question settled, or near it. You know how highly I value Balfour, but the Irish trouble is something too deep for railways or transplantation to cure. It is a case of suppressed gout. *Experto crede!*—Don’t I live in the midst of a population chiefly Irish? It is proof against everything—even against the exquisite comicality of its own proceedings. Boulogne must be in the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. You are having daffodils and things ere this. We are still in the depths of winter if that is to be measured by snow. The view from my windows would gladden the heart of a polar bear. But this will make our spring less unendurable when it comes. Our politics are going well. The Congress just ended has spent all our surplus and more. This brings us down to hard-pan at last, which will be good for us.”

After ten years of intimacy by letter we were drawn even closer by the visit of his daughter to England, under the escort of Mr. and Mrs. Field. On her return he writes: “I am very glad you liked my little girl—I think very well of her myself. She is now an only child. She is very enthusiastic about England; the horses especially won her warmest approval, for, tho’ I keep nothing but clothes-horses myself, she is a very good rider.”

A friendship by letter, hearty and delightful as it may become, must always have its limitations. Readers of my age, who were all familiar with Miss Edgeworth, will remember one of her tales, *L’Ami Inconnu*, in which there is a sad disillusionment when the friends meet and the *vox viva* takes the place of the written word. Some faint reflection of this doubt, I must own, cast a slight shadow on my first visit to New England in 1870. The great attraction had been the cordial and oft-repeated invitations to Elmwood; but, as the train from Montreal neared Boston, I could not help asking myself whether a most precious illusion might not be about to vanish—whether the creator of Hosea Biglow and Parson Wilbur, and the

author of "Sir Launfal," "The Ghost-Seer," and "The Courtin'," *could* come up to the Ideal of him I had formed—if not, was I wise in risking its destruction? All doubt vanished within a few minutes of my arrival at Elmwood, with a young Oxonian, Mr. W. Rawlins, who was my companion, and who had been welcomed already by letter.

We arrived at Elmwood late in an August evening, and, from the miscarriage of letters, were not expected. Lowell was sitting in his verandah smoking a long clay pipe and talking with John Holmes, the brother of "the Autocrat" and one of his most valued friends. The first look of his eyes was enough. Speaking of Mrs. Quincy he says: "She must always have had that highest kind of beauty, which grows more beautiful with years, and keeps the eyes young as if with the partial connivance of time." He was already past fifty, but this peculiar beauty of the eyes was the first thing that struck me. "He didn't leave no card, ma'am, but he had the coaxingest eyes ever you see," was the answer of a parlour-maid, which enabled a lady at once to identify him as her visitor; and I do not think I can improve on the maid's description. They made you feel at home at once, and in love with their owner. It was long past the hour for food in primitive Cambridge, and, though we had not dined, we were too eager to get to talk, and to give no trouble, to accept any of his hospitable offers except a glass of sherry and a biscuit. These he brought out triumphantly after a short search, excusing the slight delay as Mrs. Lowell was out. The sherry was in a large stone jar, and looked rather light in colour as he poured us out bumpers. The first mouthful was trying to thirsty souls after a hot fourteen hours' journey. It was fine old whisky, and he hurried off to change the jar, explaining that the only alcohol in the house was in these jars, and he used it so seldom that he did not well know them apart. And so we sat on in the moonlight, falling through the "English elms" of which he was so proud, till late into the night, when I went to bed as happy as the Queen of Sheba when she found that the realised Solomon was far better and bigger than all the accounts she had heard of him in her own land.

Then followed a week long to be remembered—of excursions, visits, feastings. We went to the top of the Bunker's Hill Monument, where he confessed he had never been before and vowed he would never go again.¹ We drove to Concord by the road along which Percy retreated after the first skirmish with the embattled farmers, when "the shot heard round the world" had just been fired. We visited Emerson and Longfellow, and Hawthorne's house, and Thoreau's wood. We did the University of Cambridge, Lowell's "open sesame" even gaining us admission to the very wholesome mysteries of the students at a meeting of the $\phi \beta \kappa$ Society. We dined with the Saturday Club, where I sat in the place of honour at the head of the board, between Sumner (the chairman) and Emerson, and rather envied my young friend who faced me at the foot, between Lowell and Wendell Holmes, as the echoes of the fast and furious mirth rolled faintly up to our dignified end of the table. He even did his best to get me out of having to speak in Faneuil Hall, and, when his efforts failed, so disposed hatches of his Harvard pupils about the room that my address (John to Jonathan, which dealt with the strained relations between Old and New England which the civil war had left behind) wound up with "too-mul'tus applause," as Mr. Biglow would say. In a word, all that David would have done

¹ He was not fond of ascents. In the summer of 1873 he wrote from Switzerland: "I have climbed all the highest peaks with a spy-glass, and am thinking of getting up an Achromatic-Telescope-Alpine-Club, to which none will be admitted till they have had two fits of the gout authenticated by doctors' bills."

for Jonathan had he had the chance, Lowell did for me in the first week of our meeting.

Eighteen months later he came to England with his wife, and I did my best to repay him, but found it at first difficult. I got his name put on the distinguished guests' list at the Athenæum, but I do not think he ever entered the door, and certainly made no use of the Club to which he became so attached in later years. I asked the men and women who I knew appreciated his writings to meet him, and at first, though, of course, gentle and courteous (which he could not help being), he was somewhat reserved and silent. On the other hand, he joyfully went with me to the Working Men's College, where he was quite himself, and made one of the most genial and witty speeches at a students' supper that even he ever gave utterance to.

I need not say that this coolness and reserve soon wore off as he came to know us better. His later visits (before he was U.S. Minister here), when he came to receive his Doctor's degrees at Oxford and Cambridge, and at other times, resulted, I should think, in as many intimate friendships and cordial relations on both sides as ever fell to the lot of an American, and no man ever learned to understand and appreciate England better, in its strength and weaknesses.

But I need not dwell on this phase of his life, which has been so well and fully spoken and written of in the last few months, and will only add a word on one very marked feature in his character of which I have seen no adequate notice—I mean his love, and attraction, for children. He wrote of them as

"God's apostles, every day
Sent out to preach of love and hope and peace."

He was never tired of them, and could never do too much for them. For instance, when he was in England in 1873 our small daughter named May, who was then not old enough to speak quite plain, asked him to write in her birthday book. This was his answer:—"Copy of verses addressed to a young lady by the late Mr. Pope, A.D. 1698, *vet.* 10, when it is well known he 'lisped in numbers.'

May ith the month that poeth love,
Her apron full of leaveth and flowerth,
Her thkieth thoft breath'ed ath a dove,
Her monenth loitering into hourth.

The prethage of a name like yourth
May nothing ever croth or thtain,
And if a cloud your thky obscurth
Be it more full of thun than rain.

Whether ath maiden or ath wife
May the thoul's thpringtime light your way,
And may May Hughtheth happy life
Be ever ththeeped in hueth of May.

It was conjectured by the celebrated Dr. Bentley that there was an obscure allusion in the last stanza to a lady named Hughes. . . . 2d June 1873. J. R. LOWELL."

He sent the children another rhyme from Paris in the same year. It ran—"Mr. Biglow happening to pass through Paris, and hearing no end of talk about French '*esprit*,' hammered out the following 'impromptoo,' as he called it, which I took down from his lips, and which he was good enough to verify with his sign-manual.

Of France we all agree to once
 'The biggest town is Payris,
 An' yit about th' inhabituance
 Opinions gretly varies.

Ef you ast *them*, they'd saay they guest
 'Thaay wuz airth's tip-top people,
 Crowin' ez nat'rally o'er the rest
 Ez weather-cock o'er steeple.

But ef you happened tu ask me,
 Wal—I should saay I reckoned
 Thet brains so ready for a *spree*
 Wuz apt to cum out second.

II. BIGLOW."

It was one of our greatest pleasures in late years that on his almost yearly crossings to America he always spent some days with us, going or returning, and I will add one characteristic anecdote of almost his last visit.

In the spring of 1889 he came straight to us on landing at Liverpool. "Who is it that blacks my boots?" he asked on the morning when he was preparing to leave for London; and on being told that it was a boy from the neighbouring Industrial School, said, "Well, I haven't had my boots properly blacked since last October, and I should like to see that boy and thank him." The Industrial was summoned to the breakfast-room, and appeared at the door, Scotch bonnet in hand, and a scared look on his face, which promptly turned into a broad grin when he was presented with a florin, and told that his "shine" was a credit to him and his training; but that if he wished to be quite perfect he should black an inch or so on each side of the hollow, on the sole under the instep.

I have already noted the simplicity of his home life at Cambridge before he was sent as Minister to Spain, and so it always remained. But as representative of his country, especially as it was a Republic, he followed his own rule of doing his work up to the highest pattern—

"Folks thet worked thorough was the ones thet thriv,
 But hed work follers ye ez long's ye live;" (P. 234)

and all who visited or dined with him in Lowndes Square will remember that no table or house could be better appointed or better served. And this little piece of friendly counsel to the Industrial shoe-black is only an illustration of his constant aim to do himself, and to get every one else "to work thorough," whether their work in life were representing a great nation or blacking boots.

But it is time to turn from personal recollections to what I would fain hope may be the end, as it is certainly the motive, of this preface. For more than thirty years Lowell has been my most intimate book-friend amongst our poets. I know of no more precious possession—none for which the young should strive more earnestly, or be more thankful for when gained—than a hearty book-friendship. It is well to have as large an acquaintance as possible with all good books, but few of us have time for this in these days, and I think I have observed that the attempt to know more or less every new book of which we hear is apt to dull the higher literary appetite, and to make us almost incapable of a true book-friendship. Of these you cannot have more than a few. A small shelf will hold for most of us all the book-

friends of which we never tire—to which we can go back again and again in any leisure hour, and be certain of finding strength and enjoyment and sympathy whatever our mood may be. Let me try then to put those who are still strangers, or mere acquaintance, in the way to make a new book-friend. If I succeed I know they will feel grateful to me to the end of their days.

To begin then with his best-known work.

While I do not agree with what seems to be the general verdict, that the "Biglow Papers" are the work by which Lowell will hold his highest place as poet, my belief that they will always entitle him to stand in the first rank of the great satirists is even stronger to-day than it was thirty years ago. They are a thoroughly original work of genius, differing from almost all the great masterpieces of political satire in this, that the genial, hearty nature of the man shines through the most pungent of them. In this respect Lowell stands out in marked contrast to Swift, the greatest master of satire the English race has produced, who wielded the weapon of *ill*-humour with a keenness and power never surpassed. Now Lowell wields an equally keen rapier, but it is the rapier of *good*-humour. He never forgot his own rule: "No *apage Sathanas* is so potent as ridicule, but it is a kind of weapon which must have a button of good-nature on the point" (p. 156). Take, for example, perhaps the meanest of the characters who represent in the "Biglow Papers," First Series, the slave-holders and their Northern allies—Increase D. O'Phace, Esquire. Nothing can be more odious and mean than the political creed of this typical *sitter-on-the-fence*, or more trenchant than its exposure in Hosea's report of his remarks "at an extrumpery caucus." You loathe the man's creed, but for the man, you cannot really hate him when he pleads—

"A marcful Providunce fashioned us holler
O purpose thet we might our princerples swaller;" (P. 159.)

"We were ready to vote fer whoever wuz eligibile,
Ef on all pints at issuo he'd stay unintelligible.
Wal, sposin' we hed to gulp down our perfessions,
We were ready to come out next mornin' with fresh ones;
Besides, ef we did, 'twas our business alone,
Fer couldn't we du wut we would with our own?
An' ef a man can, wen pervisions hev riz so,
Eat up his own words, it's a marcy it is so." (P. 162.)

Or take the candidate for the Presidency who, in answer to "suttin questions" proposed by Mr. Biglow, explains his position—

"Kind o' permiscoous I go it
Fer the holl country, an' the ground
I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
Is pooty gen'ally all round" (P. 174)

and then has "sutthin' for *your* privit ear," viz.:—

"Ef you *git me* inside the White House,
Your head with ile I'll kin' o' 'nint
By gittin' *you* inside the Light-house
Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint." (P. 174.)

And for the voters in general—

"Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm lawth;
This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by North." (P. 174.)

I need scarcely allude to "What Mr. Robinson thinks" (p. 153), or Birdofredom Sawin's adventures when he bought a "nigger runnin'" and went into the swamp to fetch his purchase (p. 187). Every one who reads at all must know these.

It has been frequently said that the Second Series are inferior to the First in point and edge; that they did not come by inspiration but were manufactured to order. I may myself have given some ground for this by my Introduction to the first English edition, where I quoted a letter from the author in which he says that he had been simple enough to try, in answer to friendly urgings, to write more Biglow Papers, "only to find that I could not." But this was in the temporary lull between the Mexican war and the war of secession; before John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, and consequent execution, had forced the hands of the politicians, and brought the slavery question again prominently to the front. When the crisis came in 1860, and war broke out, Lowell found himself again at a bound in his old temper, in perfect and sensitive touch with all that was highest and noblest in the aspirations of New England, and naturally voicing them again in the racy vernacular of the farmers who were flocking to the Northern standard. I would ask any reader who fancies that he had "lost the hang of it" in 1861, to read the "Speech of Honourable Preserved Doe in Secret Caucus" with its

"A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard," etc. (P. 259)

and its argument against passing

"Resserlootions ez long ez your arm
Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, du us harm;
For when you've done all your real meannin' to smother,
'The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin' or 'nother," etc. (P. 259.)

Or again "Jonathan to John" in the Yankee Idyll—

"Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?
'J. B.' was on his shirts, John,
Unless my memory fails," etc. (P. 236)

or Hosca's last "Speech in March Meeting" to his "kebbige-heads" (p. 283). Nothing in the First Series is keener in satire or broader in humour. They will, however, no doubt find a marked difference between the two series in one respect. "The deeper feeling called up by the great interests at stake," Lowell himself explains, "led me to venture some passages nearer to what is called poetical, than could have been admitted without incongruity in the former series." Of these perhaps the finest, certainly the best known, is the passage in "Mason and Slidell" in which Concord Bridge breaks out—

"O strange New World, thet yit wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,

Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
 Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
 An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
 Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,
 Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
 With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
 Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
 To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,
 Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan
 Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
 An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
 Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—
 The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
 In fearful haste thy murdered corpse away ! (Pp. 235, 236.)

It would not be easy to find anything better of its kind in any literature. But to me by far the most touching is the cry for peace at the end of No. X. in which he is giving voice to the anguish of so many New England homes as the war drew to its close. He himself had lost three nephews—

" Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
 Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,
 Hahnsonie an' brave an' not tu knowin'.
 I set an' look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
 Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'. (P. 280.)

My eyes cloud up for rain ; my mouth
 Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners ;
 I pity mothers, tu, down South,
 For all they sot among the scorners :
 I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
 At Judgment where your meanest slave is,
 Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
 Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis !

Come, Peace ! not like a mourner bowed
 For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,
 But proud, to meet a people proud,
 With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted !

Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
 They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,
 A nation saved, a race delivered !" (P. 281.)

When one reads these lines one can almost realise the agonised strain through which the Northern States were passing, and I think the most ardent friend of the South can scarcely wonder at the angry estrangement from England which grew up during the war, and has not faded out to this day. It is true that England could not have acted otherwise than she did in demanding with some peremptoriness the release of

Mason and Slidell ; and that Lord Russell, who had to make that demand, had done yeoman's service to the North by his resolute refusal even to consider the suggestions of Louis Napoleon (full of his Mexican projects) as to breaking the blockade. But this was not known in the States, and his cold and unsympathetic manner and words seemed to indicate English official approval of the vehement advocacy of the Southern cause by a large and influential portion of the English press. "Tho' you English (most of you) will insist on misunderstanding us Yankees, you must not think we forget what blood runs in our veins," he wrote to me in the first year of the war ; and again in September 1863, "We are all as cross as terriers with your kind of neutrality." And this feeling is reflected in several of the papers of the Second Series, notably in (No. II.) a Yankee Idyll, where the Monument remonstrates with the Bridge—

"Don't you git het : they thought the thing was planned ;
They'll cool off when they come to understand" (P. 233)

and the Bridge replies :

"England cool off ! She'll do it, ef she sees
She's run her head into a swarm o' bees.
I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spose :
I hev thought England was the best thet goes," etc. (P. 233.)

It is pleasant, I hope, for every Englishman to remember how completely this feeling of wrong and estrangement wore off in his case, as his knowledge of England grew and ripened. Would that more of his countrymen had as good opportunities as he of learning to understand "the dear old Home," as he loved to call it in the last ten years of his life !

One cannot leave the "Biglow Papers" without a word as to the Introductions to each series, and the letters to the editor which accompany and make a framework for each of the poems. The reader must by no means neglect these (though he may find the Introduction to the Second Series, and possibly parts of the rest, rather tough), for in them he will make the acquaintance of the Rev. Homer Wilbur, "Pastor in the First Church in Jaalam," who stands out as distinct a person, and is as well worth knowing, as Jonathan Oldbuck, or Mr. Shandy, or Uncle Toby, I had almost said as Don Quixote himself. Here is Lowell's own version of the Pastor's creation from the Introduction to the Second Series : "Thinking the Mexican war, as I think it still, a national crime committed in behoof of Slavery, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an upcountry man as I had often seen at antislavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness." When he began to work out his conception he found himself in danger of seeming to vulgarise a deep and sacred conviction, so, "I needed on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose conceived the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common-sense vivified and heated by conscience. The parson was to be the complement rather than the antithesis of his parishioner, and I felt or fancied a certain humorous element in the real identity of the two under a seeming incongruity." With this hint of the author's design let the reader turn to Mr. Wilbur's first contribution, the "Notices of an Independent Press," which he prefixes to the first edition. "Considering," he says, "that such notices are neither intended, nor generally believed, to convey any

real opinions, being a purely ceremonial accompaniment of literature, and resembling certificates to the virtues of various morbid panaceas, I conceived it would be not only more economical to prepare a sufficient number of such myself, but also more immediately subservient to the end in view to prefix them to this our primary edition rather than to await the contingency of a second, when they would seem to be of small utility." Then follow the notices of domestic manufacture, half friendly, half hostile—Mr. Wilbur considering it more equitable "to prepare some sufficiently oburgatory, that readers of every taste may find a dish to their palate"—of which the English reader must in any case not skip that "From the World-Harmonic-Æolian-Attachment," the most brilliant and good-humoured travesty of Mr. Carlyle that has ever been written. "Speech is silver," it begins; "silence is golden. No utterance more Orphic than this. While, therefore, as highest author, we reverence him whose works continue heroically unwritten, we have also our hopeful word for those who with pen (from wing of goose loud-cackling, or seraph God-commissioned) record the thing that is revealed," etc. In the later "settings" of the parson let him by no means miss the extracts from the sermon of Mr. Wilbur on "Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel," Ezekiel xxxiv. 2, which form the "setting" of No. VI. of the First Series, "The Pious Editor's Creed," noting the contrast of the clergyman, "walking off to the extreme edge of the world, and throwing such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life—as if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting and the polls"—and the newspaper editor who might take the clergyman's place as shepherd of the people, but instead of that, "takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton. *Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!* For which reason I would derive the name *editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called. He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot," etc.

The other Introductions, especially perhaps those to Nos. IV. and V. of the First Series, are full of delightful humour, and there is not one which will not well repay reading were it only for the sake of the unexpected nuggets of wit and wisdom which lie thickly scattered over the surface, e.g. "Men generally more desirous of being *improved* in their portraits than characters. Shall probably find very unflattered likenesses of ourselves in Recording Angel's gallery." "To-day picked my Isabella grapes. Crop injured by attacks of rose-bug in the spring. Whether Noah was justifiable in preserving this class of insects?" "A good life behind him is the best thing to keep an old man's shoulders from shivering at every breath of sorrow or ill fortune." "When people stand in great dread of an invisible power, I suspect they mistake quite another person for the Deity."

The subject is tempting, but it is time to turn to the other poetry, which had scarcely gained any recognition, either in America or England, before the "Biglow Papers" had taken both countries by storm, and indeed are very far from being appreciated even now. I believe the reason of this slowness in the reading public to recognise their value arose from the fact that Lowell, like all great poets, was not the echo but the voice of his time to his own people; and that most people, and not least our cousins, prefer at first an echo, which repeats their superficial desires, to a voice which speaks to their consciences. I quote from a letter dated "St. Shakespeare's day, 1860." "It is twenty years since I published my first

volume, and during that time I have dwelt in a sort of limbo, this side of down-right damnation it is true, but as far from unqualified success." Ever since I believe his fame has been steadily on the increase, but his poems are still very far from holding the place to which they are entitled amongst all who speak English. I should indeed be glad if anything I can say shall lead the rising generation of readers to his pages. One word more, however, on this part of the subject. It seems to be taken for granted that in his later years he had lost the use of the weapon which made Hosea Biglow so formidable. Let any one who is inclined to this belief turn to one of his latest poems, "*Credidimus Jovem Regnare*," in "*Heartsease and Rue*," where he is considering Agnosticism—

"God gone, I felt a moment's spasm,
But calmed myself with Protoplasm.

The men who labour to revise
Our Bibles will, I hope, be wise,
And print it without foolish qualms
Instead of God in David's psalms :
Noll had been more effective far
Could he have shouted at Dunbar,
'Rise Protoplasm !' No dourest Scot
Had waited for another shot" (P. 515)

and to "*Tempora Mutantur*" (p. 516), written in 1872, and as scathing as any satire of Juvenal.

It seems to me that the critics of his poetry (other than the "Biglow Papers") have fallen into line, and adopted the modern notion, that the poet has no proper concern with right and wrong, and should be an artist and not a moralist, with symmetry and beauty, and not righteousness, as the goal at which he should aim.

This popular modern theory Lowell never accepted; indeed he deliberately repudiated it. In the "*Fable for Critics*," published anonymously in 1848—which, by the way, contains the best and fairest as well as wittiest estimates of contemporary American authors that I am acquainted with—writing of himself, as he was bound to do if he wished to remain anonymous, he says—

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
'Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching ;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem." (P. 337.)

Indeed he was much more of the ancient than the modern "*vates*," and deliberately accepted the rôle of prophet and teacher rather than that of singer, as any reader may see who will turn to one of his most characteristic, and least well-known, poems, the "*Ode*," in which he is contrasting the old poet, "*Him who hath spoken with the unseen Lord*," with the modern poet—

" . . . an empty rhymer
Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,

And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
To all men's prides and fancies as they pass" (P. 13)

and exhorts his brother-singers in words which come molten from the fire in his own heart—

"Arouse ! let thy soul break in music-thunder,
Let loose the ocean that is in thee pent,
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder,
And tell the age what all its signs have meant.
Where'er thy wildered crowd of brethren jostles,
Where'er there lingers but a shadow of wrong,
There still is need of martyrs and apostles,
There still are texts for never-dying song." (P. 14.)

And again,

"Whose eyes, like windows on a breezy summit,
Control a lovely prospect every way ;
Who doth not sound God's sea with earthly plummet,
And find a bottom still of worthless clay. (P. 14.)

Who to the Right can feel himself the truer
For being gently patient with the wrong,
Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,
And finds in Love the heart's-blood of his song." (P. 15.)

This ode was written when Lowell was just of age, and gives the key-note to which nearly all his poetry, not excepting, I think, the "Biglow Papers," is set.

Now and then indeed he turned himself loose, and let his extraordinary facility for rhyming, his high spirits and his love of punning, run away with him, as in "The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott." In this day of high pressure there are times when the most strenuous of us feels the need of easing the mainspring—when, if we are playgoers, we want "Box and Cox," or some impossible extravaganza which will only call on us for a hearty laugh. Those who in such moods would sooner sit at home in an easy-chair and take their recuperative nonsense out of books, may be safely recommended to investigate in that inspired doggerel how "A. Gordon Knott" built his "Tudor cot," and how, in spite of him (by the help of the spirits and her maid Deborah), his only child "Miss Knott missed not her lover." A few lines from the

"strings of questions cut and dried
From the Devout Inquirer's Guide,"

which the lean seekers came to propound to "the spirits" who are driving Knott crazy, will, I should think, send all such to the original—

"As, for example, is it
True that the damned are fried or boiled ?
Was the Earth's axis greased or oiled ?
Who cleaned the moon when it was soiled ?
How baldness might be cured or foiled ?
How heal diseased potatoes ?
Did spirits have the sense of smell ?
Where would departed spinsters dwell ?
If the late Zenas Smith were well ?
If Earth were solid or a shell ?

Were spirits fond of Doctor Fell?
 Did the bull toll Cock-Robin's knell?
 What remedy would bugs expel?
 If Pain's invention were a sell?
 Did spirits by Webster's system spell?
 Was it a sin to be a belle?
 Did dancing sentence folks to hell?
 If so, then where most torture fell—
 On little toes or great toes?" (P. 347.)

And so on for a couple of pages. I know of no more blithe companion for such times than Lowell; but the great body of his poetry is of quite another kind, and to that we must now return.

Lowell has left us priceless studies of great men in his Literary and Political Essays, bringing out with rare sympathy in each case the strong and lovable side of character. Of all these I doubt if there is any one with whom he is in such hearty sympathy as with Lessing, the searcher after truth, whose striking words he quotes as best characterising the man: "If God held all truth shut in His right hand, and in His left nothing but the ever-restless instinct for truth, though with the condition of for ever erring, and should say to me 'Choose!' I should bow humbly to His left hand and say, 'Father, give! pure truth is for Thee alone.'" They are, I think, equally characteristic of Lowell himself, and should be taken along with them by readers—together with Lessing's most famous saying: "The Christian religion has been tried for eighteen centuries; the religion of Christ remains to be tried," when they sit down to that large section of his poems which deal with the deepest and most serious problems. Let me go with them a short way: they will soon find out whether the guidance suits them. If it does it may save some of the precious time—too short in any case—which most of us have to give in these days to the society of those with whom it would most benefit ourselves to spend our lives.

As I am volunteering for guide it is only fair that I should state frankly why I want to take others along the road I have travelled myself, and which by this time I know and love so well. It is then, in a word, because Lowell is, of all the poets of our time, the one on whom the spiritual discouragement and disappointment so characteristic of the last half of our century—the yearning for a faith which seems to have vanished past the hope of recall—has taken the lightest hold. To some extent this is also true of other American poets, of Longfellow and Whittier for instance; and I suppose there must be something in the air of a new country which, in the realm of poetry, keeps off or subdues the contagion of the old world. At any rate the darkness, or twilight, which gathers round two of the three cardinal virtues—faith and hope—for our best English singers¹ will not be found in this volume. It is not that Lowell has not felt the shadow, but that he has been able to get from under it. He has been in the cloud, but has passed through it into the clear sunshine beyond and behind it. And this is what makes him so precious in this time for us English, who, in spite of all superficial signs to the contrary, are still a serious folk.

Let us look first at the purely religious poems, and begin with one of the most perfect hymns in our language, "A Christmas Carol, for the Sunday School Children

¹ Browning is an exception, but in his poems the hopefulness is in the characters—in the men and women he paints so vividly. In Lowell we feel sure that it is in the poet himself, who is speaking to us directly in his own person.

of the Church of the Disciples." English hymnology is oppressive from its volume, but rare gems may be found in the heap, to which Milton and Addison, the two Wesleys, Heber and Scott, Keble and Lyte and Newman have contributed, and this Carol will bear comparison with the brightest of them—even with "The Hymn of the Nativity," "Come, O thou Traveller unknown," "At even, ere the sun was set," or "Lead, kindly Light." It should be read as a whole, and I hardly like to take any verse out of its context, but the last is so characteristic, and strikes so forcibly the note of so much of his noblest teaching, that I will give it here—

"And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born!'" (P. 492.)

To diverge for a moment from the religious poems, let me give one instance of how this note rings through all his serious poetry. The old story of the tyrant of Samos dropping his "ring of power" into the sea, and his vain efforts to recover it give the text, and here is the comment—

"Those awful powers on man that wait,
On man, the beggar or the king,
To hovel bare or hall of state
A magic ring that masters fate
With each succeeding birthday bring.

To him the simple spell who knows
The spirits of the ring to sway,
Fresh power with every sunrise flows,
And royal pursuivant are those
That fly his mandates to obey.

But he that with a slackened will
Dreams of things past or things to be,
From him the charm is slipping still,
And drops, ere he suspect the ill,
Into the inexorable sea." (P. 487.)

"The Legend of Sir Launfal" is the longest, and probably the best known, of this poems of this class, though I doubt if most of those to whom the following lines are familiar know where they come from—

"Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer." (P. 120.)

The legend of the Holy Grail has had a fascination for poets from the Romance writers down to our Laureate, who have, with varying success, followed the Knights of the Round Table over land and sea in search of it. He who would find it must be chaste in thought, word, and deed, or he would search in vain to the world's end. It was a bold thought, but how true, and how characteristic of Lowell, to make his Sir Launfal find it without leaving his own castle. There "the voice that was softer than silence" says to him—why, let readers find out for themselves—

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me." (P. 124.)

At these words

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond:
'The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.'" (P. 125.)

Now let us go to "Above and Below," where the advanced guard are calling from the mountain top, as the sun rises, to the rank and file of the human army, who are still contentedly sleeping in the valleys below. One verse of each voice I must find room for.

"The Lord wants reapers: oh, mount up,
Before night comes, and says, 'Too late!
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait;
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
That o'er the eastern billtops rise,
To break your long captivity.'" (P. 89.)

To which the dwellers in the valley answer---

"Our day, for Him, is long enough,
And when He giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier messages to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire,
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
Yet God deems not thine aërial sight
More worthy than our twilight dim;
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him." (P. 90.)

The poem which stands next, before "Above and Below," is perhaps the most characteristic of Lowell's faith of any. "Ambrose" is a holy man, given to prayer and fasting that he may find a creed which shall exclude all doubt, and so—

"At last he builded a perfect faith,
 Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith* ;
 To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
 Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
 And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
 'That the work of his fingers was divine.'" (P. 88.)

Then he sets about converting the world by sword and stake, till one day he meets a beautiful stranger, to whom he feels drawn. So he begins to question him, till, horrified by unorthodox answers, he breaks out to the "most wretched youth" with --

" 'I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
 To take the Lord in His glory in.'"

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood
 A fountain of waters sweet and good ;
 The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near
 Saying, 'Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here !'
 Six vases of crystal then he took,
 And set them along the edge of the brook.

'As into these vases the water I pour,
 There shall one hold less, another more,
 And the water unchanged, in every case,
 Shall put on the figure of the vase ;
 O thou, who wouldst unty make through strife,
 Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life ?'" (P. 89.)

The youth vanishes and Ambrose knows he has been talking with an angel.

Turn now to "A Parable."

"Said Christ our Lord, 'I will go and see
 How the men, my brethren, believe in Me.'
 He passed not again through the gate of birth,
 But made Himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,
 'Behold, now, the Giver of all good things.'" (P. 108.)

And so they welcome and feast Him, and show Him His image over church and palace and judgment hall.

"But still, wherever His steps they led,
 The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,
 And from under the heavy foundation stones,
 The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

'Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
 On the bodies and souls of living men ?
 And think ye that building shall endure,
 Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor ?

'With gates of silver and bars of gold
 Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's fold ;
 I have heard the dropping of their tears
 In heaven these eighteen hundred years.'" (P. 108.)

They reply how hard it is to keep the sheep in the fold even with sharp crooks of steel, and Christ sets in their midst a "haggard man" and

"A motherless girl, whose fingers thin
 Pushed from her faintly want and sin."

And as they shrink back for fear of defilement

"'Lo, here,' said He,
 'The images ye have made of Me !'" (P. 109.)

Stern teaching this, but by no means the most searching or terrible in this book. It will do us good, however, to look the most terrible in the face. In "Extreme Unction" we are by the deathbed of one who—

"When first this wasted life began,
 Not grape with grape more kindly grows,
 Than I with every brother-man :
 Now here I gasp ; what lose my kind,
 When this fast ebbing breath shall part ?
 What bands of love and service bind
 This being to a brother heart ?" (P. 86.)

Christ, in those early days, had shared his cup and broken his bread ; but—

"Now, when I hear those steps sublime,
 That bring the other world to this,
 My snake-turned nature, sunk in slink,
 Starts sideways with defiant hiss." (P. 87.)

By the side of that ghastly couch stand two shadows—

"My looked-for death-bed guests are met ;
 There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
 And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
 The ghost of my Ideal stands !" (P. 86.)

And as he shudders under the shadow of these visitors, and the thought of the wasted life behind him—

"I hear the reapers singing go
 Into God's harvest ; I, that might
 With them have chosen, here below
 Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine !
 O high Ideal ! all in vain
 Ye enter at this ruined shrine
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again ;
 The bat and owl inhabit here,
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,
 The sacred vessels moulder near,
 The image of the God is gone." (P. 87.)

Again, in the "Ghost-Scer"—

"Ye who, passing graves by night,
Glance not to the left or right,
Lest a spirit should arise,
Cold and white, to freeze your eyes.

Ye without a shudder meet
In the city's noonday street,
Spirits sadder and more dread
Than from out the clay have fled,
Buried, beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night ! (P. 95.)

Then he paints for us some of these sadder spirits in such lines as these—

"There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold,
Sold God's presence in his heart
For a proud step in the mart ;
He hath dealt in flesh and blood ;
At the bank his name is good ;
At the bank, and only there,
'Tis a marketable ware.

Look ! a serpent lank and cold
Hugs his spirit fold on fold ;
From his heart, all day and night,
It doth suck God's blessed light,
Drink it will, and drink it must,
'Till the cup holds naught but dust ;
All day long he hears it hiss,
Writhing in its fiendish bliss ;
All night long he sees its eyes
Flicker with foul ecstasies,
As the spirit ebbs away
Into the absorbing clay," etc. (P. 96.)

There is no need to cite further. Enough has been said to show the breadth and boldness of Lowell's religion, which I own seems to me more like that "religion of Christ," which, according to Lessing, "remains to be tried," than any of the Churches have yet braced themselves up to put frankly before a weary and famishing world. To those who care to pursue the subject farther, I would recommend a comparison of these poems of Lowell's with those of Clough, whom he held to be the truest representative of the higher thought of the England of our time. They were intimate friends—Clough having spent two years at Cambridge after he had resigned the principalship of the London University College—and no such portrait of that pathetic figure has ever been drawn as in these few lines of his New England comrade in the memorial poem on Agassiz—

"And he our passing guest,
Shy nature, too, and stung with life's unrest,
Whom we too briefly had but could not hold,
Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,

The Past's incalculable hoard,
 Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old,
 Young head time-tensured smoother than a friar's,
 Boy face, but grave with answerless desires,
 Poet in all that poets have of best,
 But foiled with riddles dark and cloudy aims." (P. 463.)

We must now pass to another large section of the poems which are nearest of kin to the religious, but scarcely to be put in the same category, of which "The Heritage" (p. 17), "Hunger and Cold" (p. 70), "The Sower" (p. 69), and "The Fatherland" (p. 15), may be taken as examples. They treat of the most burning questions which have been set for this generation to solve at its peril, and in a spirit worthy of one who believes that "the religion of Christ remains to be tried," and has done his best to bring the trial time about. But I must refer readers to the text. They should also read in this connection "An Oriental Apologue" (p. 355), for one stanza of which I must find room as a whet to readers' appetites. A Mohammedan dancing dervish and a Hindoo gymnosophist live within hail of one another, and so—

"One half the time of each was spent in praying
 For blessings on his own unworthy head,
 The other half in fearfully portraying
 Where certain folks would go when they were dead ;
 This system of exchanges—there's no saying,
 To what more solid barter 'twould have led,
 But that a river, vexed with boils and swellings
 At rainy times, kept peace between their dwellings." (Pp. 355, 356.)

Now, though I have only touched the fringe of this part of my subject I must pass on to another but kindred side of it. For though it may be said of Lowell that the keynote of his poetry, looked at as a whole, cannot be put more tersely or truly than in the well-known words of Browning—

"God's in His Heaven,
 All's right with the world,"

his muse is many-sided, and loves now and then to dally—for it is nothing but dalliance—with the note first struck in living literature by the *blasé* King in Jerusalem three thousand years ago, and which has been echoing ever since in the speech of many of the great prophets and poets, "Vanity, vanity, says the Preacher, all things are vanity." But Lowell and Solomon look with quite different eyes on the subject, especially as regards its relation to youth. The latter when he wrote Ecclesiastes can only look back on his early efforts and hopes with the eye of a faded cynic, to whom childhood and youth are vanity, and who has no longer any sympathy with ideals. He has had more than any one, and had more success with them than any that were before him in Jerusalem, but to what end? for after all the wise man dieth as the fool, and all that he has done will be forgotten, "Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me" (Eccles. ii. 17). "To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life," Emerson taught, and Lowell, while apparently accepting the Concord sage's view, seems constantly to be in protest against it so far as the precariousness of youth is concerned—

"Nay, let the foolish records be
 That make believe you're seventy-five :
 You're the old Wendell still to me,—
 And that's the youngest man alive." (P. 467.)

So he addresses his old friend on his birthday ; and the faith that youth is perennial, and that all worth keeping in it may be preserved by "those who do their souls no wrong," comes up again and again, almost in spite of himself, in poem after poem in which he is sounding "the difference between the ideal and the real, between the world as it might be and the world as it is, which life sooner or later forces on the consciousness of every man who is more than a patent digester." We must now follow him along this path, and I think I can promise that we shall find him the height of cheery company, even in cynical latitudes. Let us take first "Arcadia Rediviva" —

"I, walking the familiar street,
 While a crammed horse-car jingled through it,
 Was lifted from my prosy feet
 And in Arcadia ere I knew it." (P. 484.)

For he has just met "two lovers newly plighted" ; and, thinking with a sigh that he was once the "hero of such an idyl," proceeds to moralize as a sexagenarian on the illusion of the happy pair, and the certainty of their awakening too soon ; and so—

"Maiden, if I may counsel, drain
 Each drop of this enchanted season,
 For even our honeymoons must wane
 Convicted of green cheese by Reason," etc. (P. 484.)

To this the young lady answers most sensibly—

"Fie, Mr. Graybeard ! Is this wise ?
 Is this the moral of a poet,
 Who, when the plant of Eden dies,
 Is privileged once more to sow it ?
 'Pray, why, if in Arcadia once,
 Need one so soon forget the way there ?
 Or why, once there, be such a dunce
 As not contentedly to stay there ?'
 'Dear child, 'twas but a sorry jest'" (P. 485)

the poet begins his reply, for the remainder of which I must refer readers to the book.

I have heard "Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel" quoted as cynical, and a depressing commentary on the old text "*vanitas vanitatum*." But is it so ? No doubt it throws cold water on the hero-worship of which Carlyle is prophet, but, at any rate as I see it, the douche is healthy and invigorating, whether we hold with Lowell or not, that the craving for great men to appear is ignominious. In the First Scene Blondel starts to find Richard's prison in the proper frame of mind—

"For me, no joy in lady's bower,
 Or hall, or tourney, will I sing,
 Till the slow stars wheel round the hour
 That crowns my hero and my king." (P. 416.)

Then he pours his scorn on the dull crowd that cling to the skirts of praters, who court the crowd they should rule, and turns to seek his king, whom he addresses—

“O, strong to keep upright the old,
And wise to buttress with the new,
Prudent, as only are the hold,
Clear-eyed, as only are the true,
To foes benign, to friendship stern,
Intent to imp Law's broken wing,
Who would not die, if death might earn
The right to kiss thy hand, my king?” (P. 417.)

In the Second Scene Blondel is sitting, ten years later, in a Normandy inn, with his arm in a sling, fresh from the siege of the castle where his hero-king has been slain. Over a flask of Cyprus he recalls his young enthusiasm when he was last there, having found out Richard's prison and on his way to England to press on the ransom. The ransom has been raised, his king brought home, but what a difference between the ideal hero and the real king!

“Precisely the odds (such examples are rife)
‘Twixt the poem conceived and the rhyme we make show of,
‘Twixt the boy's morning dream and the wake-up of life,
‘Twixt the Blondel God meant and a Blondel I know of!” (P. 417.)

He, for his part, is cured of looking for heroes, and the world is better off without such, at any rate such as his old ideal turned out, when he came to reign—

“Better one honest man who can wait for God's mind
In our poor shifting scene here though heroes were plenty!
Better one bite, at forty, of Truth's bitter rind,
Than the hot wine that gushed from the vintage of twenty!

I see it all now: when I wanted a king,
‘Twas the kingship that failed in myself I was seeking,—
‘Tis so much less easy to do than to sing,
So much simpler to reign by a proxy than *be* king!
Yes, I think I *do* see: after all's said and sung,
Take this one rule of life and you never will rue it,—
‘Tis but do your own duty and hold your own tongue
And Blondel were royal himself, if he knew it!” (P. 418.)

What touch of the real cynic is there here? Remember that Lowell was republican in the higher sense—though no democrat—down to the sole of his boots, as every American who loves and believes in his country ought to be. True he could

“turn tory for the nonce,
And think the radical a bore,
Who cannot see, thick-witted dunce,
That what was good for people once
Must be as good forevermore.” (P. 489.)

Or, as he says again of a friend after his own heart, whom I think those who have any knowledge of his Cambridge or Boston surroundings will easily recognise—

" A radical in thought, he puffed away
 With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
 Yet loathed democracy as one who saw,
 In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw,
 And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
 Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves." (P. 501.)

But keenly as he could still enjoy to the last, and therefore genuinely regret, the loss of the castles in Spain, which he (as every bright youth) had once built for himself in dreamland, he can never really surrender himself to the cynical mind, or sit in the cynic's chair. The nearest approach to it perhaps is "In the Half-Way House," written when he was about forty, when the castles in Spain are still too near for the mellowing influence of years and gray hairs to have given them a truer shape.

" Ah, Might-have-been, Could-have-been, Would-have-been ! rascals,
 He's a genius or fool whom ye cheat at twoscore,
 And the man whose boy-promise was likened to Pascal's
 Is thankful at forty they don't call him bore !

E'en if won, what's the good of Life's medals and prizes ?
 The rapture's in what never was or is gone ;
 That we missed them makes Helens of plain Ann Elizys,
 For the goose of To-day still is Memory's swan." (P. 518)

But even here there is a relenting before he can get to the end of his plaint.

" Need he reckon his date by the Almanac's measure
 Who is twenty life-long in the eyes of his wife ?" (P. 518.)

And inspired by this thought he will still hold fast to those early visions.

" Ah, Fate, should I live to be nonagenarian,
 Let me still take Hope's frail I.O.U.s upon trust,
 Still talk of a trip to the Islands Macarian,
 And still climb the dream-tree for—ashes and dust !" (P. 518.)

There is surely little touch of the hopelessness and weariness here which sounds through *Ecclesiastes*, and has filled the spring from which the cynics have drawn what I suppose must be called their inspiration ever since. But the reader should still follow the search in "Aladdin" (p. 377) and "Fragments of an Unfinished Poem" (p. 352), the latter of which was never published, I believe, till the collection of his poems in the 1881 Uniform Edition of his works in ten volumes. I refer to it that any one who accompanies me may have the chance of seeing all sides, though the last is, I own, one of the least pleasant of all his poems, and I should think found its way into the collection from having escaped the paternal eye.

All true poets must surely be lovers of birds, but I know of none who has a truer feeling for or knowledge of them, or who can paint them in as few strokes. Take, for instance, this from the lines "On Planting a Tree at Inverara." After letting his fancy run on the "kindly dole to man and beast" which his tree may prove long after its planter will have been "epitaphed and well forgot"—which I question in this case—he goes on—

" The owl, belated in his plundering,
 Shall here await the friendly night,

Blinking when'er he wakes, and wondering
What fool it was invented light.

Hither the busy birds shall flutter,
With the light timber for their nests,
And, pausing from their labour, utter
"The morning sunshine in their breasts." (l. 474.)

But it is to his own New England birds that his heart goes out most freely, and of whom the oriole and bobolink are his favourites. In "The Nest" he is contrasting May and December. In the former month—

"From the honeysuckle gray
The oriole with experienced quest
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hammock-nest,
Cheering his labour with a note
Rich as the orange of his throat.

High o'er the loud and dusty road
The soft gray cup in safety swings,
To brim ere August with its load
Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,
O'er which the friendly elm-tree heaves
An emerald roof with sculptured leaves.

Thy duty, winged flame of Spring,
Is but to love, and fly, and sing.

Oh, happy life, to soar and sway
Above the life by mortals led,
Singing the merry months away,
Master, not slave of daily bread,
And, when the Autumn comes, to flee
Wherever sunshine beckons thee!" (l's. 485. 486.)

Then comes, in the *Palinode*, the contrast with the leafless trees of winter—

"And thou, dear nest, whence joy and praise
The thankful oriole used to pour,
Swing'st empty while the north winds chase
Their snowy swarms from Labrador." (l. 486.)

Nevertheless, though only naked branches and empty nests are left—

"I'll trust, that, like the birds of Spring,
Our good goes not without repair,
But only flies to soar and sing
Far off in some diviner air,
Where we shall find it in the calms
Of that fair garden 'neath the calms." (l. 486.)

I hope that readers will now go and hunt the birds for themselves up and down Lowell's pages, but will give them one or two references to start with. They will

find the oriole again, "My glance of summer fire" (p. 363), and the bobolink, "Sunshine winged and voiced" (p. 362), and again, "A brook o' laughter, thru the air" (p. 263), where they will also meet new friends (not our equally dear and dainty English birds of the same names) in the blackbirds and robins: and let them by no means miss poor Phoebe—the

"wee sad-coloured thing,
As shy and secret as a maid,
That, ere in choir the robins sing,
Pipes its own name like one afraid" (P. 487)

and our old friend the cuckoo, though only called in to point a dream of one who

"moves through fancy's visioned space
Unbodied, like the cuckoo's song." (P. 491.)

Then in "Al Fresco" he will find how in June weather

"The cat-bird croons in the lilac-bush!
Through the dim arbour, himself more dim,
Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
The withered leaves keep dumb for him.

O unestranged birds and bees!
O face of Nature always true!
O never-unsympathising trees!
O never-rejecting roof of blue!

Methinks my heart from each of these
Plucks part of childhood back again,
Long there imprisoned, as the breeze
Doth every hidden odour seize
Of wood and water, hill and plain;
Once more am I admitted peer
In the upper house of Nature here,
And feel through all my pulses run
The royal blood of wind and sun." (P. 373.)

There is another test by which we may try poets and which Lowell will stand triumphantly, viz. whether any of their words have become proverbial, or in other words, such common property as to be used as counters by many who do not know what mint they come from, as for instance—

"Don't never prophesy—unless ye know." (P. 230.)
"Now's the only bird lays eggs o' gold." (P. 264.)
"The crook'dest stick in all the heap,—Myself." (P. 264.)
"No mud can soil us but the mud we throw." (P. 475.)
"Bad work follers ye ez long's ye live." (P. 234.)
"No man need go an' make himself a fool." (P. 283.)
"Plain Truth's all the kindness thet 'll last." (P. 285.)
"I guess the gran'thers they knowed sunthin', tu." (P. 235.)

I might go on with fifty other terse bits of wit or wisdom which I have heard or seen quoted as proverbs, but I hope these will suffice to send readers to the mines in this volume to quarry for themselves.

One common criticism on his longer poems calls for a word or two. It is, that they want symmetry and proportion; that he allows himself to be tempted into by-ways which he follows too far. Thus, to take the chief example, it has been said of Sir Launfal that "the temple is hidden by the porch," and that the poem would have been better if the description of a day in June in the Prelude to Part First, and of a winter night outside the castle in the Prelude to Part Second, had been omitted. I must own that the criticism has some force. From the artist's point of view the Preludes are too heavy, but at the same time let any reader examine those two exquisite pictures, and mark what line or couplet he would like to part with. I can only find one couplet myself, viz.—

"He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?" (P. 120)

of which I do think the second verse is a blot, and of the nature of padding. Or take the digression devoted to the organ music in the "Legend of Brittany," introduced at the crisis of the story and stretching through four stanzas (xxix. to xxxii.) Though it interferes with the march of the poem I cannot think that any one, even as ignorant of music as I am, would wish a line omitted; and I think the same remark will hold as to other digressions in his poems. They may be blots from the æsthetic standpoint, but the wayfaring reader would be loath to part with them.

A word or two must still be added as to his anti-slavery poems before the "Biglow Papers" had placed him at the head of the American Abolitionists who fought with the pen. To the honour of New England, almost all her foremost sons were in the ranks—Channing, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and Adams, to name only the best known as writers, speakers, politicians—yet, strange to say, even in New England, up to the breaking out of the war in 1861, the cause, though no longer a forlorn hope, whose advocates were assaulted in public meetings and cold-shouldered in society, was looked upon with grave distrust in political circles, and in the press.

Before referring to his anti-slavery poems let us look for a moment at his prose utterances. Perhaps the most powerful of these is his remonstrance with the Religious Tract Society, when in 1858 they yielded to "the objections" of the Slave States, and "for the sake of peace," as they pleaded, suppressed the circulation of their Anti-Slavery Tracts. "The peace which Christ promised," Lowell broke out, "was not of this world; the good gift He brought was not peace but a sword. . . . Christianity has never been concession, never peace: it is continual aggression: one province of wrong conquered, its pioneers are already in the heart of another. The mile-stones on its onward march down the ages have not been monuments of material power, but the blackened stakes of martyrs, the trophies of individual fidelity to conviction. . . . Wrong, though its title-deeds go back to the days of Sodom, is by nature a thing of yesterday—while the right, of which we became conscious but an hour ago, is more ancient than the stars, and of the essence of Heaven. . . . Is anything of God's contriving endangered by inquiry? Was it the system of the Universe or the monks that trembled at the telescope of Galileo? Did the circulation of the Firmament stop in terror because Newton laid his daring finger on its pulse?"

Now hear him in verse on the same theme, for this champion is a double-handed swordsman:—

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land ?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word ;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

'Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just ;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied." (P. 77.)

This poem was written in 1845. Three years earlier he had written the noble "Elegy on the Death of Dr. Channing" (p. 117), and about the same time his address to W. Lloyd Garrison (p. 116). These, with the "Interview with Miles Standish" (p. 91), may be taken as the best specimens of his contributions to the great conflict, with the exception of the "Stanzas on Freedom," of which I will quote the last verse, though I hope it is familiar to almost all who will read this preface—

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three." (P. 64.)

I have left to the last the love poems, in perfect confidence that young readers, for whom this preface is especially meant, will be sure to find out these for themselves. I will, however, give them a lead, and refer them in the first instance to "The Courtin'" (p. 214), from which they may pass, with much profit, to "The Burning of some Old Letters" (p. 489).

And now my task is done, not I trust without persuading some who may read these lines to take up the study of these poems, of which I have only been able to touch the fringe, and make this volume a "*κρημα es dei*," and give it an honoured place amongst

"The loved books that younger grow with years." (P. 478.)

Of the man himself I can scarcely trust myself to speak further, and would rather let him describe himself as he has done in perfect unconsciousness in speaking of others whom he most loved and revered. In his essay on "The Independent in Politics" (vol. vi. of his collected works, p. 194) he speaks of Shakespeare as "perhaps the only man in whom the rarest poetic power worked side by side on the same bench as humour, and has not been more or less disenchanted by it." Without comparing him with Shakespeare, he may surely be claimed as a notable exception to this general rule. And in his memorial poem to "Agassiz" he writes what I may call his own epitaph—

"His magic was not far to seek,—
He was so human ! Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board :
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume ; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend." (P. 461.)

THOS. HUGHES.

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EARLIER POEMS

THRENODIA

GONE, gone from us! and shall we
 see
 Those sibyl-leaves of destiny,
 Those calm eyes, nevermore?
 Those deep, dark eyes so warm and
 bright,
 Wherein the fortunes of the man
 Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
 In characters a child might scan?
 So bright, and gone forth utterly!
 Oh stern word—Nevermore!

The stars of those two gentle eyes
 Will shine no more on earth;
 Quenched are the hopes that had their
 birth,
 As we watched them slowly rise,
 Stars of a mother's fate;
 And she would read them o'er and
 o'er,
 Pondering, as she sate,
 Over their dear astrology,
 Which she had conned and conned be-
 fore,
 Deeming she needs must read aright
 What was writ so passing bright.
 And yet, alas! she knew not why,
 Her voice would falter in its song,
 And tears would slide from out her eye,
 Silent, as they were doing wrong.
 Oh stern word—Nevermore!

The tongue that scarce had learned to
 claim
 An entrance to a mother's heart

By that dear talisman, a mother's name,
 Sleeps all forgetful of its art!
 I loved to see the infant soul
 (How mighty in the weakness
 Of its untutored meekness!)
 Peep timidly from out its nest,
 His lips, the while,
 Fluttering with half-fledged words,
 Or hushing to a smile
 That more than words expressed,
 When his glad mother on him stole
 And snatched him to her breast!
 Oh, thoughts were brooding in those
 eyes,
 That would have soared like strong-
 winged birds
 Far, far into the skies,
 Gladding the earth with song,
 And gushing harmonies,
 Had he but tarried with us long!
 Oh stern word—Nevermore!

How peacefully they rest,
 Crossfolded there
 Upon his little breast,
 Those small, white hands that ne'er were
 still before,
 But ever sported with his mother's hair,
 Or the plain cross that on her breast she
 wore!
 Her heart no more will beat
 To feel the touch of that soft palm,
 That ever seemed a new surprise
 Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
 To bless him with their holy calm,—
 Sweet thoughts! they made her eyes as
 sweet.

How quiet are the hands
 That wove those pleasant bands !
 But that they do not rise and sink
 With his calm breathing, I should think
 That he were dropped asleep.
 Alas ! too deep, too deep
 Is this his slumber !
 Time scarce can number
 The years ere he shall wake again.
 Oh, may we see his eyelids open then !
 Oh stern word—Nevermore !

As the airy gossamer,
 Floating in the sunlight clear,
 Where'er it toucheth clingeth tightly,
 Round glossy leaf or stump unsightly,
 So from his spirit wandered out
 Tendrils spreading all about,
 Knitting all things to its thrall
 With a perfect love of all :
 Oh stern word—Nevermore !

He did but float a little way
 Adown the stream of time,
 With dreamy eyes watching the ripples
 play,
 Or hearkening their fairy chime ;
 His slender sail
 Ne'er felt the gale ;
 He did but float a little way,
 And, putting to the shore
 While yet 'twas early day,
 Went calmly on his way,
 To dwell with us no more !
 No jarring did he feel,
 No grating on his shallop's keel ;
 A strip of silver sand
 Mingled the waters with the land
 Where he was seen no more :
 Oh stern word—Nevermore !

Full short his journey was ; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals gave ;
 The weary weight that old men must,
 He bore not to the grave.
 He seemed a cherub who had lost his
 way
 And wandered hither, so his stay
 With us was short, and 'twas most meet

That he should be no delver in earth's
 clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
 To stand before his God :
 Oh blest word—Evermore !

THE SIRENS

THE sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
 The sea is restless and uneasy ;
 Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
 Wandering thou knowest not whither ;—
 Our little isle is green and breezy,
 Come and rest thee ! Oh come hither,
 Come to this peaceful home of ours,
 Where evermore
 The low west-wind creeps panting up
 the shore
 To be at rest among the flowers ;
 Full of rest, the green moss lifts,
 As the dark waves of the sea
 Draw in and out of rocky rifts,
 Calling solemnly to thee
 With voices deep and hollow,—
 “To the shore
 Follow ! Oh, follow !
 To be at rest forevermore !
 Forevermore !”

Look how the gray old Ocean
 From the depth of his heart rejoices,
 Heaving with a gentle motion,
 When he hears our restful voices ;
 List how he sings in an undertone,
 Chiming with our melody ;
 And all sweet sounds of earth and air
 Melt into one low voice alone,
 That murmurs over the weary sea,
 And seems to sing from everywhere,—
 “Here mayst thou harbour peacefully,
 Here mayst thou rest from the aching
 oar ;
 Turn thy curved prow ashore,
 And in our green isle rest forevermore !
 Forevermore !”
 And Echo half wakes in the wooded
 gill,
 And, to her heart so calm and deep,
 Murmurs over in her sleep,

Doubtfully pausing and murmuring still,
 "Evermore!"

Thus, on Life's weary sea,
 Heareth the marinere
 Voices sweet, from far and near,
 Ever singing low and clear,
 Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be,
 Than to be toiling late and soon?
 In the dreary night to see
 Nothing but the blood-red moon
 Go up and down into the sea;

Or, in the loneliness of day,
 To see the still seals only
 Solemnly lift their faces gray,
 Making it yet more lonely?
 Is it not better than to hear
 Only the sliding of the wave
 Beneath the plank, and feel so near
 A cold and lonely grave,
 A restless grave, where thou shalt lie
 Even in death unquietly?

Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark,
 Lean over the side and see
 The leaden eye of the sidelong shark
 Upturned patiently,

Ever waiting there for thee:
 Look down and see those shapeless forms,
 Which ever keep their dreamless sleep
 Far down within the gloomy deep,

And only stir themselves in storms,
 Rising like islands from beneath,
 And snorting through the angry spray,
 As the frail vessel perisheth
 In the whirls of their unwieldy play;
 Look down! Look down!

Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,
 That waves its arms so lank and brown,
 Beckoning for thee!

Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark
 Into the cold depth of the sea!
 Look down! Look down!

Thus, on Life's lonely sea,
 Heareth the marinere
 Voices sad, from far and near,
 Ever singing full of fear,
 Ever singing drearily.

Here all is pleasant as a dream;
 The wind scarce shaketh down the dew,
 The green grass floweth like a stream

Into the ocean's blue;
 Listen! Oh, listen!

Here is a gush of many streams,
 A song of many birds,
 And every wish and longing seems
 Lulled to a numbered flow of words,—

Listen! Oh, listen!

Here ever hum the golden bees
 Underneath full-blossomed trees,
 At once with glowing fruit and flowers
 crowned;—

So smooth the sand, the yellow sand,
 That thy keel will not grate as it touches
 the land;

All around with a slumberous sound,
 The singing waves slide up the strand,
 And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles
 be,

The waters gurgle longingly,
 As if they fain would seek the shore,
 To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,
 To be at rest forevermore,—

Forevermore.

Thus, on Life's gloomy sea,
 Heareth the marinere
 Voices sweet, from far and near,
 Ever singing in his ear,
 "Here is rest and peace for thee!"

IRENÉ

HERS is a spirit deep, and crystal-clear;
 Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies,
 Free without boldness, meek without a
 fear,

Quicker to look than speak its sympathies;
 Far down into her large and patient eyes
 I gaze, deep-drinking of the infinite,
 As, in the mid-watch of a clear, still night,
 I look into the fathomless blue skies.

So circled lives she with Love's holy
 light,
 That from the shade of self she walketh
 free;
 The garden of her soul still keepeth she
 An Eden where the snake did never enter;

She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent
her

A dignity as moveless as the centre;
So that no influence of our earth can stir
Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
The holy peacefulness, which night and
day,

Unto her queenly soul doth minister.

Most gentle is she; her large charity
(An all unwitting, childlike gift in her)
Not freer is to give than meek to bear;
And, though herself not unacquaint with
care,

Hath in her heart wide room for all that
be,—

Her heart that hath no secrets of its own,
But open is as eglantine full blown.
Cloudless forever is her brow serene,
Speaking calm hope and trust within her,
whence

Welleth a noiseless spring of patience,
That keepeth all her life so fresh, so
green

And full of holiness, that every look,
The greatness of her woman's soul
revealing,

Unto me bringeth blessing, and a feeling
As when I read in God's own holy book.

A graciousness in giving that doth
make

The small'st gift greatest, and a sense
most meek

Of worthiness, that doth not fear to take
From others, but which always fears to
speak

Its thanks in utterance, for the giver's
sake;—

The deep religion of a thankful heart,
Which rests instinctively in Heaven's clear
law

With a full peace, that never can depart
From its own steadfastness;—a holy awe
For holy things,—not those which men
call holy,

But such as are reveal'd to the eyes
Of a true woman's soul bent down and
lowly

Before the face of daily mysteries;—

A love that blossoms soon, but ripens
slowly

To the full goldenness of fruitful prime,
Enduring with a firmness that defies
All shallow tricks of circumstance and
time,

By a sure insight knowing where to cling,
And where it clingeth never withering;—
These are Irené's dowry, which no fate
Can shake from their serene, deep-built
state.

In-seeing sympathy is hers, which chas-
teneth

No less than loveth, scorning to be bound
With fear of blame, and yet which ever
hasteneth

To pour the balm of kind looks on the
wound,

If they be wounds which such sweet
teaching makes,

Giving itself a pang for others' sakes;
No want of faith, that chills with sidelong
eye,

Hath she; no jealousy, no Levite pride
That passeth by upon the other side;

For in her soul there never dwelt a lie.
Right from the hand of God her spirit
came

Unstained, and she hath ne'er forgotten
whence

It came, nor wandered far from thence,
But laboureth to keep her still the same,
Near to her place of birth, that she may
not

Soil her white raiment with an earthly
spot.

Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above, that she forgets her ties to earth,
But her whole thought would almost seem
to be

How to make glad one lowly human
hearth;

For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought and word and feeling so to
"live

As to make earth next heaven; and her
heart

Herein doth show its most exceeding
worth,
That, bearing in our frailty her just part,
She hath not shrunk from evils of this
life,
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,
And all its sins and sorrows hath with-
stood
With lofty strength of patient woman-
hood:
For this I love her great soul more than
all,
That, being bound, like us, with earthly
thralldom,
She walks so bright and heaven-like
therein,---
Too wise, too meek, too womanly, to sin.

Like a lone star through riven storm-
clouds seen
By sailors, tempest-tost upon the sea,
Telling of rest and peaceful heavens nigh,
Unto my soul her star-like soul hath been,
Her sight as full of hope and calm to
me;
For she unto herself hath builded high
A home serene, wherein to lay her head,
Earth's noblest thing, a Woman perfected.

SERENADE

FROM the close-shut windows gleams no
spark,

The night is chilly, the night is dark,
The poplars shiver, the pine-trees moan,
My hair by the autumn breeze is blown,
Under thy window I sing alone,
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The darkness is pressing coldly around,
The windows shake with a lonely sound,
The stars are hid and the night is drear,
The heart of silence throbs in thine ear,
In thy chamber thou sittest alone,
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The world is happy, the world is wide,
Kind hearts are beating on every side;
Ah, why should we lie so coldly curled
Alone in the shell of this great world?

Why should we any more be alone?
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

Oh, 'tis a bitter and dreary word,
The saddest by man's ear ever heard!
We each are young, we each have a heart,
Why stand we ever coldly apart?
Must we forever, then, be alone?
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

WITH A PRESSED FLOWER

THIS little blossom from afar
Hath come from other lands to thine;
For, once, its white and drooping star
Could see its shadow in the Rhine.

Perchance some fair-haired German maid
Hath plucked one from the selfsame stalk,
And numbered over, half afraid,
Its petals in her evening walk.

"He loves me, loves me not," she cries;
"He loves me more than earth or
heaven!"

And then glad tears have filled her eyes
To find the number was uneven.

And thou must count its petals well,
Because it is a gift from me;
And the last one of all shall tell
Something I've often told to thee.

But here at home, where we were born,
Thou wilt find blossoms just as true,
Down-bending every summer morn,
With freshness of New England dew.

For Nature, ever kind to love,
Hath granted them the same sweet tongue,
Whether with German skies above,
Or here our granite rocks among.

THE BEGGAR

A BEGGAR through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
 Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
 Old oak, give me,
 That the world's blasts may round me
 blow,
 And I yield gently to and fro,
 While my stout-hearted trunk below
 And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
 Enduring still through day and night
 Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,
 That I may keep at bay
 The changeful April sky of chance
 And the strong tide of circumstance, --
 Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
 Some of thy never-dying green,
 Put in this scrip of mine,
 That griefs may fall like snow-flakes
 light,
 And deck me in a robe of white,
 Ready to be an angel bright,
 O sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
 Of thy sparkling, light content,
 Give me, my cheerful brook,
 That I may still be full of glee
 And gladness, where'er I be,
 Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
 In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
 To me, since I've been in the wood ;
 Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart ;
 But good-bye, kind friends, every one,
 I've far to go ere set of sun ;
 Of all good things I would have part,
 The day was high ere I could start,
 And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me ! how could I forget
 To beg of thee, dear violet !
 Some of thy modesty,
 That blossoms here as well, unseen,
 As if before the world thou'dst been,
 Oh, give, to strengthen me.

MY LOVE

I

NOR as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear ;
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening-star,
 And yet her heart is ever near.

II

Great feelings hath she of her own,
 Which lesser souls may never know ;
 God giveth them to her alone,
 And sweet they are as any tone
 Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

III

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
 Although no home were half so fair ;
 No simplest duty is forgot,
 Life hath no dim and lowly spot
 That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV

She doeth little kindnesses,
 Which most leave undone, or despise :
 For naught that sets one heart at ease,
 And giveth happiness or peace,
 Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

V

She hath no scorn of common things,
 And, though she seem of other birth,
 Round us her heart entwines and clings,
 And patiently she folds her wings
 To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI

Blessing she is : God made her so,
 And deeds of week-day holiness
 Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
 Nor hath she ever chanced to know
 That aught were easier than to bless.

VII

She is most fair, and thereunto
 Her life doth rightly harmonise ;
 Feeling or thought that was not true
 Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
 Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII

She is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Seems following its own wayward will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and
green,
Sweet homes whercin to live and die.

SUMMER STORM

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the
imaged bridge ;

So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge ;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering
creep,

Like rising wind in leaves, which now
decreases,

Now lulls, now swells, and all the while
increases,

The huddling trample of a drove of
sheep

Tilts the loose planks, and then as
gradually ceases

In dust on the other side ; life's
emblem deep,

A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.

On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed
grasses

Soak up the sunshine ; sleeps the
brimming tide,

Save when the wedge-shaped wake in
silence passes

Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous
glide

Wavers the sedge's emerald shade from
side to side ;

But up the west, like a rock-shivered
surge,

Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-
whitened spray ;

Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er
its verge,

And falling still it seems, and yet it
climbs alway.

Suddenly all the sky is hid

As with the shutting of a lid,

One by one great drops are falling

Doubtful and slow,

Down the pane they are crookedly
crawling,

And the wind breathes low ;

Slowly the circles widen on the river,

Widen and mingle, one and all ;

Here and there the slenderer flowers
shiver,

Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder
mutter,

The wind is gathering in the west ;

The upturned leaves first whiten and
flutter,

Then droop to a fitful rest ;

Up from the stream with sluggish flap

Struggles the gull and floats away ;

Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-
clap,—

We shall not see the sun go down to-
day :

Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified

feet,

The startled river turns leaden and
harsh.

You can hear the quick heart of the
tempest beat.

Look ! look ! that livid flash !

And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,

Fell, splintering with a ruinous
crash,

On the Earth, which crouches in silence
under ;

And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile ;

For a breath's space I see the blue
wood again,

And ere the next heart-beat, the wind-
hurled pile,

That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched
roof ;

Against the windows the storm comes
dashing,

Through tattered foliage the hail tears
crashing,

The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,

The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,

Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,

The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—

Will silence return nevermore ?

Hush ! Still as death,

The tempest holds his breath

As from a sudden will ;

The rain stops short, but from the
caves

You see it drop, and hear it from the
leaves,

All is so bodingly still ;

Again, now, now, again

Plashes the rain in heavy gouts,

The crinkled lightning

Seems ever brightening,

And loud and long

Again the thunder shouts

His battle-song, —

One quivering flash,

One wildering crash,

Followed by silence dead and dull,

As if the cloud, let go,

Leapt bodily below

Towhelm the earth in one mad overthrow,

And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon !

No more my half-dazed fancy there,

Can shape a giant in the air,
No more I see his streaming hair.

The writhing portent of his form ;—

The pale and quiet moon

Makes her calm forehead bare,

And the last fragments of the storm,

Like shattered rigging from a fight at
sea,

Silent and few, are drifting over me.

LOVE

TRUE Love is but a humble, low-born
thing,

And hath its food served up in earthen
ware ;

It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-
day world,

Baring its tender feet to every flint,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and
content ;

A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet
smile

Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a
home ;

Which, when our autumn cometh, as it
must,

And life in the chill wind shivers bare
and leafless,

Shall still be blest with Indian-summer
youth

In bleak November, and, with thankful
heart,

Smile on its ample stores of garnered
fruit,

As full of sunshine to our aged eyes

As when it nursed the blossoms of our
spring.

Such is true Love, which steals into the
heart

With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of
the dark,

And hath its will through blissful gentle-
ness,

Not like a rocket, which, with passionate
glare,

Whirs suddenly up, then bursts, and
 leaves the night
 Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes ;
 A love that gives and takes, that seeth
 faults,
 Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle
 points,
 But loving-kindly ever looks them down
 With the o'ercoming faith that still for-
 gives ;
 A love that shall be new and fresh each
 hour,
 As is the sunset's golden mystery,
 Or the sweet coming of the evening-star,
 Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
 And seeming ever best and fairest *now* ;
 A love that doth not kneel for what it
 seeks,
 But faces Truth and Beauty as their
 peer,
 Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts
 By a clear sense of inward nobleness ;
 A love that in its object findeth not
 All grace and beauty, and enough to
 sate
 Its thirst of blessing, but, in all of good
 Found there, sees but the Heaven-
 implanted types
 Of good and beauty in the soul of man,
 And traces, in the simplest heart that
 beats,
 A family-likeness to its chosen one,
 That claims of it the rights of brother-
 hood.
 For love is blind but with the fleshly eye,
 That so its inner sight may be more
 clear ;
 And outward shows of beauty only so
 Are needful at the first, as is a hand
 To guide and to uphold an infant's steps :
 Fine natures need them not : their earnest
 look
 Pierces the body's mask of thin disguise,
 And beauty ever is to them revealed,
 Behind the unshapeliest, meanest lump
 of clay,
 With arms outstretched and eager face
 ablaze,
 Yearning to be but understood and
 loved.

TO PERDITA, SINGING

THY voice is like a fountain,
 Leaping up in clear moonshine ;
 Silver, silver, ever mounting,
 Ever sinking,
 Without thinking,
 To that brimful heart of thine.
 Every sad and happy feeling,
 Thou hast had in bygone years,
 Through thy lips comes stealing, stealing,
 Clear and low ;
 All thy smiles and all thy tears
 In thy voice awaken,
 And sweetness, wove of joy and woe,
 From their teaching it hath taken .
 Feeling and music move together,
 Like a swan and shadow ever
 Floating on a sky-blue river
 In a day of cloudless weather.

It hath caught a touch of sadness,
 Yet it is not sad ;
 It hath tones of clearest gladness,
 Yet it is not glad ;
 A dim, sweet twilight voice it is
 Where to-day's accustomed blue
 Is over-grayed with memories,
 With starry feelings quivered through.

Thy voice is like a fountain
 Leaping up in sunshine bright,
 And I never weary counting
 Its clear droppings, lone and single,
 Or when in one full gush they mingle,
 Shooting in melodious light.

Thine is music such as yields
 Feelings of old brooks and fields,
 And, around this pent-up room,
 Sheds a woodland, free perfume ;
 Oh, thus forever sing to me !
 Oh, thus forever !

The green, bright grass of childhood
 bring to me,
 Flowing like an emerald river,
 And the bright blue skies above !
 Oh, sing them back, as fresh as ever,
 Into the bosom of my love,—
 The sunshine and the merriment,

The unsought, evergreen content,
Of that never cold time,
The joy, that, like a clear breeze, went
Through and through the old time !

Peace sits within thine eyes,
With white hands crossed in joyful rest,
While, through thy lips and face, arise
The melodies from out thy breast ;

She sits and sings,
With folded wings

And white arms crost,
“ Weep not for bygone things,
They are not lost :

The beauty which the summer time
O'er thine opening spirit shed,
The forest oracles sublime
That filled thy soul with joyous dread,
The scent of every smallest flower
That made thy heart sweet for an hour,
Yea, every holy influence,
Flowing to thee, thou knewest not
whence,

In thine eyes to-day is seen,
Fresh as it hath ever been ;
Promptings of Nature, beckonings
sweet,

Whatever led thy childish feet,
Still will linger unawares
The guiders of thy silver hairs ;
Every look and every word
Which thou givest forth to-day,
Tell of the singing of the bird
Whose music stilled thy boyish play.”

Thy voice is like a fountain,
Twinkling up in sharp starlight,
When the moon behind the mountain
Dims the low East with faintest white,
Ever darkling,
Ever sparkling,

We know not if 'tis dark or bright ;
But, when the great moon hath rolled
round,

And, sudden-slow, its solemn power
Grows from behind its black, clear-edged
bound,

No spot of dark the fountain keepeth,
But, swift as opening eyelids, leapeth
Into a waving silver flower.

THE MOON

My soul was like the sea,
Before the moon was made,
Moaning in vague immensity,
Of its own strength afraid,
Unrestful and unstaid.
Through every rift it foamed in vain,
About its earthly prison,
Seeking some unknown thing in pain,
And sinking restless back again,
For yet no moon had risen :
Its only voice a vast dumb moan,
Of utterless anguish speaking,
It lay unhopelessly alone,
And lived but in an aimless seeking.

So was my soul ; but when 'twas full
Of unrest to o'erloading,
A voice of something beautiful
Whispered a dim foreboding,
And yet so soft, so sweet, so low,
It had not more of joy than woe ;
And, as the sea doth oft lie still,
Making its waters meet,
As if by an unconscious will,
For the moon's silver feet,
So lay my soul within mine eyes
When thou, its guardian moon, didst
rise.

And now, howe'er its waves above
May toss and seem unceasing,
One strong, eternal law of Love,
With guidance sure and peaceful,
As calm and natural as breath,
Moves its great depths through life and
death.

REMEMBERED MUSIC

A FRAGMENT

THICK-RUSHING, like an ocean vast
Of bison the far prairie shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging while the last
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,
 Rising and rising momentarily,
 As o'er a harp Æolian
 A fitful breeze, until they ran
 Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute-drops of rain
 Ringing in water silverly,
 They lingering dropped and dropped
 again,
 Till it was almost like a pain
 To listen when the next would be.

SONG

TO M. L.

A LILY thou wast when I saw thee first,
 A lily-bud not opened quite,
 That hourly grew more pure and
 white,

By morning, and noontide, and evening
 nursed :

In all of nature thou hadst thy share ;
 Thou wast waited on
 By the wind and sun ;

The rain and the dew for thee took
 care ;

It seemed thou never couldst be more
 fair.

A lily thou wast when I saw thee first,
 A lily-bud ; but oh, how strange,
 How full of wonder was the change,
 When, ripe with all sweetness, thy full
 bloom burst !

How did the tears to my-glad eyes
 start,

When the woman-flower

Reached its blossoming hour,

And I saw the warm deeps of thy
 golden heart !

Glad death may pluck thee, but never
 before

The gold dust of thy bloom divine
 Hath dropped from thy heart into
 mine,

To quicken its faint germs of heavenly
 lore ;

For no breeze comes nigh thee but
 carries away

Some impulses bright

Of fragrance and light,

Which fall upon souls that are lone and
 astray,

To plant fruitful hopes of the flower of
 day.

ALLEGRA

I WOULD more natures were like thine,
 That never casts a glance before,
 Thou Hebe, who thy heart's bright wine
 So lavishly to all dost pour,
 That we who drink forget to pine,
 And can but dream of bliss in store.

Thou canst not see a shade in life ;
 With sunward instinct thou dost rise,
 And, leaving clouds below at strife,
 Gazest undazzled at the skies,
 With all their blazing splendours rife,
 A songful lark with eagle's eyes.

Thou wast some foundling whom the
 Hours

Nursed, laughing, with the milk of
 Mirth ;

Some influence more gay than ours
 Hath ruled thy nature from its birth,
 As if thy natal stars were flowers
 That shook their seeds round thee on
 earth.

And thou, to lull thine infant rest,
 Wast cradled like an Indian child ;
 All pleasant winds from south and west
 With lullabies thine ears beguiled,
 Rocking thee in thine oriole's nest,
 Till Nature looked at thee and smiled.

Thine every fancy seems to borrow
 A sunlight from thy childish years,
 Making a golden cloud of sorrow,
 A hope-lit rainbow out of tears,—
 Thy heart is certain of to-morrow,
 Though 'yond to-day it never peers.

I would more natures were like thine,
 So innocently wild and free,

Whose sad thoughts, even, leap and
shine,

Like sunny wavelets in the sea,
Making us mindless of the brine,
In gazing on the brilliancy.

THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night ;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow ;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day ;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary ;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest ;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same ;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element ;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee !

ODE

I

IN the old days of awe and keen-eyed
wonder,

The Poet's song with blood - warm
truth was rife ;

He saw the mysteries which circle under
The outward shell and skin of daily
life.

Nothing to him were fleeting time and
fashion,

His soul was led by the eternal law ;
There was in him no hope of fame, no
passion,

But with calm, godlike eyes he only
saw.

He did not sigh o'er heroes dead and
buried,

Chief-mourner at the Golden Age's
hearse,

Nor deem that souls whom Charon grim
had ferried

Alone were fitting themes of epic
verse :

He could believe the promise of to-
morrow,

And feel the wondrous meaning of
to-day ;

He had a deeper faith in holy sorrow
Than the world's seeming loss could
take away.

To know the heart of all things was his
duty,

All things did sing to him to make him
wise,

And, with a sorrowful and conquering
beauty,

The soul of all looked grandly from
his eyes.

He gazed on all within him and without
him,

He watched the flowing of Time's
steady tide,

And shapes of glory floated all about him
And whispered to him, and he prophe-
sied.

Than all men he more fearless was and
freer,

And all his brethren cried with one accord,—
 "Behold the holy man! Behold the Seer!
 Him who hath spoken with the unseen Lord!"
 He to his heart with large embrace had taken
 The universal sorrow of mankind,
 And, from that root, a shelter never shaken,
 The tree of wisdom grew with sturdy rind.
 He could interpret well the wondrous voices
 Which to the calm and silent spirit come;
 He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices
 In the star's anthem than the insect's hum.
 He in his heart was ever meek and humble,
 And yet with kingly pomp his numbers ran,
 As he foresaw how all things false should crumble
 Before the free, uplifted soul of man:
 And, when he was made full to overflowing
 With all the loveliness of heaven and earth,
 Out rushed his song, like molten iron glowing,
 To show God sitting by the humblest hearth.
 With calmest courage he was ever ready
 To teach that action was the truth of thought,
 And, with strong arm and purpose firm and steady,
 An anchor for the drifting world he wrought.
 So did he make the meanest man partaker
 Of all his brother-gods unto him gave;
 All souls did reverence him and name him Maker,
 And when he died heaped temples on his grave.

And still his deathless words of light are swimming
 Serene throughout the great deep infinite
 Of human soul, unwaning and undimming,
 To cheer and guide the mariner at night.

II

But now the Poet is an empty rhymers
 Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,
 And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
 To all men's prides and fancies as they pass.
 Not his the song, which, in its metric
 holy,
 Chimes with the music of the eternal stars,
 Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the lowly,
 And sending sun through the soul's prison-bars.
 Maker no more, — oh no! unmaker rather,
 For he unmakes who doth not all put forth
 The power given freely by our loving Father
 To show the body's dross, the spirit's worth.
 Awake! great spirit of the ages olden!
 Shiver the mists that hide thy starry lyre,
 And let man's soul be yet again beholden
 To thee for wings to soar to her desire.
 Oh, prophesy no more to-morrow's splendour,
 Be no more shamefaced to speak out for Truth,
 Lay on her altar all the gushings tender,
 The hope, the fire, the loving faith of youth!
 Oh, prophesy no more the Maker's coming,
 Say not his onward footsteps thou canst hear
 In the dim void, like to the awful humming

Of the great wings of some new-lighted
sphere !
Oh, prophesy no more, but be the Poet !
This longing was but granted unto
thee
That, when all beauty thou couldst feel
and know it,
That beauty in its highest thou shouldst
be.
O thou who moanest tost with sealike
longings,
Who diuinely hearest voices call on thee,
Whose soul is overfilled with mighty
throngings
Of love, and fear, and glorious agony,
Thou of the toil-strung hands and iron
sinews
And soul by Mother Earth with free-
dom fed,
In whom the hero-spirit yet continues,
The old free nature is not chained or
dead,
Arouse ! let thy soul break in music-
thunder,
Let loose the ocean that is in thee
pent,
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love,
thy wonder,
And tell the age what all its signs
have meant.
Where'er thy wildered crowd of brethren
jostles,
Where'er there lingers but a shadow of
wrong,
There still is need of martyrs and
apostles,
There still are texts for never-dying
song :
From age to age man's still aspiring
spirit
Finds wider scope and sees with clearer
eyes,
And thou in larger measure dost inherit
What made thy great forerunners free
and wise.
Sit thou enthroned where the Poet's
mountain
Above the thunder lifts its silent peak,
And roil thy songs down like a gathering
fountain,

They all may drink and find the rest
they seek.
Sing ! there shall silence grow in earth
and heaven,
A silence of deep awe and wondering ;
For, listening gladly, bend the angels,
even,
To hear a mortal like an angel sing.

III

Among the toil-worn poor my soul is
seeking
For who shall bring the Maker's name
to light,
To be the voice of that almighty speaking
Which every age demands to do it
right.
Proprieties our silken bards environ ;
He who would be the tongue of this
wide land
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy
iron
And strike it with a toil-imbrowned
hand ;
One who hath dwelt with Nature well
attended,
Who hath learnt wisdom from her
mystic books,
Whose soul with all her countless lives
hath blended,
So that all beauty awes us in his looks ;
Who not with body's waste his soul hath
pampered,
Who as the clear northwestern wind is
free,
Who walks with Form's observances un-
hampered,
And follows the One Will obediently ;
Whose eyes, like windows on a breezy
summit,
Control a lovely prospect every way ;
Who doth not sound God's sea with
earthly plummet,
And find a bottom still of worthless
clay ;
Who heeds not how the lower gusts are
working,
Knowing that one sure wind blows on
above,

And sees, beneath the foulest faces
 lurking,
 One God-built shrine of reverence and
 love ;
 Who sees all stars that wheel their
 shining marches
 Around the centre fixed of Destiny,
 Where the encircling soul serene o'er-
 arches
 The moving globe of being like a sky ;
 Who feels that God and Heaven's great
 deeps are nearer
 Him to whose heart his fellow-man is
 nigh,
 Who doth not hold his soul's own free-
 dom dearer
 Than that of all his brethren, low or
 high ;
 Who to the Right can feel himself the
 truer
 For being gently patient with the
 wrong,
 Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,
 And finds in Love the heart's-blood
 of his song ;—
 This, this is he for whom the world is
 waiting
 To sing the beatings of its mighty
 heart,
 Too long hath it been patient with the
 grating
 Of scranell-pipes, and heard it mis-
 named Art.
 To him the smiling soul of man shall
 listen,
 Laying awhile its crown of thorns
 aside,
 And once again in every eye shall glisten
 The glory of a nature satisfied.
 His verse shall have a great commanding
 motion,
 Heaving and swelling with a melody
 Learnt of the sky, the river, and the
 ocean,
 And all the pure, majestic things that
 be.
 Awake, then, thou ! we pine for thy
 great presence
 To make us feel the soul once more
 sublime,

We are of far too infinite an essence
 To rest contented with the lies of
 Time.
 Speak out ! and lo ! a hush of deepest
 wonder
 Shall sink o'er all this many-voiced
 scene,
 As when a sudden burst of rattling
 thunder
 Shatters the blueness of a sky serene.

THE FATHERLAND

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?
 Is it where he by chance is born?
 Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
 In such scant borders to be spanned?
 Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is man?
 Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this?
 Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 There is the true man's birthplace grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another,—
 Thank God for such a birthright,
 brother,—
 That spot of earth is thine and mine !
 There is the true man's birthplace grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland !

THE FORLORN

THE night is dark, the stinging sleet,
 Swept by the bitter gusts of air,
 Drives whistling down the lonely street,
 And glazes on the pavement bare.

The street-lamps flare and struggle dim
Through the gray sleet-clouds as they
pass,

Or, governed by a boisterous whim,
Drop down and rustle on the glass.

One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl
Faces the east-wind's searching flaws,
And, as about her heart they whirl,
Her tattered cloak more tightly draws.

The flat brick walls look cold and bleak,
Her bare feet to the sidewalk freeze;
Yet dares she not a shelter seek,
Though faint with hunger and disease.

The sharp storm cuts her forehead bare,
And, piercing through her garments
thin,
Beats on her shrunken breast, and there
Makes colder the cold heart within.

She lingers where a ruddy glow
Streams outward through an open
shutter,
Adding more bitterness to woe,
More loneliness to desertion utter.

One half the cold she had not felt
Until she saw this gush of light
Spread warmly forth, and seem to melt
Its slow way through the deadening
night.

She hears a woman's voice within,
Singing sweet words her childhood
knew,
And years of misery and sin
Furl off, and leave her heaven blue.

Her freezing heart, like one who sinks
Outwearied in the drifting snow,
Drowns to deadly sleep and thinks
No longer of its hopeless woe:

Old fields, and clear blue summer days,
Old meadows, green with grass, and
trees
That shimmer through the trembling
haze
And whiten in the western breeze,

Old faces, all the friendly past
Rises within her heart again,
And sunshine from her childhood cast
Makes summer of the icy rain.

Enhaloed by a mild, warm glow,
From man's humanity apart,
She hears old footsteps wandering slow
Through the lone chambers of the
heart.

Outside the porch before the door,
Her cheek upon the cold, hard stone,
She lies, no longer soul and poor.
No longer dreary and alone.

Next morning something heavily
Against the opening door did weigh,
And there, from sin and sorrow free,
A woman on the threshold lay.

A smile upon the wan lips told
That she had found a calm release,
And that, from out the want and cold,
The song had borne her soul in
peace.

For, whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence mid the world's loud
din;

And one of His great charities
Is Music, and it doth not scorn
To close the lids upon the eyes
Of the polluted and forlorn;

Far was she from her childhood's home,
Farther in guilt had wandered thence,
Yet thither it had bid her come
To die in maiden innocence.

MIDNIGHT

THE moon shines white and silent
On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
Silently far and wide.

A vague and starry magic
 Makes all things mysteries,
 And lures the earth's dumb spirit
 Up to the longing skies ;
 I seem to hear dim whispers,
 And tremulous replies.

The fireflies o'er the meadow
 In pulses come and go ;
 The elm-trees' heavy shadow
 Weighs on the grass below ;
 And faintly from the distance
 The dreaming cock doth crow.

All things look strange and mystic,
 The very bushes swell
 And take wild shapes and motions,
 As if beneath a spell ;
 They seem not the same lilacs
 From childhood known so well.

The snow of deepest silence
 O'er everything doth fall,
 So beautiful and quiet,
 And yet so like a pall ;
 As if all life were ended,
 And rest were come to all.

O wild and wondrous midnight,
 There is a might in thee
 To make the charmed body
 Almost like spirit be,
 And give it some faint glimpses
 Of immortality !

A PRAYER

GOD ! do not let my loved one die,
 But rather wait until the time
 That I am grown in purity
 Enough to enter thy pure clime,
 Then take me, I will gladly go,
 So that my love remain below !

Oh, let her stay ! She is by birth
 What I through death must learn
 to be ;

We need her more on our poor earth
 Than thou canst need in heaven with
 thee :

She hath her wings already, I
 Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me ! We shall be
 near,

More near than ever, each to each :
 Her angel ears will find more clear
 My heavenly than my earthly speech ;
 And still, as I draw nigh to Thee,
 Her soul and mine shall closer be.

THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick and stone, and
 gold,

And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;
 The bank may break, the factory
 burn,

A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly
 earn

A living that would serve his turn ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
 With sated heart, he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms
 bare,

And wearies in his easy-chair ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
 Content that from employment springs,

A heart that in his labour sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?

A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands ;
This is the best crop from thy lands,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great ;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last ;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

THE ROSE: A BALLAD

I

IN his tower sat the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and
throw it
Where there's none that loveth me.
On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.
Take, O sea ! the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast ;

On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.
Life is vain, and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."
Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale, with dreary moan,
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breakers all alone.

II

Stands a maiden, on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow,
Tracing words upon the sand :
"Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long,
Ever to this sick heart fold him,
Be the spirit of his song ?
Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love forevermore !"
Swells the tide and overflows it,
But, with omen pure and meet,
Brings a little rose, and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.
Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.
"Love is thine, O heart ! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

III

IN his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim.
Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
 Flows a maiden's golden hair,
 Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
 Kiss his moon-lit forehead bare.
 "Life is joy, and love is power,
 Death all fetters doth unbind,
 Strength and wisdom only flower
 When we toil for all our kind.
 Hope is truth,—the future giveth
 More than present takes away,
 And the soul forever liveth
 Nearer God from day to day."
 Not a word the maiden uttered,
 Fulllest hearts are slow to speak,
 But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
 Down upon the poet's check.

SONG

VIOLET ! sweet violet !

Thine eyes are full of tears ;

Are they wet

Even yet

With the thought of other years ?
 Or with gladness are they full,
 For the night so beautiful,
 And longing for those far-off spheres ?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,

Of my merry youth,

And I see,

Tearfully,

All the fair and sunny past,
 All its openness and truth,
 Ever fresh and green in thee
 As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with love

Grown coloured like the sky above,

On which thou lookest ever,—

Can it know

All the woe

Of hope for what returneth never,
 All the sorrow and the longing
 To these hearts of ours belonging ?

Out on it ! no foolish pining

For the sky

Dimms thine eye,

Or for the stars so calmly shining ;

Like thee let this soul of mine
 Take hue from that wherefor I long,
 Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
 Not satisfied with hoping—but divine.

Violet ! dear violet !

Thy blue eyes are only wet

With joy and love of Him who sent thee,

And for the fulfilling sense

Of that glad obedience

Which made thee all that Nature meant
 thee !

ROSALINE

THOU look'dst on me all yesternight,
 Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright
 As when we murmured our troth-plight
 Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline !
 Thy hair was braided on thy head,
 As on the day we two were wed,
 Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead,
 But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline !

The death-watch ticked behind the wall,
 The blackness rustled like a pall,
 The moaning wind did rise and fall
 Among the bleak pines, Rosaline !
 My heart beat thickly in mine ears :
 The lids may shut out fleshly fears,
 But still the spirit sees and hears,
 Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline !

A wildness rushing suddenly,
 A knowing some ill shape is nigh,
 A wish for death, a fear to die,
 Is not this vengeance, Rosaline ?
 A loneliness that is not lone,
 A love quite withered up and gone,
 A strong soul ousted from its throne,
 What wouldst thou further, Rosaline ?

'Tis drear such moonless nights as these,
 Strange sounds are out upon the breeze,
 And the leaves shiver in the trees,
 And then thou comest, Rosaline !
 I seem to hear the mourners go,
 With long black garments trailing slow,
 And plumes anodding to and fro,
 As once I heard them, Rosaline !

Thy shroud is all of snowy white,
And, in the middle of the night,
Thou standest moveless and upright,
Gazing upon me, Rosaline !
There is no sorrow in thine eyes,
But evermore that meek surprise,—
O God ! thy gentle spirit tries
To deem me guiltless, Rosaline !

Above thy grave the robin sings,
And swarms of bright and happy things
Flit all about with sunlit wings,
But I am cheerless, Rosaline !
The violets on the hillock toss,
The gravestone is o'ergrown with moss ;
For nature feels not any loss,
But I am cheerless, Rosaline !

I did not know when thou wast dead ;
A blackbird whistling overhead
Thrilled through my brain ; I would have
 fled,
But dared not leave thee, Rosaline !
The sun rolled down, and very soon,
Like a great fire, the awful moon
Rose, stained with blood, and then a
 swoon
Crept chilly o'er me, Rosaline !

The stars came out ; and, one by one,
Each angel from his silver throne
Looked down and saw what I had done :
I dared not hide me, Rosaline !
I crouched ; I feared thy corpse would cry
Against me to God's silent sky,
I thought I saw the blue lips try
To utter something, Rosaline !

I waited with a maddened grin
To hear that voice all icy thin
Slide forth and tell my deadly sin
To hell and heaven, Rosaline !
But no voice came, and then it seemed,
That, if the very corpse had screamed,
The sound like sunshine glad had streamed
Through that dark stillness, Rosaline !

And then, amid the silent night,
I screamed with horrible delight,
And in my brain an awful light
Did seem to crackle, Rosaline !

It is my curse ! sweet memories fall
From me like snow, and only all
Of that one night, like cold worms, crawl
My doomed heart over, Rosaline !

Why wilt thou haunt me with thine eyes,
Wherein such blessed memories,
Such pitying forgiveness lies,
Than hate more bitter, Rosaline !
Woe 's me ! I know that love so high
As thine, true soul, could never die,
And with mean clay in churchyard lie,—
Would it might be so, Rosaline !

A REQUIEM

Av, pale and silent maiden,
Cold as thou liest there,
Thine was the sunniest nature
That ever drew the air ;
The wildest and most wayward,
And yet so gently kind,
Thou seemedst but to body
A breath of summer wind.

Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved !
And I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's shallows,
And dost possess the Deep.

Thou liest low and silent,
Thy heart is cold and still,
Thine eyes are shut forever,
And Death hath had his will ;
He loved and would have taken,
I loved and would have kept,
We strove,—and he was stronger,
And I have never wept.

Let him possess thy body,
Thy soul is still with me,
More sunny and more glad some
Than it was wont to be :
Thy body was a fetter
That bound me to the flesh,
Thank God that it is broken,
And now I live afresh !

Now I can see thee clearly ;
 The dusky cloud of clay,
 That hid thy starry spirit,
 Is rent and blown away :
 To earth I give thy body,
 Thy spirit to the sky,
 I saw its bright wings growing,
 And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,
 For nothing comes between
 The senses and the spirit,
 The seen and the unseen ;
 Lifts the eternal shadow,
 The silence bursts apart,
 And the soul's boundless future
 Is present in my heart.

A PARABLE

WORN and footsore was the Prophet,
 When he gained the holy hill ;
 " God has left the earth," he murmured,
 " Here His presence lingers still.

" God of all the olden prophets,
 Wilt Thou speak with men no more ?
 Have I not as truly served Thee
 As Thy chosen ones of yore ?

" Hear me, guider of my fathers,
 Lo ! a humble heart is mine ;
 By Thy mercy I beseech Thee
 Grant Thy servant but a sign !"

Bowing then his head, he listened
 For an answer to his prayer ;
 No loud burst of thunder followed,
 Not a murmur stirred the air :

But the tuft of moss before him
 Opened while he waited yet,
 And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
 Sprang a tender violet.

" God ! I thank Thee," said the Prophet ;
 " Hard of heart and blind was I,
 Looking to the holy mountain
 For the gift of prophecy.

" Still Thou speakest with Thy children
 Freely as in eld sublime ;
 Humbleness, and love, and patience,
 Still give empire over time.

" Had I trusted in my nature,
 And had faith in lowly things,
 Thou Thyself wouldst then have sought
 me,
 And set free my spirit's wings.

" But I looked for signs and wonders,
 That o'er men should give me sway ;
 Thirsting to be more than mortal,
 I was even less than clay.

" Ere I entered on my journey,
 As I girt my loins to start,
 Ran to me my little daughter,
 The beloved of my heart ;

" In her hand she held a flower,
 Like to this as like may be,
 Which, beside my very threshold,
 She had plucked and brought to me."

SONG

O MOONLIGHT deep and tender,
 A year and more agone,
 Your mist of golden splendour
 Round my betrothal shone !

O elm-leaves dark and dewy,
 The very same ye seen,
 The low wind trembles through ye,
 Ye murmur in my dream !

O river, dim with distance,
 Flow thus forever by,
 A part of my existence
 Within your heart doth lie !

O stars, ye saw our meeting,
 Two beings and one soul,
 Two hearts so madly beating
 To mingle and be whole !

O happy night, deliver
 Her kisses back to me,
 Or keep them all, and give her
 A blissful dream of me !

SONNETS

I

TO A. C. L.

THROUGH suffering and sorrow thou
 hast passed
 To show us what a woman true may be :
 They have not taken sympathy from
 thee,
 Nor made thee any other than thou wast,
 Save as some tree, which, in a sudden
 blast,
 Sheddeth those blossoms, that are weakly
 grown,
 Upon the air, but keepeth every one
 Whose strength gives warrant of good
 fruit at last :
 So thou hast shed some blooms of
 gaiety,
 But never one of steadfast cheerfulness ;
 Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
 Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,
 But rather cleared thine inner eyes to see
 How many simple ways there are to
 bless.

II

WHAT were I, Love, if I were stripped
 of thee,
 If thine eyes shut me out whereby I live,
 Thou, who unto my calmer soul dost
 give
 Knowledge, and Truth, and holy Mys-
 tery,
 Wherein Truth mainly lies for those who
 see
 Beyond the earthly and the fugitive,
 Who in the grandeur of the soul believe,
 And only in the Infinite are free ?
 Without thee I were naked, bleak, and
 bare
 As yon dead cedar on the sea-cliff's
 brow ;
 And Nature's teachings, which come to
 me now,
 Common and beautiful as light and air,

Would be as fruitless as a stream which
 still
 Slips through the wheel of some old
 ruined mill.

III

I WOULD not have this perfect love of
 ours
 Grow from a single root, a single stem,
 Bearing no goodly fruit, but only flowers
 That idly hide life's iron diadem :
 It should grow alway like that Eastern
 tree
 Whose limbs take root and spread forth
 constantly ;
 That love for one, from which there doth
 not spring
 Wide love for all, is but a worthless
 thing.
 Not in another world, as poets prate,
 Dwell we apart above the tide of things,
 High floating o'er earth's clouds on faery
 wings ;
 But our pure love doth ever elevate
 Into a holy bond of brotherhood
 All earthly things, making them pure
 and good.

IV

"FOR this true nobleness I seek in vain,
 In woman and in man I find it not ;
 I almost weary of my earthly lot,
 My life-springs are dried up with burning
 pain."
 Thou find'st it not ? I pray thee look
 again,
 Look *inward* through the depths of
 thine own soul.
 How is it with thee ? Art thou sound
 and whole ?
 Doth narrow search show thee no earthly
 stain ?
 BE NOBLE ! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own ;
 Then wilt thou see it gleam in many
 eyes,

Then will pure light around thy path be
shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and
lone.

V

TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS

GREAT soul, thou sittest with me in my
room,
Uplifting me with thy vast, quiet eyes,
On whose full orbs, with kindly lustre,
lies
The twilight warmth of ruddy ember-
gloom:
Thy clear, strong tones will oft bring
sudden bloom
Of hope secure, to him who lonely cries,
Wrestling with the young poet's agonies,
Neglect and scorn, which seem a certain
doom:
Yes! the few words which, like great
thunder-drops,
Thy large heart down to earth shook
doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its
might,
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of
light,
Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny,
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops.

VI

GREAT Truths are portions of the soul
of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity;
Each drop of blood that e'er through
true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and
me;
For God's law, since the starry song
began,
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast
Time's span
Must spur the soul to be erect and free;
Slave is no word of deathless lineage
sprung;

Too many noble souls have thought and
died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world
hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause
denied.

VII

I ASK not for those thoughts, that
sudden leap
From being's sea, like the isle-seeming
Kraken,
With whose great rise the ocean all is
shaken
And a heart-tremble quivers through the
deep;
Give me that growth which some per-
chance deem sleep,
Wherewith the steadfast coral-stems
uprise,
Which, by the toil of gathering energies,
Their upward way into clear sunshine
keep,
Until, by Heaven's sweetest influences,
Slowly and slowly spreads a speck of
green
Into a pleasant island in the seas,
Where, mid tall palms, the cane-roofed
home is seen
And wearied men shall sit at sunset's
hour,
Hearing the leaves and loving God's
dear power.

VIII

TO M. W., ON HER BIRTHDAY

MAIDEN, when such a soul as thine is
born,
The morning-stars their ancient music
make,
And, joyful, once again their song awake,
Long silent now with melancholy scorn;
And thou, not mindless of so blest a
morn,
By no least deed its harmony shalt break,

But shalt to that high chime thy foot-
 steps take,
 Through life's most darksome passes
 unforlorn ;
 Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt
 not fall,
 Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and
 free,
 And in thine every motion musical
 As summer air, majestic as the sea,
 A mystery to those who creep and crawl
 Through Time, and part it from Eternity.

IX

My Love, I have no fear that thou
 shouldst die ;
 Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,
 Whose numbering-clock is still thy gentle
 kiss,
 While Time and Peace with hands
 enlocked fly ;
 Yet care I not where in Eternity
 We live and love, well knowing that
 there is
 No backward step for those who feel the
 bliss
 Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings
 high :
 Love hath so purified my being's core,
 Meseems I scarcely should be startled,
 even,
 To find, some morn, that thou hadst
 gone before ;
 Since, with thy love, this knowledge too
 was given,
 Which each calm day doth strengthen
 more and more,
 That they who love are but one step
 from Heaven.

X

I CANNOT think that thou shouldst pass
 away,
 Whose life to mine is an eternal law,
 A piece of nature that can have no flaw,
 A new and certain sunrise every day ;
 But, if thou art to be another ray

About the Sun of Life, and art to live
 Free from what part of thee was fugitive,
 The debt of Love I will more fully pay,
 Not downcast with the thought of thee
 so high,
 But rather raised to be a nobler man,
 And more divine in my humanity,
 As knowing that the waiting eyes which
 scan
 My life are lighted by a purer being,
 And ask high, calm-browed deeds, with
 it agreeing.

XI

THERE never yet was flower fair in vain,
 Let classic poets rhyme it as they will ;
 The seasons toil that it may blow again,
 And summer's heart doth feel its every
 ill ;
 Nor is a true soul ever born for naught ;
 Wherever any such hath lived and died,
 There hath been something for true
 freedom wrought,
 Some bulwark levelled on the evil side :
 Toil on, then, Greatness ! thou art in
 the right,
 However narrow souls may call thee
 wrong ;
 Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear
 sight,
 And so thou shalt be in the world's
 eielong ;
 For worldlings cannot, struggle as they
 may,
 From man's great soul one great thought
 hide away.

XII

SUB PONDERE CRESCIT

THE hope of Truth grows stronger, day
 by day ;
 I hear the soul of Man around me
 waking,
 Like a great sea, its frozen fetters
 breaking,
 And flinging up to heaven its sunlit
 spray,

Tossing huge continents in scornful play,
 And crushing them, with din of grinding
 thunder,
 That makes old emptinesses stare in
 wonder;
 The memory of a glory passed away
 Lingers in every heart, as, in the shell,
 Resounds the bygone freedom of the sea,
 And every hour new signs of promise tell,
 That the great soul shall once again be
 free,
 For high, and yet more high, the mur-
 murs swell
 Of inward strife for truth and liberty.

XIII

BELIEVED, in the noisy city here,
 The thought of thee can make all
 turmoil cease;
 Around my spirit, folds thy spirit clear
 Its still, soft arms, and circles it with
 peace;
 There is no room for any doubt or fear
 In souls so overfilled with love's increase,
 There is no memory of the bygone year
 But growth in heart's and spirit's perfect
 ease:
 How hath our love, half nebulous at first,
 Rounded itself into a full-orbed sun!
 How have our lives and wills (as haply
 erst
 They were, ere this forgetfulness begun)
 Through all their earthly distances out-
 burst,
 And melted, like two rays of light in
 one!

XIV

ON READING WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS
IN DEFENCE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth,
 With the majestic beating of his heart,
 The mighty tides, whereof its rightful
 part
 Each sea-wide bay and little weed
 receiveth,

So, through his soul who earnestly
 believeth,
 Life from the universal Heart doth flow,
 Whereby some conquest of the eternal
 Woe,
 By instinct of God's nature, he achieveth:
 A fuller pulse of this all-powerful beauty
 Into the poet's gulf-like heart doth tide,
 And he more keenly feels the glorious
 duty
 Of serving Truth, despised and crucified,—
 Happy, unknowing sect or creed, to rest,
 And feel God flow forever through his
 breast.

XV

THE SAME CONTINUED

ONCE hardly in a cycle blossometh
 A flower-like soul ripe with the seeds of
 song,
 A spirit foreordained to cope with wrong,
 Whose divine thoughts are natural as
 breath,
 Who the old Darkness thickly scattereth
 With starry words, that shoot prevailing
 light
 Into the deeps, and wither, with the
 blight
 Of serene Truth, the coward heart of
 Death:
 Woe, if such spirit thwart its errand high,
 And mock with lies the longing soul of
 man!
 Yet one age longer must true Culture lie,
 Soothing her bitter fetters as she can,
 Until new messages of love outstart
 At the next beating of the infinite Heart.

XVI

THE SAME CONTINUED

THE love of all things springs from love
 of one;
 Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows,
 And over it with fuller glory flows
 The sky-like spirit of God; a hope
 begun

In doubt and darkness 'neath a fairer
 sun
 Cometh to fruitage, if it be of Truth ;
 And to the law of meekness, faith, and
 ruth,
 By inward sympathy, shall all be won :
 This thou shouldst know, who, from the
 painted feature
 Of shifting Fashion, couldst thy brethren
 turn
 Unto the love of ever-youthful Nature,
 And of a beauty fadeless and eterne ;
 And always 'tis the saddest sight to see
 An old man faithless in Humanity.

XVII

THE SAME CONTINUED

A POET cannot strive for despotism ;
 His harp falls shattered ; for it still must
 be
 The instinct of great spirits to be free,
 And the sworn foes of cunning barbarism :
 He who has deepest searched the wide
 abyss
 Of that life-giving Soul which men call
 fate,
 Knows that to put more faith in lies and
 hate
 Than truth and love is the true atheism :
 Upward the soul forever turns her eyes :
 The next hour always shames the hour
 before ;
 One beauty, at its highest, prophesies
 That by whose side it shall seem mean
 and poor ;
 No Godlike thing knows aught of less
 and less,
 But widens to the boundless Perfectness.

XVIII

THE SAME CONTINUED

THEREFORE think not the Past is wise
 alone,
 For Yesterday knows nothing of the Best,
 And thou shalt love it only as the nest

Whence glory-winged things to Heaven
 have flown :
 To the great Soul only are all things
 known ;
 Present and future are to her as past,
 While she in glorious madness doth
 forecast
 That perfect bud, which seems a flower
 full-blown
 To each new Prophet, and yet always
 opes
 Fuller and fuller with each day and hour,
 Heartening the soul with odour of fresh
 hopes,
 And longings high, and gushings of wide
 power,
 Yet never is or shall be fully blown
 Save in the forethought of the Eternal
 One.

XIX

THE SAME CONCLUDED

FAR 'yond this narrow parapet of Time,
 With eyes uplift, the poet's soul should
 look
 Into the Endless Promise, nor should
 brook
 One prying doubt to shake his faith
 sublime ;
 To him the earth is ever in her prime
 And dewiness of morning ; he can see
 Good lying hid, from all eternity,
 Within the teeming womb of sin and
 crime ;
 His soul should not be cramped by any
 bar,
 His nobleness should be so Godlike high,
 That his least deed is perfect as a star,
 His common look majestic as the sky,
 And all o'erflooded with a light from far,
 Undimmed by clouds of weak mortality.

XX

TO M. O. S.

MARY, since first I knew thee, to this
 hour,

My love hath deepened, with my wiser
sense

Of what in Woman is to reverence ;
Thy clear heart, fresh as e'er was forest-
flower,

Still opens more to me its beauteous
dower ;—

But let praise hush,—Love asks no
evidence

To prove itself well-placed ; we know
not whence

It gleams the straws that thatch its
humble bower :

We can but say we found it in the heart,
Spring of all sweetest thoughts, arch foe
of blame,

Sower of flowers in the dusty mart,
Pure vestal of the poet's holy flame,—

This is enough, and we have done our
part

If we but keep it spotless as it came.

XXI

OUR love is not a fading, earthly flower :
Its winged seed dropped down from
Paradise,

And, nursed by day and night, by sun
and shower,

Doth momentarily to fresher beauty rise :

To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty
green.

Our summer hearts make summer's
fulness, where

No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be
seen :

For nature's life in love's deep life doth
lie,

Love,— whose forgetfulness is beauty's
death,

Whose mystic key these cells of Thou
and I

Into the infinite freedom openeth,

And makes the body's dark and narrow
grate

The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's own
palace-gate.

XXII

IN ABSENCE

THESE rugged, wintry, days I scarce
could bear,

Did I not know, that, in the early spring,
When wild March winds upon their
errands sing,

Thou wouldst return, bursting on this
still air,

Like those same winds, when, startled
from their lair,

They hunt up violets, and free swift
brooks

From icy cares, even as thy clear looks

Bid my heart bloom, and sing, and
break all care :

When drops with welcome rain the April
dry,

My flowers shall find their April in thine
eyes,

Save there the rain in dreamy clouds
doth stay,

As loath to fall out of those happy skies ;
Yet sure, my love, thou art most like to

May,
That comes with steady sun when April
dies.

XXIII

WENDELL PHILLIPS

HE stood upon the world's broad thresh-
old ; wide

The din of battle and of slaughter rose ;

He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes :

Many there were who made great haste
and sold

Unto the cunning enemy their swords,

He scorned their gifts of fame, and
power, and gold,

And, underneath their soft and flowery
words,

Heard the cold serpent hiss ; therefore he
went

And humbly joined him to the weaker
part,

Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the widespread veins of
endless good.

XXIV

THE STREET

THEY pass me by like shadows, crowds
on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and
fro,
Hugging their bodies round them like
thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago:
They trampled on their youth, and faith,
and love,
They cast their hope of human-kind
away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly
strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits turned
to clay:
Lo! how they wander round the world,
their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We, only, truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may
trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

XXV

I GRIEVE not that ripe Knowledge takes
away
The charm that Nature to my childhood
wore,
For, with that insight, cometh, day by
day,
A greater bliss than wonder was before;
The real doth not clip the poet's wings,—
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clue to spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed
art:
Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's
eyes,

Their beauty thrills him by an inward
sense;
He knows that outward seemings are but
lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows,
whence
The soul that looks within for truth may
guess
The presence of some wondrous heaven-
liness.

XXVI

TO J. R. GIDDINGS

GIDDINGS, far rougher names than thine
have grown
Smoother than honey on the lips of men;
And thou shalt aye be honourably known,
As one who bravely used his tongue and
pen,
As best befits a freeman,—even for those
To whom our Law's unblushing front
denies
A right to plead against the lifelong woes
Which are the Negro's glimpse of
Freedom's skies:
Fear nothing, and hope all things, as the
Right
Alone may do securely; every hour
The thrones of Ignorance and ancient
Night
Lose somewhat of their long-usurped
power,
And Freedom's lightest word can make
them shiver
With a base dread that clings to them
forever.

XXVII

I THOUGHT our love at full, but I did
err;
Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes; I
could not see
That sorrow in our happy world must be
Love's deepest spokesman and interpreter:
But, as a mother feels her child first stir
Under her heart, so felt I instantly

Deep in my soul another bond to thee
 Thrill with that life we saw depart from
 her;
 O mother of our angel child! twice dear!
 Death knits as well as parts, and still, I
 wis,
 Her tender radiance shall infold us here,
 Even as the light, borne up by inward
 bliss,
 Threads the void glooms of space without
 a fear,
 To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss.

L'ENVOI

WHETHER my heart hath wiser grown or
 not,
 In these three years, since I to thee
 inscribed,
 Mine own betrothed, the firstlings of my
 muse,—
 Poor windfalls of unripe experience,
 Young buds plucked hastily by childish
 hands
 Not patient to await more full-blown
 flowers,—
 At least it hath seen more of life and
 men,
 And pondered more, and grown a shade
 more sad;
 Yet with no loss of hope or settled trust
 In the benignness of that Providence
 Which shapes from out our elements awry
 The grace and order that we wonder at,
 The mystic harmony of right and wrong,
 Both working out His wisdom and our
 good:
 A trust, Beloved, chiefly learned of thee,
 Who hast that gift of patient tenderness,
 The instinctive wisdom of a woman's
 heart.

They tell us that our land was made for
 song,
 With its huge rivers and sky-piercing
 peaks,
 Its sealike lakes and mighty cataracts,
 Its forests vast and hoar, and prairies wide,
 And mounds that tell of wondrous tribes
 extinct.

But Poesy springs not from rocks and
 woods;
 Her womb and cradle are the human
 heart,
 And she can find a nobler theme for
 song
 In the most loathsome man that blasts
 the sight
 Than in the broad expanse of sea and
 shore
 Between the frozen deserts of the poles.
 All nations have their message from on
 high,
 Each the messiah of some central thought,
 For the fulfilment and delight of Man:
 One has to teach that labour is divine;
 Another Freedom; and another Mind;
 And all, that God is open-eyed and just,
 The happy centre and calm heart of all.

Arc, then, our woods, our mountains, and
 our streams,
 Needful to teach our poets how to sing?
 O maiden rare, far other thoughts were
 ours,
 When we have sat by ocean's foaming
 marge,
 And watched the waves leap roaring on
 the rocks,
 Than young Leander and his Hero had,
 Gazing from Sestos to the other shore.
 The moon looks down and ocean worships
 her,
 Stars rise and set, and seasons come and
 go
 Even as they did in Homer's elder time,
 But we behold them not with Grecian
 eyes:
 Then they were types of beauty and of
 strength,
 But now of freedom, unconfined and
 pure,
 Subject alone to Order's higher law.
 What cares the Russian serf or Southern
 slave
 Though we should speak as man spake
 never yet
 Of gleaming Hudson's broad magnificence,
 Or green Niagara's never-ending roar?
 Our country hath a gospel of her own

To preach and practise before all the world,—
 The freedom and divinity of man,
 The glorious claims of human brotherhood,—
 Which to pay nobly, as a freeman should,
 Gains the sole wealth that will not fly away,—
 And the soul's fealty to none but God.
 These are realities, which make the shows
 Of outward Nature, be they ne'er so grand,
 Seem small, and worthless, and contemptible.
 These are the mountain-summits for our bards,
 Which stretch far upward into heaven itself,
 And give such widespread and exulting view
 Of hope, and faith, and onward destiny,
 That shrunk Parnassus to a molehill dwindles.
 Our new Atlantis, like a morning-star,
 Silvers the mirk face of slow-yielding Night,
 The herald of a fuller truth than yet
 Hath gleamed upon the upraised face of Man
 Since the earth glittered in her stainless prime,—
 Of a more glorious sunrise than of old
 Drew wondrous melodies from Memnon huge,
 Yea, draws them still, though now he sit waist-deep
 In the ingulfing flood of whirling sand,
 And look across the wastes of endless gray,
 Sole wreck, where once his hundred-gated Thebes
 Pained with her mighty hum the calm, blue heaven:
 Shall the dull stone pay grateful orisons,
 And we till noonday bar the splendour out,
 Lest it reproach and chide our sluggard hearts,
 Warm-nested in the down of Prejudice,
 And be content, though clad with angel-wings,

Close-clipped, to hop about from perch to perch,
 In paltry cages of dead men's dead thoughts?
 Oh, rather, like the skylark, soar and sing,
 And let our gushing songs besit the dawn
 And sunrise, and the yet unshaken dew
 Brimming the chalice of each full-blown hope,
 Whose blithe front turns to greet the growing day!
 Never had poets such high call before,
 Never can poets hope for higher one,
 And, if they be but faithful to their trust,
 Earth will remember them with love and joy,
 And oh, far better, God will not forget.
 For he who settles Freedom's principles
 Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
 Who speaks the truth stabs falsehood to the heart,
 And his mere word makes despots tremble more
 Than ever Brutus with his dagger could.
 Wait for no hints from waterfalls or woods,
 Nor dream that tales of red men, brute and fierce,
 Repay the finding of this Western World,
 Or needed half the globe to give them birth:
 Spirit supreme of Freedom! not for this
 Did great Columbus tame his eagle soul
 To jostle with the daws that perch in courts;
 Not for this, friendless, on an unknown sea,
 Coping with mad waves and more mutinous spirits,
 Battled he with the dreadful ache at heart
 Which tempts, with devilish subtleties of doubt,
 The hermit of that loneliest solitude,
 The silent desert of a great New Thought;
 Though loud Niagara were to-day struck dumb,
 Yet would this cataract of boiling life

Rush plunging on and on to endless deeps,
And utter thunder till the world shall
cease,—

A thunder worthy of the poet's song,
And which alone can fill it with true life.
The high evangel to our country granted
Could make apostles, yea, with tongues
of fire,

Of hearts half-darkened back again to
clay !

'Tis the soul only that is national,
And he who pays true loyalty to that
Alone can claim the wreath of patriotism.

Beloved ! if I wander far and oft
From that which I believe, and feel, and
know,
Thou wilt forgive, not with a sorrowing
heart,

But with a strengthened hope of better
things ;

Knowing that I, though often blind and
false

To those I love, and oh, more false than
all

Unto myself, have been most true to
thee,

And that whoso in one thing hath been
true

Can be as true in all. Therefore thy hope
May yet not prove unfruitful, and thy
love

Meet, day by day, with less unworthy
thanks,

Whether, as now, we journey hand in
hand,

Or, parted in the body, yet are one
In spirit and the love of holy things.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY

PART FIRST

I

FAIR as a summer dream was Margaret,
Such dream as in a poet's soul might
start,

Musing of old love, while the moon doth
set :

Her hair was not more sunny than her
heart,

Though like a natural golden coronet
It circled her dear head with careless
art,

Mocking the sunshine, that would fain
have lent

To its frank grace a richer ornament.

II

His loved one's eyes could poet ever
speak,

So kind, so dewy, and so deep were
hers,—

But, while he strives, the choicest phrase,
too weak,

Their glad reflection in his spirit
blurs ;

As one may see a dream dissolve and
break

Out of his grasp when he to tell it stirs,
Like that sad Dryad doomed no more to
bless

The mortal who revealed her loveliness.

III

She dwelt forever in a region bright,

Peopled with living fancies of her own,
Where naught could come but visions of
delight,

Far, far aloof from earth's eternal
moan :

A summer cloud thrilled through with
rosy light,

Floating beneath the blue sky all
alone,

Her spirit wandered by itself, and won
A golden edge from some unsetting sun.

IV

The heart grows richer that its lot is
 poor,
 God blesses want with larger sym-
 pathies,
 Love enters gladliest at the humble door,
 And makes the cot a palace with his
 eyes ;
 So Margaret's heart a softer beauty wore,
 And grew in gentleness and patience
 wise,
 For she was but a simple herdsman's
 child,
 A lily chance-sown in the rugged wild.

V

There was no beauty of the wood or field
 But she its fragrant bosom - secret
 knew,
 Nor any but to her would freely yield
 Some grace that in her soul took root
 and grew :
 Nature to her shone as but now revealed,
 All rosy - fresh with innocent morning
 dew,
 And looked into her heart with dim,
 sweet eyes
 That left it full of sylvan memories.

VI

Oh, what a face was hers to brighten
 light,
 And give back sunshine with an added
 glow,
 To wile each moment with a fresh
 delight,
 And part of memory's best content-
 ment grow !
 Oh, how her voice, as with an inmate's
 right,
 Into the strangest heart would welcome
 go,
 And make it sweet, and ready to become
 Of white and gracious thoughts the
 chosen home !

VII

None looked upon her but he straight-
 way thought

Of all the greenest depths of country
 cheer,
 And into each one's heart was freshly
 brought
 What was to him the sweetest time of
 year,
 So was her every look and motion
 fraught
 With out-of-door delights and forest
 lure ;
 Not the first violet on a woodland lea
 Seemed a more visible gift of Spring than
 she.

VIII

Is love learned only out of poets' books ?
 Is there not somewhat in the dropping
 flood,
 And in the nunneries of silent nooks,
 And in the murmured longing of the
 wood,
 That could make Margaret dream of
 love-lorn looks,
 And stir a thrilling mystery in her
 blood
 More trembly secret than Aurora's tear
 Shed in the bosom of an eglare ?

IX

Full many a sweet forewarning hath the
 mind,
 Full many a whispering of vague
 desire,
 Ere comes the nature destined to unbind
 Its virgin zone, and all its deeps
 inspire,—
 Low stirrings in the leaves, before the
 wind
 Wake all the green strings of the forest
 lyre,
 Faint heatings in the calyx, ere the rose
 Its warm voluptuous breast doth all un-
 close.

X

Long in its dim recesses pines the spirit,
 Wilder and dark, despairingly alone ;
 Though many a shape of beauty wander
 near it,

And many a wild and half-remembered
tone
Tremble from the divine abyss to cheer
it,
Yet still it knows that there is only
one
Before whom it can kneel and tribute
bring,
At once a happy vassal and a king

XI

To feel a want, yet scarce know what it
is,
To seek one nature that is always new,
Whose glance is warmer than another's
kiss,
Whom we can bare our inmost beauty
to,
Not feel deserted afterwards,—for this
But with our destined co-mate we can
do,—
Such longing instinct fills the mighty
scope
Of the young soul with one mysterious
hope.

XII

So Margaret's heart grew brimming with
the lore
Of love's enticing secrets; and although
She had found none to cast it down
before,
Yet oft to Fancy's chapel she would go
To pay her vows, and count the rosary o'er
Of her love's promised graces:—haply
so
Miranda's hope had pictured Ferdinand
Long ere the gaunt wave tossed him on
the strand.

XIII

A new-made star that swims the lonely
gloom,
Unwedded yet and longing for the sun,
Whose beams, the bride-gifts of the lavish
groom,
Blithely to crown the virgin planet run,
Her being was, watching to see the
bloom

L

Of love's fresh sunrise roofing one by
one
Its clouds with gold, a triumph-arch to
be
For him who came to hold her heart in
fee.

XIV

Not far from Margaret's cottage dwelt a
knight
Of the proud Templars, a sworn
celibate,
Whose heart in secret fed upon the light
And dew of her ripe beauty, through
the grate
Of his close vow catching what gleams
he might
Of the free heaven, and cursing all too
late
The cruel faith whose black walls
hemmed him in
And turned life's crowning bliss to deadly
sin.

XV

For he had met her in the wood by
chance,
And, having drunk her beauty's wilder-
ing spell,
His heart shook like the pennon of a
lance
That quivers in a breeze's sudden
swell,
And thenceforth, in a close-infolded
trance,
From mistily golden deep to deep he
fell;
Till earth did waver and fade far away
Beneath the hope in whose warm arms
he lay.

XVI

A dark, proud man he was, whose half-
blown youth
Had shed its blossoms even in opening,
Leaving a few that with more winning
ruth
Trembling around grave manhood's
stem might cling,

D

More sad than cheery, making, in good
sooth,

Like the fringed gentian, a late autumn
spring:

A twilight nature, braided light and
gloom,

A youth half-smiling by an open tomb.

XVII

Fair as an angel, who yet inly wore

A wrinkled heart foreboding his near
fall;

Who saw him always wished to know
him more,

As if he were some fate's defiant thrall
And nursed a dreaded secret at his core;

Little he loved, but power the most of
all,

And that he seemed to scorn, as one
who knew

By what foul paths men choose to crawl
thereto.

XVIII

He had been noble, but some great
deceit

Had turned his better instinct to a
vice:

He strove to think the world was all a
cheat,

That power and fame were cheap at
any price,

That the sure way of being shortly great
Was even to play life's game with
loaded dice,

Since he had tried the honest play and
found

That vice and virtue differed but in
sound.

XIX

Yet Margaret's sight redeemed him for a
space

From his own thralldom; man could
never be

A hypocrite when first such maiden grace
Smiled in upon his heart; the agony

Of wearing all day long a lying face

Fell lightly from him, and, a moment
free,

Erect with wakened faith his spirit stood
And scorned the weakness of his demon-
mood.

XX

Like a sweet wind-harp to him was her
thought,

Which would not let the common air
come near,

Till from its dim enchantment it had
caught

A musical tenderness that brimmed his
ear

With sweetness more ethereal than aught
Save silver-dropping snatches that
whilere

Rained down from some sad angel's
faithful harp

To cool her fallen lover's anguish sharp.

XXI

Deep in the forest was a little dell

High overarched with the leafy sweep
Of a broad oak, through whose gnarled
roots there fell

A slender rill that sung itself to sleep,
Where its continuous toil had scooped a
well

To please the fairy folk; breathlessly
deep

The stillness was, save when the dream-
ing brook

From its small urna drizzly murmur shook.

XXII

The wooded hills sloped upward all
around

With gradual rise, and made an even
rim,

So that it seemed a mighty casque un-
bound

From some huge Titan's brow to
lighten him,

Ages ago, and left upon the ground,

Where the slow soil had mossed it to
the brim,

Till after countless centuries it grew
Into this dell, the haunt of noontide dew.

XXIII

Dim vistas, sprinkled o'er with sun-
flecked green,
Wound through the thickset trunks on
every side,
And, toward the west, in fancy might be
seen
A Gothic window in its blazing pride,
When the low sun, two arching elms
between,
Lit up the leaves beyond, which,
autumn-dyed
With lavish hues, would into splendour
start,
Shaming the laboured panes of richest
art.

XXIV

Here, leaning once against the old oak's
trunk,
Mordred, for such was the young
Templar's name,
Saw Margaret come; unseen, the falcon
shrunk
From the meek dove; sharp thrills of
tingling flame
Made him forget that he was vowed a
monk,
And all the outworks of his pride o'er-
came:
Flooded he seemed with bright delicious
pain,
As if a star had burst within his brain.

XXV

Such power hath beauty and frank inno-
cence:
A flower bloomed forth, that sunshine
glad to bless,
Even from his love's long leafless stem;
the sense
Of exile from Hope's happy realm
grew less,
And thoughts of childish peace, he knew
not whence,
Thronged round his heart with many
an old caress,
Melting the frost there into pearly dew
That mirrored back his nature's morning-
blue.

She turned and saw him, but she felt no
dread,
Her purity, like adamant mail,
Did so encircle her; and yet her head
She drooped, and made her golden
hair her veil,
Through which a glow of rosiest lustre
spread,
Then faded, and anon she stood all
pale,
As snow o'er which a blush of northern-
light
Suddenly reddens, and as soon grows
white.

XXVII

She thought of Tristrem and of Lancelot,
Of all her dreams, and of kind fairies'
might,
And how that dell was deemed a haunted
spot,
Until there grew a mist before her
sight,
And where the present was she half
forgot,
Borne backward through the realms of
old delight,—
Then, starting up awake, she would have
gone,
Yet almost wished it might not be alone.

XXVIII

How they went home together through
the wood,
And how all life seemed focussed into
one
Thought-dazzling spot that set ablaze the
blood,
What need to tell? Fit language there
is none
For the heart's deepest things. Who
ever wooed
As in his boyish hope he would have
done?
For, when the soul is fullest, the hushed
tongue
Voicelessly trembles like a lute unstrung.

XXIX

But all things carry the heart's messages
 And know it not, nor doth the heart
 well know,
 But Nature hath her will; even as the
 bees,
 Blithe go-betweens, fly singing to and
 fro
 With the fruit-quickenening pollen;—hard
 if these
 Found not some all unthought-of way
 to show
 Their secret each to each; and so they
 did,
 And one heart's flower-dust into the
 other slid.

XXX

Young hearts are free; the selfish world
 it is
 That turns them miserly and cold as
 stone,
 And makes them clutch their fingers on
 the bliss
 Which but in giving truly is their
 own;—
 She had no dreams of barter, asked not
 his,
 But gave hers freely as she would have
 thrown
 A rose to him, or as that rose gives forth
 Its generous fragrance, thoughtless of its
 worth.

XXXI

Her summer nature felt a need to bless,
 And a like longing to be blest again;
 So, from her sky-like spirit, gentleness
 Dropt ever like a sunlit fall of rain,
 And his beneath drapkin in the bright
 caress
 As thirstily as would a parched plain,
 That long hath watched the showers of
 sloping gray
 For ever, ever, falling far away.

XXXII

How should she dream of ill? the heart
 filled quite

With sunshine, like the shepherd's-
 clock at noon,
 Closes its leaves around its warm delight;
 Whate'er in life is harsh or out of tune
 Is all shut out, no boding shade of blight
 Can pierce the opiate ether of its
 swoon:
 Love is but blind as thoughtful justice is,
 But naught can be so wanton-blind as
 bliss.

XXXIII

All beauty and all life he was to her;
 She questioned not his love, she only
 knew
 That she loved him, and not a pulse
 could stir
 In her whole frame but quivered
 through and through
 With this glad thought, and was a
 minister
 To do him fealty and service true,
 Like golden ripples hasting to the land
 To wreck their freight of sunshine on the
 strand.

XXXIV

O dewy dawn of love! O hopes that
 are
 Hung high, like the cliff-swallow's
 perilous nest,
 Most like to fall when fullest, and that
 jar
 With every heavier billow! O unrest
 Than balmyest deeps of quiet sweeter far!
 How did ye triumph now in Margaret's
 breast,
 Making it readier to shrink and start
 Than quivering gold of the pond-lily's
 heart!

XXXV

Here let us pause: oh, would the soul
 might ever
 Achieve its immortality in youth,
 When nothing yet hath damped its high
 endeavour
 After the starry energy of truth!
 Here let us pause, and for a moment

This gleam of sunshine from the sad
unruth
That sometime comes to all, for it is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.

PART SECOND

I

As one who, from the sunshine and the
green,
Enters the solid darkness of a cave,
Nor knows what precipice or pit unseen
May yawn before him with its sudden
grave,
And, with hushed breath, doth often
forward lean,
Dreaming he hears the plashing of a
wave
Dimly below, or feels a damper air
From out some dreary chasm, he knows
not where ;

II

So, from the sunshine and the green of
love,
We enter on our story's darker part ;
And, though the horror of it well may
move
An impulse of repugnance in the heart,
Yet let us think, that, as there's naught
above
The all-embracing atmosphere of Art,
So also there is naught that falls below
Her generous reach, though grimed with
guilt and woe.

III

Her fittest triumph is to show that good
Lurks in the heart of evil evermore,
That love, though scorned, and outcast,
and withstood,
Can without end forgive, and yet have
store ;
God's love and man's are of the selfsame
blood,
And He can see that always at the door
Of foulest hearts the angel-nature yet
Knocks to return and cancel all its debt.

IV

It ever is weak falsehood's destiny
That her thick mask turns crystal to
let through
The unsuspecting eyes of honesty ;
But Margaret's heart was too sincere
and true
Aught but plain truth and faithfulness to
see,
And Mordred's for a time a little grew
To be like hers, won by the mild reproof
Of those kind eyes that kept all doubt
aloof.

V

Full oft they met, as dawn and twilight
meet
In northern climes ; she full of growing
day
As he of darkness, which before her feet
Shrank gradual, and faded quite away,
Soon to return ; for power had made
love sweet
To him, and, when his will had gained
full sway,
The taste began to pall ; for never power
Can sate the hungry soul beyond an hour.

VI

He fell as doth the tempter ever fall,
Even in the gaining of his loathsome
end ;
God doth not work as man works, but
makes all
The crooked paths of ill to goodness
tend ;
Let Him judge Margaret ! If to be the
thrall
Of love, and faith too generous to
defend
Its very life from him she loved, be sin,
What hope of grace may the seducer win ?

VII

Grim-hearted world, that look'st with
Levite eyes
On those poor fallen by too much faith
in man,
She that upon thy freezing threshold lies,

Starved to more sinning by thy savage
 ban,
 Seeking that refuge because foulest vice
 More godlike than thy virtue is, whose
 span
 Shuts out the wretched only, is more
 free
 To enter heaven than thou shalt ever be !

VIII

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
 With such salt things as tears, or with
 rude hair
 Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sitt'st at
 meat
 With him who made her such, and
 speak'st him fair,
 Leaving God's wandering lamb the while
 to bleat
 Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air :
 Thou hast made prisoned virtue show
 more wan
 And haggard than a vice to look upon.

IX

Now many months flew by, and weary
 grew
 To Margaret the sight of happy things ;
 Blight fell on all her flowers, instead of
 dew ;
 Shut round her heart were now the
 joyous wings
 Wherewith it wont to soar ; yet not un-
 true,
 Though tempted much, her woman's
 nature clings
 To its first pure belief, and with sad eyes
 Looks backward o'er the gate of Paradise.

X

And so, though altered Mordred came
 less oft,
 And winter frowned where spring had
 laughed before
 In his strange eyes, yet half her sadness
 doffed,
 And in her silent patience loved him
 more :
 Sorrow had made her soft heart yet more
 soft,

And a new life within her own she bore
 Which made her tenderer, as she felt it
 move
 Beneath her breast, a refuge for her love.

XI

This babe, she thought, would surely
 bring him back,
 And be a bond forever them between ;
 Before its eyes the sullen tempest-rack
 Would fade, and leave the face of
 heaven serene ;
 And love's return doth more than fill the
 lack,
 Which in his absence withered the
 heart's green :
 And yet a dim foreboding still would flit
 Between her and her hope to darken it.

XII

She could not figure forth a happy fate,
 Even for this life from heaven so newly
 come ;
 The earth must needs be doubly desolate
 To him scarce parted from a fairer
 home :
 Such boding heavier on her bosom sate
 One night, as, standing in the twilight
 gloam,
 She strained her eyes beyond that dizzy
 verge
 At whose foot faintly breaks the future's
 surge.

XIII

Poor little spirit ! naught but shame and
 woe
 Nurse the sick heart whose lifeblood
 nurses thine :
 Yet not those only ; love hath triumphed
 so,
 As for thy sake makes sorrow more
 divine :
 And yet, though thou be pure, the world
 is foe
 To purity, if born in such a shrine ;
 And, having trampled it for struggling
 thence,
 Smiles to itself, and calls it Providence.

XIV

As thus she mused, a shadow seemed to rise
 From out her thought, and turn to dreariness
 All blissful hopes and sunny memories,
 And the quick blood would curdle up
 and press
 About her heart, which seemed to shut
 its eyes
 And hush itself, as who with shuddering guess
 Harks through the gloom and dreads
 e'en now to feel
 Through his hot breast the icy slide of
 steel.

XV

But, at that heart-beat, while in dread
 she was,
 In the low wind the honeysuckles
 gleam,
 A dewy thrill flits through the heavy
 grass,
 And, looking forth, she saw, as in a
 dream,
 Within the wood the moonlight's
 shadowy mass :
 Night's starry heart yearning to hers
 doth seem,
 And the deep sky, full-hearted with the
 moon,
 Folds round her all the happiness of
 June.

XVI

What fear could face a heaven and earth
 like this ?
 What silveriest cloud could hang
 'neath such a sky ?
 A tide of wondrous and unwonted bliss
 Rolls back through all her pulses
 suddenly,
 As if some seraph, who had learned to
 kiss
 From the fair daughters of the world
 gone by,
 Had wedded so his fallen light with hers,
 Such sweet, strange joy through soul and
 body stirs.

XVII

Now seek we Mordred : he who did not
 fear
 The crime, yet fears the latent con-
 sequence :
 If it should reach a brother Templar's
 ear,
 It haply might be made a good pre-
 tence
 To cheat him of the hope he held most
 dear ;
 For he had spared no thought's or
 deed's expense,
 That by and by might help his wish to
 clip
 Its darling bride,—the high grandmaster-
 ship.

XVIII

The apathy, ere a crime resolved is
 done,
 Is scarce less dreadful than remorse
 for crime ;
 By no allurements can the soul be won
 From brooding o'er the weary creep
 of time :
 Mordred stole forth into the happy sun,
 Striving to hum a scrap of Breton
 rhyme,
 But the sky struck him speechless, and
 he tried
 In vain to summon up his callous pride.

XIX

In the courtyard a fountain leaped
 away,
 A Triton blowing jewels through his
 shell
 Into the sunshine ; Mordred turned
 away,
 Weary because the stone face did not
 tell
 Of weariness, nor could he bear to-day,
 Heartsick, to hear the patient sink and
 swell
 Of winds among the leaves, or golden
 bees
 Drowsily humming in the orange-trees.

XX

All happy sights and sounds now came
to him
Like a reproach : he wandered far and
wide,
Following the lead of his unquiet whim,
But still there went a something at his
side
That made the cool breeze hot, the sun-
shine dim ;
It would not flee, it could not be
defied,
He could not see it, but he felt it there,
By the damp chill that crept among his
hair.

XXI

Day wore at last ; the evening-star arose,
And throbbing in the sky grew red
and set ;
Then with a guilty, wavering step he
goes
To the hid nook where they so oft
had met
In happier season, for his heart well
knows
That he is sure to find poor Margaret
Watching and waiting there with love-
lorn breast
Around her young dream's rudely
scattered nest.

XXII

Why follow here that grim old chronicle
Which counts the dagger-strokes and
drops of blood ?
Enough that Margaret by his mad steel
fell,
Unmoved by murder from her trusting
mood,
Smiling on him as Heaven smiles on
Hell,
With a sad love, remembering when
he stood
Not fallen yet, the unsealer of her heart,
Of all her holy dreams the holiest part.

XXIII

His crime complete, scarce knowing what
he did,

(So goes the tale,) beneath the altar
there
In the high church the stiffening corpse
he hid,
And then, to 'scape that suffocating
air,
Like a scared ghoul out of the porch he
slid ;
But his strained eyes saw blood-spots
everywhere,
And ghastly faces thrust themselves
between
His soul and hopes of peace with blasting
mien.

XXIV

His heart went out within him like a
spark
Dropt in the sea ; wherever he made
bold
To turn his eyes, he saw, all stiff and
stark,
Pale Margaret lying dead ; the lavish
gold
Of her loose hair seemed in the cloudy
dark
To spread a glory, and a thousand-
fold
More strangely pale and beautiful she
grew :
Her silence stabbed his conscience
through and through.

XXV

Or visions of past days,—a mother's eyes
That smiled down on the fair boy at
her knee,
Whose happy upturned face to hers
replies,—
He saw sometimes : or Margaret
mournfully
Gazed on him full of doubt, as one who
tries
To crush belief that does love injury ;
Then she would wring her hands, but
soon again
Love's patience glimmered out through
cloudy pain.

XXVI

Meanwhile he dared not go and steal
away

The silent, dead-cold witness of his sin;
He had not feared the life, but that dull
clay,

Those open eyes that showed the
death within,
Would surely stare him mad; yet all the
day

A dreadful impulse, whence his will
could win
No refuge, made him linger in the aisle,
Freezing with his wan look each greeting
smile.

XXVII

Now, on the second day there was to be
A festival in church: from far and
near

Came flocking in the sunburnt peasantry,
And knights and dames with stately
antique cheer,

Blazing with pomp, as if all *faërie*
Had emptied her quaint halls, or, as
it were,
The illuminated marge of some old book,
While we were gazing, life and motion
took.

XXVIII

When all were entered, and the roving
eyes

Of all were stayed, some upon faces
bright,
Some on the priests, some on the
traceries

That decked the slumber of a marble
knight,
And all the rustlings over that arise
From recognising tokens of delight,
When friendly glances meet,—then silent
ease
Spread o'er the multitude by slow degrees.

XXIX

Then swelled the organ: up through
choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward
thrill

Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on
wave

Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it
gave,

Then, poising for a moment, it stood
still,

And sank and rose again, to burst in
spray

That wandered into silence far away.

XXX

Like to a mighty heart the music seemed,
That yearns with melodies it cannot
speak,

Until, in grand despair of what it
dreamed,

In the agony of effort it doth break,
Yet triumphs breaking; on it rushed and
streamed

And wanted in its might, as when a
lake,

Long pent among the mountains, bursts
its walls

And in one crowding gush leaps forth
and falls.

XXXI

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the
air,

As the huge bass kept gathering
heavily,

Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the
low-hung sky,

It grew up like a darkness everywhere,
Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly,
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble
broke

Like lightning, and the full-toned choir
awoke.

XXXII

Through gorgeous windows shone the
sun aslant,

Brimming the church with gold and
purple mist,

Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich
chant,

Where fifty voices in one strand did
twist
Their varicoloured tones, and left no
want
To the delighted soul, which sank
abyssed
In the warm music cloud, while, far
below,
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

XXXIII

As if a lark should suddenly drop dead
While the blue air yet trembled with
its song,
So snapped at once that music's golden
thread,
Struck by a nameless fear that leapt
along
From heart to heart, and like a shadow
spread
With instantaneous shiver through the
throng,
So that some glanced behind, as half
aware
A hideous shape of dread were standing
there.

XXXIV

As when a crowd of pale men **gather**
round,
Watching an eddy in the **leaden** deep,
From which they deem **the body** of one
drowned
Will be **cast forth**, from face to face
doth creep
An **eager** dread that holds all tongues
fast bound
Until the horror, with a ghastly leap,
Starts up, its dead blue arms stretched
aimlessly,
Heaved with the swinging of the careless
sea,—

XXXV

So in the faces of all these there grew,
As by one impulse, a dark, freezing
awe,
Which, with a fearful fascination, drew
All eyes toward the altar; damp and
raw

The air grew suddenly, and no man
knew
Whether perchance his silent neighbour
saw
The dreadful thing which all were sure
would rise
To scare the strained lids wider from
their eyes.

XXXVI

The incense trembled as it upward sent
Its slow, uncertain thread of wandering
blue,
As 'twere the only living element
In all the church, so deep the stillness
grew;
It seemed one might have heard it, as it
went,
Give out an audible rustle, curling
through
The midnight silence of **that** awestruck
air,
More hushed **than death**, though so much
life was there.

XXXVII

Nothing they saw, but a low voice was
heard
Threading the ominous silence of that
fear,
Gentle and terrorless as if a bird,
Wakened by some volcano's glare,
should cheer
The murk air with his song; yet every
word
In the cathedral's farthest arch seemed
near,
As if it spoke to every one apart,
Like the clear voice of conscience in
each heart.

XXXVIII

"O Rest, to weary hearts thou art most
dear!
O Silence, after life's bewildering din,
Thou art most welcome, whether in the
sear
Days of our age thou comest, or we
win

Thy poppy-wreath in youth ! then where-
fore here

Linger I yet, once free to enter in
At that wished gate which gentle Death
doth ope,
Into the boundless realm of strength and
hope ?

XXXIX

"Think not in death my love could ever
cease ;

If thou wast false, more need there is
for me
Still to be true ; that slumber were not
peace,

If 'twere unvisited with dreams of
thee :
And thou hadst never heard such words
as these,

Save that in heaven I must forever be
Most comfortless and wretched, seeing
this
Our unbaptized babe shut out from bliss.

XI.

"This little spiiit with imploring eyes
Wanders alone the dreary wild of
space ;

The shadow of his pain forever lies
Upon my soul in this new dwelling-
place ;

His loneliness makes me in Paradise
More lonely, and, unless I see his face,
Even here for grief could I lie down and
die,

Save for my curse of immortality.

XLI

"World after world he sees around him
swim

Crowded with happy souls, that take no
heed
Of the sad eyes that from the night's
faint rim

Gaze sick with longing on them as they
speed

With golden gates, that only shut on
him ;

And shapes sometimes from hell's
abysses freed

Flap darkly by him, with enormous
sweep
Of wings that roughen wide the pitchy
deep.

XLII

"I am a mother,—spirits do not shake
This much of earth from them,—and I
must pine

Till I can feel his little hands, and take
His weary head upon this heart of
mine ;

And, might it be, full gladly for his sake
Would I this solitude of bliss resign
And be shut out of heaven to dwell with
him

Forever in that silence drear and dim.

XLIII

"I strove to hush my soul, and would
not speak

At first, for thy dear sake ; a woman's
love

Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes ; I
strove

To smother bitter thoughts with patience
meek,

But still in the abyss my soul would
rove,

Seeking my child, and drove me here to
claim

The rite that gives him peace in Christ's
dear name.

XLIV

"I sit and weep while blessed spirits sing ;
I can but long and pine the while they
praise,

And, leaning o'er the wall of heaven, I
sling

My voice to where I deem my infant
strays,

Like a robbed bird that cries in vain to
bring

Her nestlings back beneath her wings'
embrace ;

But still he answers not, and I but know
That heaven and earth are both alike in
woe."

XLV

Then the pale priests, with ceremony due,
 Baptized the child within its dreadful
 tomb
 Beneath that mother's heart, whose
 instinct true
 Star-like had battled down the triple
 gloom
 Of sorrow, love, and death : young
 maidens, too,
 Strewed the pale corpse with many a
 milkwhite bloom,
 And parted the bright hair, and on the
 breast
 Crossed the unconscious hands in sign of
 rest.

XLVI

Some said, that, when the priest had
 sprinkled o'er
 The consecrated drops, they seemed
 to hear
 A sigh, as of some heart from travail sore
 Released, and then two voices singing
 clear,
Misereatur Deus, more and more
 Fading far upward, and their ghastly
 fear
 Fell from them with that sound, as bodies
 fall
 From souls upspringing to celestial hall.

PROMETHEUS

ONE after one the stars have risen and
 set,
 Sparkling upon the hoarfrost on my
 chain:
 The Bear, that prowled all night about
 the fold
 Of the North-star, hath shrunk into his
 den,
 Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the
 Dawn,
 Whose blushing smile floods all the
 Orient;
 And now bright Lucifer grows less and
 less,

Into the heaven's blue quiet deep-with-
 drawn.

Sunless and starless all, the desert sky
 Arches above me, empty as this heart
 For ages hath been empty of all joy,
 Except to brood upon its silent hope,
 As o'er its hope of day the sky doth now.
 All night have I heard voices : deeper yet
 The deep low breathing of the silence

grew,
 While all about, muffled in awe, there
 stood

Shadows, or forms, or both, clear-felt at
 heart,

But, when I turned to front them, far along
 Only a shudder through the midnight ran,
 And the dense stillness walled me closer
 round.

But still I heard them wander up and
 down

That solitude, and flappings of dusk wings
 Did mingle with them, whether of those
 hags

Let slip upon me once from Hades deep,
 Or of yet direr torments, if such be,
 I could but guess; and then toward me
 came

A shape as of a woman : very pale
 It was, and calm; its cold eyes did not
 move,

And mine moved not, but only stared on
 them.

Their fixed awe went through my brain
 like ice;

A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my
 heart,

And a sharp chill, as if a dank night fog
 Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt :

And then, methought, I heard a freezing
 sigh,

A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue
 lips

Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I
 thought

Some doom was close upon me, and I
 looked

And saw the red moon through the heavy
 mist,

Just setting, and it seemed as it were
 falling,

Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead
And palsy-struck it looked. Then all
sounds merged

Into the rising surges of the pines,
Which, leagues below me, clothing the
gaunt loins

Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,
Sent up a murmur in the morning wind,
Sad as the wail that from the populous
earth

All day and night to high Olympus soars,
Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O Jove!

Thy hated name is tossed once more in
scorn

From off my lips, for I will tell thy doom.
And are these tears? Nay, do not triumph,
Jove!

They are wrung from me but by the
agonies

Of prophecy, like those sparse drops
which fall

From clouds in travail of the lightning,
when

The great wave of the storm high-curved
and black

Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous
break.

Why art thou made a god of, thou poor
type

Of anger, and revenge, and cunning force?
True Power was never born of brutish
Strength,

Nor sweet Truth suckled at the shaggy
dugs

Of that old she-wolf. Are thy thunder-
bolts,

That quell the darkness for a space, so
strong

As the prevailing patience of meek Light,
Who, with the invincible tenderness of
peace,

Wins it to be a portion of herself?

Why art thou made a god of, thou, who
hast

The never-sleeping terror at thy heart,
That birthright of all tyrants, worse to
bear

Than this thy ravening bird on which I
smile?

Thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold
What kind of doom it is whose omen flits
Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves
The fearful shadow of the kite. What
need

To know that truth whose knowledge
cannot save?

Evil its errand hath, as well as Good;
When thine is finished, thou art known
no more:

There is a higher purity than thou,
And higher purity is greater strength;
Thy nature is thy doom, at which thy
heart

Trembles behind the thick wall of thy
might.

Let man but hope, and thou art straight-
way chilled

With thought of that drear silence and
deep night

Which, like a dream, shall swallow thee
and thine:

Let man but will, and thou art god no
more,

More capable of ruin than the gold
And ivory that image thee on earth.

He who hurled down the monstrous Titan-
brood

Blinded with lightnings, with rough
thunders stunned,

Is weaker than a simple human thought.
My slender voice can shake thee, as the
breeze,

That seems but apt to stir a maiden's
hair,

Sways huge Oceanus from pole to pole;
For I am still Prometheus, and foreknow
In my wise heart the end and doom of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser grown
By years of solitude,—that holds apart
The past and future, giving the soul room
To search into itself,—and long commune
With this eternal silence;—more a god,
In my long-suffering and strength to meet
With equal front the direst shafts of fate,
Than thou in thy faint-hearted despotism,
Girt with thy baby-toys of force and wrath.
Yes, I am that Prometheus who brought
down

The light to man, which thou, in selfish
fear,
Hast to thyself usurped,—his by sole
right,

For Man hath right to all save Tyranny,—
And which shall free him yet from thy
frail throne.

Tyrants are but the spawn of Ignorance,
Begotten by the slaves they trample on,
Who, could they win a glimmer of the
light,

And see that Tyranny is always weakness,
Or Fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove
chain

Which their own blindness feigned for
adamant.

Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the
Right

To the firm centre lays its moveless base.
The tyrant trembles, if the air but stir
The innocent ringlets of a child's free
hair,

And crouches, when the thought of some
great spirit,

With world-wide murmur, like a rising
gale,

Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,
Rushes, and bends them to its own
strong will.

So shall some thought of mine yet circle
earth,

And puff away thy crumbling altars,
Jove!

And, wouldst thou know of my
supreme revenge,
Poor tyrant, even now dethroned in heart,
Realmless in soul, as tyrants ever are,
Listen! and tell me if this bitter peak,
This never-glutted vulture, and these
chains

Shrink not before it; for it shall befit
A sorrow-taught, unconquered Titan-
heart.

Men, when their death is on them, seem
to stand

On a precipitous crag that overhangs
The abyss of doom, and in that depth to
see,

As in a glass, the features dim and vast'
Of things to come, the shadows, as it
seems,

Of what have been. Death ever fronts
the wise;

Not fearfully, but with clear promises
Of larger life, on whose broad vans up-
borne,

Their outlook widens, and they see
beyond

The horizon of the Present and the Past,
Even to the very source and end of
things.

Such am I now: immortal woe hath
made

My heart a seër, and my soul a judge
Between the substance and the shadow
of Truth.

The sure supremacy of the Beautiful,
By all the martyrdoms made doubly sure
Of such as I am, this is my revenge,
Which of my wrongs builds a triumphal
arch,

Through which I see a sceptre and a
throne.

The pipings of glad shepherds on the
hills,

Tending the flocks no more to bleed for
thee;

The songs of maidens pressing with
white feet

The vintage on thine altars poured no
more;

The murmurous bliss of lovers underneath
Dim grapevine bowers whose rosy
bunches press

Not half so closely their warm cheeks,
unpaled

By thoughts of thy brute lust; the hive-
like hum

Of peaceful commonwealths, where sun-
burnt Toil

Reaps for itself the rich earth made its
own

By its own labour, lightened with glad
hymns

To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts
Would cope with as a spark with the
vast sea,—

Even the spirit of free love and peace,

Duty's sure recompense through life and death,—
 These are such harvests as all master-spirits
 Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less
 Because the sheaves are bound by hands
 not theirs ;
 These are the bloodless daggers where-
 withal
 They stab fallen tyrants, this their high
 revenge :
 For their best part of life on earth is
 when,
 Long after death, prisoned and pent no
 more,
 Their thoughts, their wild dreams even,
 have become
 Part of the necessary air men breathe :
 When, like the moon, herself behind a
 cloud,
 They shed down light before us on life's
 sea,
 That cheers us to steer onward still in
 hope.
 Earth with her twining memories ivies
 o'er
 Their holy sepulchres ; the chainless sea,
 In tempest or wide calm, repeats their
 thoughts ;
 The lightning and the thunder, all free
 things,
 Have legends of them for the ears of men.
 All other glories are as falling stars,
 But universal Nature watches theirs :
 Such strength is won by love of human
 kind.

Not that I feel that hunger after fame,
 Which souls of a half-greatness are beset
 with ;

But that the memory of noble deeds
 Cries shame upon the idle and the vile,
 And keeps the heart of Man forever up
 To the heroic level of old time.
 To be forgot at first is little pain
 To a heart conscious of such high intent
 As must be deathless on the lips of men ;
 But, having been a name, to sink and be
 A something which the world can do
 without,

Which, having been or not, would never
 change

The lightest pulse of fate,—this is indeed
 A cup of bitterness the worst to taste,
 And this thy heart shall empty to the
 dregs.

Endless despair shall be thy Caucasus,
 And memory thy vulture ; thou wilt find
 Oblivion far lonelier than this peak.

Behold thy destiny ! Thou think'st it
 much

That I should brave thee, miserable god !
 But I have braved a mightier than thou,
 Even the sharp tempting of this soaring
 heart,

Which might have made me, scarcely
 less than thou,

A god among my brethren weak and
 blind,

Scarce less than thou, a pitiable thing
 To be down-trodden into darkness soon.
 But now I am above thee, for thou art
 The bungling workmanship of fear, the
 block

That awes the swart Barbarian ; but I
 Am what myself have made,—a nature
 wise

With finding in itself the types of all,
 With watching from the dim verge of the
 time

What things to be are visible in the
 gleams

Thrown forward on them from the
 luminous past,

Wise with the history of its own frail
 heart,

With reverence and with sorrow, and
 with love,

Broad as the world, for freedom and for
 man.

Thou and all strength shall crumble,
 except Love,

By whom, and for whose glory, ye shall
 cease :

And, when thou'rt but a weary moaning
 heard

From out the pitiless gloom of Chaos, I
 Shall be a power and a memory,
 A name to fright all tyrants with, a light

Unsetting as the pole-star, a great voice
Heard in the breathless pauses of the
fight

By truth and freedom ever waged with
wrong,

Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake
Far echoes that from age to age live on
In kindred spirits, giving them a sense
Of boundless power from boundless
suffering wrong :

And many a glazing eye shall smile to see
The memory of my triumph (for to meet
Wrong with endurance, and to overcome
The present with a heart that looks
beyond,

Arc triumph), like a prophet eagle, perch
Upon the sacred banner of the Right.

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears
no seed,

And feeds the green earth with its swift
decay,

Leaving it richer for the growth of truth ;
But Good, once put in action or in
thought,

Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs
shed down

The ripe germs of a forest. Thou, weak
god,

Shalt fade and be forgotten ! but this
soul,

Fresh-living still in the serene abyss,
In every heaving shall partake, that
grows

From heart to heart among the sons of
men,—

As the ominous hum before the earth-
quake runs

Far through the Ægean from roused isle
to isle,—

Foreboding wreck to palaces and shrines,
And mighty rents in many a cavernous
error

That darkens the free light to man :—
This heart,

Unscarred by thy grim vulture, as the
truth

Grows but more lovely 'neath the beaks
and claws

Of Harpies blind that fain would soil it,
shall

In all the throbbing exultations share
That wait on freedom's triumphs, and
in all

The glorious agonies of martyr-spirits,
Sharp lightning-throes to split the jagged
clouds

That veil the future, showing them the
end,

Pain's thorny crown for constancy and
truth,

Girding the temples like a wreath of stars.
This is a thought, that, like the fabled
laurel,

Makes my faith thunder-proof ; and thy
dread bolts

Fall on me like the silent flakes of snow
On the hoar brows of aged Caucasus :

But, oh, thought far more blissful, they
can rend

This cloud of flesh, and make my soul a
star !

Unleash thy crouching thunders now,
O Jove !

Free this high heart, which, a poor
captive long,

Doth knock to be let forth, this heart
which still,

In its invincible manhood, overtops
Thy puny godship, as this mountain doth

The pines that moss its roots. Oh,
even now,

While from my peak of suffering I look
down,

Beholding with a far-spread gush of hope
The sunrise of that Beauty, in whose fact,
Shone all around with love, no man
shall look

But straightway like a god he be uplift
Unto the throne long empty for his sake,
And clearly oft foreshadowed in brave
dreams

By his free inward nature, which nor
thou,

Nor any anarchy after thee, can blind
From working its great doom,—now,
now set free

This essence, not to die, but to become
Part of that awful Presence which doth
haunt

The palaces of tyrants, to scare off,
 With its grim eyes and fearful whisperings
 And hideous sense of utter loneliness,
 All hope of safety, all desire of peace,
 All but the loathed forefeeling of blank
 death,—

Part of that spirit which doth ever brood
 In patient calm on the unpilfered nest
 Of man's deep heart, till mighty thoughts
 grow fledged

To sail with darkening shadow o'er the
 world,

Filling with dread such souls as dare not
 trust

In the unfailing energy of Good,
 Until they swoop, and their pale quarry
 make

Of some o'erbloated wrong,—that spirit
 which

Scatters great hopes in the seed-field of
 man,

Like acorns among grain, to grow and
 be

A roof for freedom in all coming time!

But no, this cannot be; for ages yet,
 In solitude unbroken, shall I hear
 The angry Caspian to the Euxine shout,
 And Euxine answer with a muffled roar,
 On either side storming the giant walls
 Of Caucasus with leagues of clinbing
 foam

(Less, from my height, than flakes of
 downy snow),

That draw back baffled but to hurl again,
 Snatched up in wrath and horrible tur-
 moil,

Mountain on mountain, as the Titans
 erst,

My brethren, scaling the high seat of
 Jove,

Heaved Pelion upon Ossa's shoulders
 broad

In vain emprise. The moon will come
 and go

With her monotonous vicissitude;
 Once beautiful, when I was free to walk
 Among my fellows, and to interchange
 The influence benign of loving eyes,
 But now by aged use grown wearisome;—

False thought! most false! for how
 could I endure

These crawling centuries of lonely woe
 Unshamed by weak complaining, but for
 thee,

Loneliest, save me, of all created things,
 Mild-eyed Astarte, my best comforter,
 With thy pale smile of sad benignity?

Year after year will pass away and
 seem

To me, in mine eternal agony,
 But as the shadows of dumb summer
 clouds,

Which I have watched so often darken-
 ing o'er

The vast Sarmatian plain, league-wide at
 first,

But, with still swiftness, lessening on
 and on

Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle
 where

The gray horizon fades into the sky,
 Far, far to northward. Yes, for ages
 yet

Must I lie here upon my altar huge,
 A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will be,
 As it hath been, his portion; endless
 doom,

While the immortal with the mortal
 linked

Dreams of its wings and pines for what
 it dreams,

With upward yearn unceasing. Better so:
 For wisdom is stern sorrow's patient
 child,

And empire over self, and all the deep
 Strong charities that make men seem
 like gods;

And love, that makes them be gods,
 from her breasts

Sucks in the milk that makes mankind
 one blood.

Good never comes unmixed, or so it
 seems,

Having two faces, as some images
 Are carved, of foolish gods; one face is
 ill;

But one heart lies beneath, and that is
 good,

As are all hearts, when we explore
 their depths.
 Therefore, great heart, bear up! thou
 art but type
 Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain
 Would win men back to strength and
 peace through love:
 Each hath his lonely peak, and on each
 heart
 Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
 With vulture beak; yet the high soul is
 left;
 And faith, which is but hope grown wise,
 and love
 And patience which at last shall over-
 come.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
 Some thousand years ago,
 Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
 Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
 He stretched some chords, and drew
 Music that made men's bosoms swell
 Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with
 dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
 Pure taste by right divine,
 Decried his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
 And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

If his words were simple words enough,
 And yet he used them so,
 That what in other mouths was rough
 In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
 In whom no good they saw;
 And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
 They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
 For idly, hour by hour,
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use,
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and
 springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
 They laughed, and called him good-for-
 naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

THE TOKEN

It is a mere wild rosebud,
 Quite sallow now, and dry,
 Yet there's something wondrous in it,
 Some gleams of days gone by,
 Dear sights and sounds that are to me
 The very moons of memory,
 And stir my heart's blood far below
 Its short-lived waves of joy and woe.

Lips must fade and roses wither,
 All sweet times be o'er;
 They only smile, and, murmuring
 "Thither!"

Stay with us no more:
 And yet oftimes a look or smile,
 Forgotten in a kiss's while,
 Years after from the dark will start,
 And flash across the trembling heart.

Thou hast given me many roses,
 But never one, like this,
 O'erfloods both sense and spirit

With such a deep, wild bliss;
We must have instincts that glean up
Sparse drops of this life in the cup,
Whose taste shall give us all that we
Can prove of immortality.

Earth's stablest things are shadows,
And, in the life to come,
Haply some chance-saved trifle
May tell of this old home:
As now sometimes we seem to find,
In a dark crevice of the mind,
Some relic, which, long pondered o'er,
Hints faintly at a life before.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR

HE spoke of Burns: men rude and
rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple
stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward
leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never
weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and
strong
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side
Freely among His children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-
souled deeds,
With wayside beauty ripe.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear
flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot
die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole:

In his wide brain the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges
leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands
glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray, who deems
That every hope, which rises and
grows broad

In the world's heart, by ordered impulse
streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes : in common
souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message
rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride
and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or
three
High souls, like those far stars that come
in sight
Once in a century ;--

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood
shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with
those
Who live and speak for aye.

RHÆCUS

God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm
of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race :
Therefore each form of worship that hath
swayed

The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
In folds some germs of goodness and of
right ;
Else never had the eager soul, which
loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignor-
ance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath
coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful
hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of
truth.
For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may
speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit : so, in whatsoever the heart
hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood
wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams
of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of gracious youth, and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

A youth named Rhæcus, wandering in
the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring
care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered
on.
But, as he turned, he heard a voice
behind

That murmured "Rhœcus!" 'Twas as
 if the leaves,
 Stirred by a passing breath, had mur-
 mured it,
 And, while he paused bewildered, yet
 again
 It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a
 breeze.
 He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
 What seemed the substance of a happy
 dream
 Stand there before him, spreading a
 warm glow
 Within the green glooms of the shadowy
 oak.
 It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too
 fair
 To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
 For any that were wont to mate with
 gods.
 All naked like a goddess stood she there,
 And like a goddess all too beautiful
 To feel the guilt-born earthliness of
 shame.
 "Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
 Thus she began, dropping her low-toned
 words
 Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of
 dew,
 "And with it I am doomed to live and
 die ;
 The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
 Nor have I other bliss than simple life ;
 Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can
 give,
 And with a thankful joy it shall be
 thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the
 heart,
 Yet, by the prompting of such beauty,
 bold,
 Answered : "What is there that can
 satisfy
 The endless craving of the soul but love?
 Give me thy love, or but the hope of
 that
 Which must be evermore my nature's
 goal."
 After a little pause she said again,

But with a glimpse of sadness in her
 tone,
 "I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous
 gift ;
 An hour before the sunset meet me
 here."
 And straightway there was nothing he
 could see
 But the green glooms beneath the
 shadowy oak,
 And not a sound came to his straining
 ears
 But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
 And far away upon an emerald slope
 The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and
 faith,
 Men did not think that happy things
 were dreams
 Because they overstepped the narrow
 hourn
 Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
 Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
 To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
 So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was
 blest,
 And all along unto the city's gate
 Earth seemed to spring beneath him as
 he walked,
 The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its
 wont,
 And he could scarce believe he had not
 wings,
 Such sunshine seemed to glitter through
 his veins
 Instead of blood, so light he felt and
 strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart
 enough,
 But one that in the present dwelt too
 much,
 And, taking with blithe welcome what-
 so'er
 Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in
 that,
 Like the contented peasant of a vale,
 Deemed it the world, and never looked
 beyond.

So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the
dice,
He joined them, and forgot all else
beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhæcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy
throw,
When through the room there hummed
a yellow bee

That buzzed about his ear with down-
dropped legs

As if to light. And Rhæcus laughed
and said,

Feeling how red and flushed he was with
loss,

"By Venus! does he take me for a
rose?"

And brushed him off with rough, im-
patient hand.

But still the bee came back, and thrice
again

Rhæcus did beat him off with growing
wrath.

Then through the window flew the
wounded bee,

And Rhæcus, tracking him with angry
eyes,

Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting
sun,—

And instantly the blood sank from his
heart,

As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing

forth,
Ran madly through the city and the
gate,

And o'er the plain, which now the wood's
long shade,

By the low sun thrown forward broad
and dim,

Darkened wellnigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he
reached the tree,

And, listening fearfully, he heard once
more

The low voice murmur "Rhæcus!"
close at hand:

Whereat he looked around him, but
could see

Naught but the deepening glooms beneath
the oak.

Then sighed the voice, "O Rhæcus!
nevermore

Shalt thou behold me or by day or
night,

Me, who would fain have blessed thee
with a love

More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart:

But thou didst scorn my humble mes-
senger,

And sent'st him back to me with bruised
wings.

We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
We ever ask an undivided love,

And he who scorns the least of Nature's
works

Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from
all.

Farewell! for thou canst never see me
more."

Then Rhæcus beat his breast, and
groaned aloud,

And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it
more!"

"Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou
art blind,

Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's

eyes;

Only the soul hath power o'er itself."

With that again there murmured "Never-
more!"

And Rhæcus after heard no other sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp

leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and

down.

The night had gathered round him: o'er
the plain

The city sparkled with its thousand
lights,

And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse ; above, the
sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the
breeze :
Beauty was all around him and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on
earth.

THE FALCON

I KNOW a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine ;
No bird had ever eye so fearless,
Or wing so strong as this of mine.

The winds not better love to pilot
A cloud with molten gold o'errun,
Than him, a little burning islet,
A star above the coming sun.

For with a lark's heart he doth tower,
By a glorious upward instinct drawn ;
No bee nestles deeper in the flower
Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.

No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,
Shudders to see him overhead ;
The rush of his fierce swooping bringeth
To innocent hearts no thrill of dread.

Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,
For still between them and the sky
The falcon Truth hangs poised forever
And marks them with his vengeful
eye.

TRIAL

I

WHETHER the idle prisoner through his
grate
Watches the waving of the grass-tuft
small,
Which, having colonised its rift i' th'
wall,
Accepts God's dole of good or evil fate,
And from the sky's just helmet draws its
lot

Daily of shower or sunshine, cold or
hot ;—
Whether the closer captive of a creed,
Cooped up from birth to grind out end-
less chaff,
Sees through his treadmill-bars the noon-
day laugh,
And feels in vain his crumpled pinions
breed ;—
Whether the Georgian slave look up and
mark,
With bellying sails puffed full, the tall
cloud-bark
Sink northward slowly,— thou alone
seem'st good,
Fair only thou, O Freedom, whose
desire
Can light in muddiest souls quick seeds
of fire,
And strain life's chords to the old heroic
mood.

II

Yet are there other gifts more fair than
thine,
Nor can I count him happiest who has
never
Been forced with his own hand his chains
to sever,
And for himself find out the way divine ;
He never knew the aspirer's glorious
pains,
He never earned the struggle's priceless
gains.
Oh, block by block, with sore and sharp
endeavour,
Lifelong we build these human natures
up
Into a temple fit for Freedom's shrine,
And Trial ever consecrates the cup
Wherefrom we pour her sacrificial wine.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE
CURTAIN

WE see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-
world,

Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows
in us

All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.

From one stage of our being to the next
We pass unconscious o'er a slender
bridge,

The momentary work of unseen hands,
Which crumbles down behind us ; look-
ing back,

We see the other shore, the gulf between,
And, marvelling how we won to where
we stand,

Content ourselves to call the builder
Chance.

We trace the wisdom to the apple's fall,
Not to the birth-throes of a mighty
Truth

Which, for long ages in blank Chaos
dumb,

Yet yearned to be incarnate, and had
found

At last a spirit meet to be the womb
From which it might be born to bless
mankind,—

Not to the soul of Newton, ripe with all
The hoarded thoughtfulness of earnest
years,

And waiting but one ray of sunlight
more

To blossom fully.

But whence came that ray?

We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
Rather to name our high successes so.

Only the instincts of great souls are Fate,
And have predestined sway : all other
things,

Except by leave of us, could never be.
For Destiny is but the breath of God
Still moving in us, the last fragment left
Of our unfallen nature, waking oft
Within our thought, to beckon us be-
yond

The narrow circle of the seen and
known,

And always tending to a noble end,
As all things must that overrule the soul,
And for a space unseat the helmsman,
Will.

The fate of England and of freedom
once

Seemed wavering in the heart of one
plain man :

One step of his, and the great dial-hand,
That marks the destined progress of the
world

In the eternal round from wisdom on
To higher wisdom, had been made to
pause

A hundred years. That step he did not
take,—

He knew not why, nor we, but only
God, —

And lived to make his simple oaken
chair

More terrible and soberly august,
More full of majesty than any throne,
Before or after, of a British king.

Upon the pier stood two stern-visaged
men,

Looking to where a little craft lay
moored,

Swayed by the lazy current of the
Thames,

Which weltered by in muddy listlessness.
Grave men they were, and battlings of
fierce thought

Had trampled out all softness from their
brows,

And ploughed rough furrows there before
their time,

For other crop than such as homebred
Peace

Sows broadcast in the willing soil of
Youth.

Care, not of self, but for the common-
weal,

Had robbed their eyes of youth, and left
instead

A look of patient power and iron will,
And something fiercer, too, that gave
broad hint

Of the plain weapons girded at their
sides.

The younger had an aspect of com-
mand,—

Not such as trickles down, a slender
stream,

In the shrunk channel of a great
 descent,
 But such as lies entowered in heart and
 head,
 And an arm prompt to do the 'hefts of
 both.
 Iliis was a brow where gold were out of
 place,
 And yet it seemed right worthy of a
 crown
 (Though he despised such), were it only
 made
 Of iron, or some serviceable stuff
 That would have matched his brownly
 rugged face.
 The elder, although such he hardly seemed
 ('Care makes so little of some five short
 years),
 Had a clear, honest face, whose rough-
 hewn strength
 Was mildened by the scholar's wiser
 heart
 To sober courage, such as best befits
 The unsullied temper of a well-taught
 mind,
 Yet so remained that one could plainly
 guess
 The hushed volcano smouldering under-
 neath.
 He spoke: the other, hearing, kept his
 gaze
 Still fixed, as on some problem in the
 sky.

"O CROMWELL, we are fallen on evil
 times!
 There was a day when England had wide
 room
 For honest men as well as foolish kings:
 But now the uneasy stomach of the time
 Turns squeamish at them both. There-
 fore let us
 Seek out that savage clime, where men
 as yet
 Are free: there sleeps the vessel on the
 tide,
 Her languid canvas drooping for the
 wind;
 Give us but that, and what need we to
 fear

This Order of the Council? The free
 waves
 Will not say No to please a wayward
 king,
 Nor will the winds turn traitors at his
 beck:
 All things are fitly cared for, and the
 Lord
 Will watch as kindly o'er the exodus
 Of us Iliis servants now, as in old time.
 We have no cloud or fire, and haply we
 May not pass dry-shod through the ocean-
 stream;
 But, saved or lost, all things are in Iliis
 hand."
 So spake he, and meantime the other
 stood
 With wide gray eyes still reading the
 blank air,
 As if upon the sky's blue wall he saw
 Some mystic sentence, written by a hand,
 Such as of old made pale the Assyrian
 king,
 Girt with his satraps in the blazing feast.

"HAMPDEN! a moment since, my
 purpose was
 To fly with thee,—for I will call it flight,
 Nor flatter it with any smother name,—
 But something in me bids me not to go;
 And I am one, thou knowest, who, un-
 moved
 By what the weak deem omens, yet give
 heed
 And reverence due to whatsoever my soul
 Whispers of warning to the inner ear.
 Moreover, as I know that God brings
 round
 His purposes in ways undreamed by us,
 And makes the wicked but His instruments
 To hasten their own swift and sudden fall,
 I see the beauty of His providence
 In the King's order: blind, he will not let
 His doom part from him, but must bid it
 stay
 As 'twere a cricket, whose enlivening
 chirp
 He loved to hear beneath his very hearth.
 Why should we fly? Nay, why not rather
 stay

And rear again our Zion's crumbled walls,
 Not, as of old the walls of Thebes were
 built,
 By minstrel twanging, but, if need should
 be,
 With the more potent music of our
 swords?
 Think'st thou that score of men beyond
 the sea
 Claim more God's care than all of England
 here?
 No: when He moves His arm, it is to
 aid
 Whole peoples, heedless if a few be
 crushed,
 As some are ever, when the destiny
 Of man takes one stride onward nearer
 home
 Believe me, 'tis the mass of men He
 loves;
 And, where there is most sorrow and
 most want,
 Where the high heart of man is trodden
 down
 The most, 'tis not because He hides His
 face
 I from them in wrath, as purblind teachers
 prate.
 Not so: there most is He, for there
 He
 Most needed. Men who seek for late
 abroad
 Are not so near His heart as they who
 dare
 Frankly to face her where she faces
 them,
 On their own threshold, where their souls
 are strong
 To grapple with and throw her; as I
 once,
 Being yet a boy, did cast this puny king,
 Who now has grown so dotard as to
 dean
 That he can wrestle with an angry realm,
 And throw the brawned Antæus of men's
 rights.
 No, Hampden! they have half-way con-
 quered Fate
 Who go half-way to meet her,—as will I.
 Freedom hath yet a work for me to do;

So speaks that inward voice which never
 yet
 Spake falsely, when it urged the spirit on
 To noble emprise for country and man-
 kind
 And, for success, I ask no more than
 this,—
 To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
 All true whole men succeed; for what is
 worth
 Success's name, unless it be the thought,
 The inward surety, to have carried out
 A noble purpose to a noble end,
 Although it be the gallows or the block?
 'Tis only falsehood that doth ever need
 These outward shows of gain to bolster
 her.
 Be it we prove the weaker with our
 swords;
 Truth only needs to be for once spoke
 out,
 And there's such music in her, such
 strange rhythm,
 As makes men's memories her joyous
 slaves,
 And clings around the soul, as the sky
 clings
 Round the mute earth, forever beautiful,
 And, if overclouded, only to burst forth
 More all embracingly divine and clear:
 Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis
 like
 A star new born, that drops into its
 place,
 And which, once circling in its placid
 round,
 Not all the tumult of the earth can
 shake.

“What should we do in that small
 colony
 Of pinched fanatics, who would rather
 choose
 Freedom to clip an inch more from their
 hair,
 Than the great chance of setting England
 free?
 Not there, amid the stormy wilderness,
 Should we learn wisdom; or if learned,
 what room

<p> To put it into act,—else wiser than naught? We learn our souls more, tossing for an hour Upon this huge and ever vexed sea Of human thought, where kingdoms go to wreck Like fragile bubbles yonder in the stream, Than in a cycle of New England sloth, Broke only by a petty Indian war, Or quarrel for a letter more or less In some hard word, which spelt in either way, Not then most learned clerks can under- stand New times demand new measures and new men, The world advances, and in time out- grows The laws that in our fathers' day were best, And, doubtless, after us, some pricer scheme Will be hoped out by wiser men than we, Made wiser by the steady growth of truth We cannot rule Utopia on by force, But better, almost, be it work in sin, Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep No man is born into the world whose work Is not born with him, there is always work, And toils to work withal, for those who will, And blessed are the horny hands of toil! The busy world shoves angrily aside The man who stands with arms akimbo set, Until occasion tells him what to do, And he who waits to have his task marked out Shall die and leave his crown unfulfilled Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds Reason and Government, like two broad seas, Yearn for each other with outstretched arms </p>	<p> Across this narrow isthmus of the throne, And roll their white surf higher every day One age moves onward, and the next builds up Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild, Retiring from out the forests they had felled The goodly framework of a fairer state; The builder's trowel and the settler's axe Are seldom wielded by the selfsame hand Ours is the harder task, yet not the less Shall we receive the blessing for our toil From the choicer spirits of the aftertime My soul is not a palace of the past, Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate quake, Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse, That shakes old systems with a thunder fit The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change, Then let it come I have no dread of what Is called for by the instinct of mankind; Nor think I that God's world will fall apart Because we tear a parchment more or less Truth is eternal, but her effluence, With endless change, is fitted to the hour, Her mirror is turned forward to reflect The promise of the future, not the past. He who would win the name of truly great Must understand his own age and the next, And make the present ready to fulfil Its prophecy, and with the future merge gently and peacefully, as wave with wave The future works out great men's pur- poses; The present is enough for common souls, Who, never looking forward, are indeed Mere clay, wherein the footprints of their age </p>
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Are petrified forever : better those
 Who lead the blind old giant by the
 hand
 From out the pathless desert where he
 gropes,
 And set him onward in his darksome
 way.
 I do not fear to follow out the truth,
 Albeit along the precipice's edge.
 Let us speak plain : there is more force
 in names
 Than most men dream of ; and a lie
 may keep
 Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
 Behind the shield of some fair-seeming
 name.
 Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
 That only freedom comes by grace of
 God,
 And all that comes not by His grace
 must fall ;
 For men in earnest have no time to
 waste
 In patching fig-leaves for the naked
 truth.

“I will have one more grapple with
 the man
 Charles Stuart : whom the boy o'ercame,
 The man stands not in awe of. I,
 perchance,
 Am one raised up by the Almighty arm
 To witness some great truth to all the
 world.
 Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot,
 And mould the world unto the scheme of
 God,
 Have a fore-consciousness of their high
 doom,
 As men are known to shiver at the heart
 When the cold shadow of some coming ill
 Creeps slowly o'er their spirits unawares.
 Hath God less power of prophecy than
 I ?
 How else could men whom God hath
 called to sway
 Earth's rudder, and to steer the bark of
 Truth,
 Beating against the tempest tow'rd her
 port,

Bear all the mean and buzzing grievances,
 The petty martyrdoms, wherewith Sin
 strives
 To weary out the tethered hope of Faith ?
 The sneers, the unrecognising look of
 friends,
 Who worship the dead corpse of old king
 Custom,
 Where it doth lie in state within the
 Church,
 Striving to cover up the mighty ocean
 With a man's palm, and making even
 the truth
 Lie for them, holding up the glass
 reversed,
 To make the hope of man seem farther
 off ?
 My God ! when I read o'er the bitter
 lives
 Of men whose eager hearts were quite
 too great
 To beat beneath the cramped mode of
 the day,
 And see them mocked at by the world
 they love,
 Haggling with prejudice for pennyworths
 Of that reform which their hard toil will
 make
 The common birthright of the age to
 come,—
 When I see this, spite of my faith in God,
 I marvel how their hearts bear up so
 long ;
 Nor could they but for this same
 prophecy,
 This inward feeling of the glorious end.

“Deem me not fond ; but in my
 warmer youth,
 Ere my heart's bloom was soiled and
 brushed away,
 I had great dreams of mighty things to
 come ;
 Of conquest, whether by the sword or pen
 I knew not ; but some conquest I would
 have,
 Or else swift death : now wiser grown in
 years,
 I find youth's dreams are but the
 flutterings

Of those strong wings whereon the soul
shall soar

In after time to win a starry throne ;
And so I cherish them, for they were
lots,

Which I, a boy, cast in the helm of
Fate.

Now will I draw them, since a man's
right hand,

A right hand guided by an earnest soul,
With a true instinct, takes the golden
prize

From out a thousand blanks. What men
call luck

Is the prerogative of valiant souls,
The fealty life pays its rightful kings.

The helm is shaking now, and I will
stay

To pluck my lot forth ; it were sin to
flee !"

So they two turned together ; one to
die,

Fighting for freedom on the bloody field ;
The other, far more happy, to become

A name earth wears forever next her
heart ;

One of the few that have a right to
rank

With the true Makers : for his spirit
wrought

Order from Chaos ; proved that right
divine

Dwelt only in the excellence of truth ;
And far within old Darkness' hostile
lines

Advanced and pitched the shining tents
of Light.

Nor shall the grateful Muse forget to
tell,

That—not the least among his many
claims

To deathless honour—he was MILTON's
friend,

A man not second among those who
lived

To show us that the poet's lyre de-
mands

An arm of tougher sinew than the
sword.

A CHIPPEWA LEGEND¹

ἀλγεῖν ἂ μὲν μοι καὶ λέγειν ἔστιν τάδε,
ἄλγος δὲ σιγᾶν.

ÆSCHYLUS, *Prom. l'inct.* 197, 198.

THE old Chief, feeling now wellnigh
his end,

Called his two eldest children to his
side,

And gave them, in few words, his
parting charge :

"My son and daughter, me ye see no
more ;

The happy hunting-grounds await me,
green

With change of spring and summer
through the year :

But, for remembrance, after I am gone,
Be kind to little Sheemah for my sake :

Weakling he is and young, and knows
not yet

To set the trap, or draw the seasoned bow ;
Therefore of both your loves he hath

more need,
And he, who needeth love, to love hath

right ;
It is not like our furs and stores of corn,

Whereto we claim sole title by our toil,
But the Great Spirit plants it in our

hearts,
And waters it, and gives it sun, to be

The common stock and heritage of all :
Therefore be kind to Sheemah, that your-

selves
May not be left deserted in your need."

Alone, beside a lake, their wigwam
stood,

Far from the other dwellings of their
tribe ;

And, after many moons, the loneliness
Wearied the elder brother, and he said,

"Why should I dwell here far from men,
shut out

From the free, natural joys that fit my
age ?

¹ For the leading incidents in this tale I am indebted to the very valuable *Algic Researches* of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq.

Lo, I am tall and strong, well skilled to hunt,
 Patient of toil and hunger, and not yet
 I have seen the danger which I dared not look
 Full in the face ; what hinders me to be
 A mighty Brave and Chief among my kin ?"
 So, taking up his arrows and his bow,
 As if to hunt, he journeyed swiftly on,
 Until he gained the wigwams of his tribe,
 Where, choosing out a bride, he soon forgot,
 In all the fret and bustle of new life,
 The little Sheemah and his father's charge.

Now when the sister found her brother gone,
 And that, for many days, he came not back,
 She wept for Sheemah more than for herself ;
 For Love hides longest in a woman's heart,
 And flutters many times before he flies,
 And then doth perch so nearly, that a word
 May lure him back to his accustomed nest ;
 And Duty lingers even when Love is gone,
 Oft looking out in hope of his return ;
 And, after Duty hath been driven forth,
 Then Selfishness creeps in the last of all,
 Warming her lean hands at the lonely hearth,
 And crouching o'er the embers, to shut out
 Whatever paltry warmth and light are left,
 With avaricious greed, from all beside.
 So, for long months, the sister hunted wide,
 And cared for little Sheemah tenderly ;
 But, daily more and more, the loneliness
 Grew wearisome, and to herself she sighed,
 "Am I not fair ? at least the glassy pool,
 That hath no cause to flatter, tells me so ;

But, oh, how flat and meaningless the tale,
 Unless it tremble on a lover's tongue !
 Beauty hath no true glass, except it be
 In the sweet privacy of loving eyes."
 Thus deemed she idly, and forgot the lore
 Which she had learned of nature and the woods,
 That beauty's chief reward is to itself,
 And that Love's mirror holds no image long
 Save of the inward fairness, blurred and lost .
 Unless kept clear and white by Duty's care.
 So she went forth and sought the haunts of men,
 And, being wedded, in her household cares,
 Soon, like the elder brother, quite forgot
 The little Sheemah and her father's charge.

But Sheemah, left alone within the lodge,
 Waited and waited, with a shrinking heart,
 Thinking each rustle was his sister's step,
 Till hope grew less and less, and then went out,
 And every sound was changed from hope to fear.
 Few sounds there were :—the dropping of a nut,
 The squirrel's chirrup, and the jay's harsh scream,
 Autumn's sad remnants of blithe Summer's cheer,
 Heard at long intervals, seemed but to make
 The dreadful void of silence silter.
 Soon what small store his sister left was gone,
 And, through the Autumn, he made shift to live
 On roots and berries, gathered in much fear
 Of wolves, whose ghastly howl he heard oftentimes,

Hollow and hungry, at the dead of night.
 But Winter came at last, and, when the
 snow,
 Thick-heaped for gleaming leagues o'er
 hill and plain,
 Spread its unbroken silence over all,
 Made bold by hunger, he was fain to
 glean
 (More sick at heart than Ruth, and all
 alone)
 After the harvest of the merciless wolf,
 Grim Boaz, who, sharp-ribbed and gaunt,
 yet feued
 A thing more wild and starving than
 himself;
 Till, by degrees, the wolf and he grew
 friends,
 And shared together all the winter
 through.

Late in the Spring, when all the ice
 was gone,
 The elder brother, fishing in the lake,
 Upon whose edge his father's wigwam
 stood,
 Heard a low moaning noise upon the
 shore:
 Half like a child it seemed, half like a
 wolf,
 And straightway there was something in
 his heart
 That said, "It is thy brother Sheemah's
 voice."

So, paddling swiftly to the bank, he saw,
 Within a little thicket close at hand,
 A child that seemed fast changing to a
 wolf,
 From the neck downward, gray with
 shaggy hair,
 That still crept on and upward as he
 looked.
 The face was turned away, but well he
 knew
 That it was Sheemah's, even his brother's
 face.
 Then with his trembling hands he hid his
 eyes,
 And bowed his head, so that he might
 not see

The first look of his brother's eyes, and
 cried,
 "O Sheemah! O my brother, speak to
 me!
 Dost thou not know me, that I am thy
 brother?
 Come to me, little Sheemah, thou shalt
 dwell
 With me henceforth, and know no care
 or want!"
 Sheemah was silent for a space, as if
 'Twere hard to summon up a human
 voice,
 And, when he spoke, the voice was as a
 wolf's:
 "I know thee not, nor art thou what
 thou say'st;
 I have none other brethren than the
 wolves,
 And, till thy heart be changed from what
 it is,
 Thou art not worthy to be called their
 kin."
 Then groaned the other, with a choking
 tongue,
 "Alas! my heart is changed right
 bitterly;
 'Tis shrunk and parched within me even
 now!"
 And, looking upward fearfully, he saw
 Only a wolf that shrank away and ran,
 Ugly and fierce, to hide among the
 woods.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

Men! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain,
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
 Sons to breathe New England air,
 If ye hear, without a blush,
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush

Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

COLUMBUS

THE cordage creaks and rattles in the
wind,
With whims of sudden hush; the reeling
sea
Now thumps like solid rock beneath the
stern,
Now leaps with clumsy wrath, strikes
short, and, falling
Crumbled to whispering foam, slips rustling
down
The broad backs of the waves, which
jostle and crowd!
To fling themselves upon that unknown
shore,
Their used familiar since the dawn of
time,
Whither this foredoomed life is guided
on
To sway on triumph's hushed, aspiring
poise
One glittering moment, then to break
fulfilled.

How lonely is the sea's perpetual swing,
The melancholy wash of endless waves,

The sigh of some grim monster undescried,
Fear-painted on the canvas of the dark,
Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine!
Yet night brings more companions than
the day

To this drear waste; new constellations
burn,
And fairer stars, with whose calm height
my soul

Finds nearer sympathy than with my
herd

Of earthen souls, whose vision's scanty
ring

Makes me its prisoner to beat my wings
Against the cold bars of their unbelief,
Knowing in vain my own free heaven
beyond.

O God! this world, so crammed with
eager life,

That comes and goes and wanders back
to silence

Like the idle wind, which yet man's
shaping mind

Can make his drudge to swell the longing
sails

Of highest endeavour,—this mad, unthrift
world,

Which, every hour, throws life enough
away

To make her deserts kind and hospi-
table,

Lets her great destinies be waved aside
By smooth, lip-reverent, formal infidels,
Who weigh the God they not believe with
gold,

And find no spot in Judas, save that he,
Driving a duller bargain than he ought,
Saddled his guild with too cheap precedent.
(O Faith! if thou art strong, thine opposite
Is mighty also, and the dull fool's sneer
Hath oftentimes shot chill palsy through
the arm

Just lifted to achieve its crowning deed,
And made the firm-based heart, that
would have quailed

The rack or fagot, shudder like a leaf
Wrinkled with frost, and loose upon its
stem.

The wicked and the weak, by some dark
law,

Have a strange power to shut and live
down

Their own horizon round us, to unwing
Our heaven-aspiring visions, and to blur
With surly clouds the Future's gleaming
peaks,

Far seen across the brine of thankless
years.

If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or
done;

Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

The old world is effete; there man with
man

Jostles, and, in the brawl for means to
live,

Life is trod underfoot, Life, the one
block

Of marble that's vouchsafed whencefrom
to carve

Our great thoughts, white and godlike,
to shine down

The future, Life, the indeemable block,
Which one o'er-hasty chisel-dint oft mars,
Scanting our room to cut the features out
Of our full hope, so forcing us to crown
With a mean head the perfect limbs, or
leave

The god's face glowing o'er a satyr's
trunk,

Failure's brief epitaph.

Yes, Europe's world

Reels on to judgment; there the common
need,

Losing God's sacred use, to be a bond
'Twixt Me and Thee, sets each one
scowlingly

O'er his own selfish hoard at bay; no
strife,

Knit strongly with eternal fibres up
Of all men's separate and united weals,
Self-poised and sole as stars, yet one as
light,

Holds up a shape of large Humanity
To which by natural instinct every man
Pays loyalty exulting, by which all

L

Mould their own lives, and feel their
pulses filled

With the red, fiery blood of the general
life,

Making them mighty in peace, as now in
war

They are, even in the flush of victory,
weak,

Conquering that manhood which should
them subdue.

And what gift bring I to this untried
world?

Shall the same tragedy be played anew,
And the same lurid curtain drop at last

On one dread desolation, one fierce crash
Of that recoil which on its makers God
Lets Ignorance and Sin and Hunger
make,

Early or late? Or shall that common-
wealth

Whose potent unity and concentric force
Can draw these scattered joints and parts
of men

Into a whole ideal man once more,
Which sucks not from its limbs the life
away,

But sends it flood-tide and creates itself
Over again in every citizen,

Be there built up? For me, I have no
choice;

I might turn back to other destinies,
For one sincere key opens all Fortune's
doors;

But whoso answers not God's earliest call
Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme

Of lying open to his genius
Which makes the wise heart certain of
its ends.

Here am I; for what end God knows,
not I;

Westward still points the inexorable soul:
Here am I, with no friend but the sad
sea,

The beating heart of this great enterprise,
Which, without me, would stiffen in
swift death;

This have I mused on, since mine eye
could first

Among the stars distinguish and with joy

F

Rest on that God-fed Pharos of the north,
On some blue promontory of heaven
lighted

That juts far out into the upper sea;
To this, one hope my heart hath clung for
years,

As would a foundling to the talisman
Hung round his neck by hands he knew
not whose;

A poor, vile thing and dross to all beside,
Yet he therein can feel a virtue left
By the sad pressure of a mother's hand,
And unto him it still is tremulous
With palpitating haste and wet with tears,
The key to him of hope and humanness,
The coarse shell of life's pearl, Expect-
ancy.

This hope hath been to me for love and
fame,

Hath made me wholly lonely on the earth,
Building me up as in a thick-ribbed tower,
Wherewith cswalled my watching spirit
burned,

Conquering its little island from the Dark,
Sole as a scholar's lamp, and heard men's
steps,

In the far hurry of the outward world,
Pass dimly forth and back, sounds heard
in dream.

As Ganymede by the eagle was snatched
up

From the gross sod to be Jove's cup-
bearer,

So was I lifted by my great design:
And who hath trod Olympus, from his
eye

Fades not that broader outlook of the
gods;

His life's low valleys overbrow earth's
clouds,

And that Olympian specter of the past
Looms towering up in sovereign memory,
Beckoning his soul from meaner heights
of doom.

Had but the shadow of the Thunderer's
bird,

Flashing athwart my spirit, made of me
A swift-betraying vision's Ganymede,
Yet to have greatly dreamed precludes
low ends;

Great days have ever such a morning-red,
On such a base great futures are built
up,

And aspiration, though not put in act,
Comes back to ask its plighted troth
again,

Still watches round its grave the un-
laid ghost

Of a dead virtue, and makes other hopes,
Save that implacable one, seem thin and
bleak

As shadows of bare trees upon the snow,
Bound freezing there by the un pitying
moon.

While other youths perplexed their
mandolins,

Praying that Thetis would her fingers
twine

In the loose glories of her lover's hair,
And wile another kiss to keep back day,
I, stretched beneath the many-centuried
shade

Of some withered oak, the wood's Laocoon,
Did of my hope a dryad mistress make,
Whom I would woo to meet me privily,
Or underneath the stars, or when the
moon

Flecked all the forest floor with scattered
pearls.

O days whose memory tames to fawning
down

The surly fell of Ocean's bristled neck!

I know not when this hope enthralled
me first,

But from my boyhood up I loved to hear
The tall pine-forests of the Apennine
Murmur their hoary legends of the sea,
Which hearing, I in vision clear beheld
The sudden dark of tropic night shut
down

O'er the huge whisper of great watery
wastes,

The while a pair of herons trailingy
Flapped inland, where some league-wide
river hurled

The yellow spoil of unconjectured realms
Far through a gulf's green silence, never
scarred

By any but the North wind's hurrying
keels

And not the pines alone, all sights and
sounds

To my world seeking heart proud scaly,
And cried for it as the Cretan bees
Brought honey to the busy Jupiter,
Who in his soft hand crushed a violet,
Godlike foremusing the rough thunder's
grape,

Then did I entertrain the poet's song,
My great Ider's guest and, passing over
That iron bridge the Iuse in built to hell,
I heard Ulysses tell of mountain chums
Whose admantine links, his immoles,
The western man shok growling, and
still gnawed

I brooded on the wise Athenian's tale
Of happy Atlantis, and heard Bjorne's
keel

Crunch the gray pebbles of the Vinland
shore

I listened, musing to the prophecy
Of Nero's tutor in time to the birds
Sing darkling conscious of the chiming
down

And I believed the poets, it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity

Ah me! old hermits sought for solitude
In caves and desert places of the earth,
Where their own heart beat was the only
stir

Of living thing that comforted the year,
But the bald pillar top of Simeon,
In midnight's blindest waste, were
populous,

Matched with the isolation dream and
deep

Of him who pines among the swarm of
men,

At once a new thought's king and
prisoner

Feeling the truer life within his life,
The fountain of his spirit's prophecy,
Sinking away and wasting, drop by drop,
In the ungrateful sands of sceptic ears
He in the palace aisles of untrod woods

Doth walk a king, for him the pent up
cell

Widens beyond the circles of the stars,
And all the sceptred spirits of the past
Come thronging in to greet him as their
peer,

But in the market places glare and
throng

He sits apart, in exile, and his brow
Aches with the mocking memory of its
crown

Yet to the spirit select there is no choice,
He can no say, I will I do, or that,
For the cheap means putting Heaven's
ends in pawn,

And bartering his bleak rocks, the free
hold stern

Of destiny's first born, for smoother fields
That yield no crop of self denying will;
A hand is stretched to him from out the
dark,

Which grasping without question, he is
led

Where there is work that he must do for
God

The trial still is the strength's comple-
ment,

And the uncertain, dizzy path that scales
The sheer heights of supremest purposes
Is steeper to the angel than the child
Chances have laws as fixed as planets
have

And disappointment's dry and bitter root,
In envy's harsh berries, and the choking
pool

Of the world's scorn, are the tight
mother milk

To the tough hearts that pierce their
kind,

And break a pathway to those unknown
realms

That in the earth's broad shadow lie
enthralled,

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great
hearts,

These are then stay, and when the leaden
world

Sets its hard face against their fateful
thought,

And brute strength, like the Gaulish
conqueror,
Clangs his huge glaive down in the other
scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous
globe,—

One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

Thus ever seems it when my soul can
hear

The voice that errs not ; then my triumph
gleams,
O'er the blank ocean beckoning, and all
night

My heart flies on before me as I sail ;
Far on I see my lifelong enterprise,
That rose like Ganges mid the freezing
snows

Of a world's solitude, sweep broadening
down,

And, gathering to itself a thousand
streams,

Grow sacred ere it mingle with the sea ;
I see the ungated wall of chaos old,
With blocks Cyclopean hewn of solid
night,

Fade like a wreath of unreturning mist
Before the irreversible feet of light ;—
And lo, with what clear omen in the east
On day's gray threshold stands the eager
dawn,

Like young Leander rosy from the sea
Glowing at Hero's lattice !

One day more

These muttering shalldrains leave the
helm to me :

God, let me not in their dull ooze be
stranded ;

Let not this one frail bark, to hollow
which

I have dug out the pith and sinewy heart
Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so
Cast up to warp and blacken in the sun,
Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle off
His cheek-swollen pack, and from the
leaning mast

Fortune's full sail strains forward !

One poor day !—

Remember whose and not how short it is !
It is God's day, it is Columbus's.

A lavish day ! One day, with life and
heart,

Is more than time enough to find a world.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG

THE tower of old Saint Nicholas soared
upward to the skies,

Like some huge piece of Nature's make,
the growth of centuries ;

You could not deem its crowding spires a
work of human art,

They seemed to struggle lightward from
a sturdy living heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in
crystal or in oak,

Than, through the pious builder's hand,
in that gray pile she spoke ;

And as from acorn springs the oak, so,
freely and alone,

Sprang from his heart this hymn to God,
sung in obedient stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance,
so perfect, yet so rough,

A whim of Nature crystallised slowly in
granite tough ;

The thick spires yearned towards the
sky in quaint harmonious lines,

And in broad sunlight basked and slept,
like a grove of blasted pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay
claim with better right

To all the adorning sympathies of shadow
and of light ;

And, in that forest petrified, as forester
there dwells

Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole
lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared
onward red as blood,

Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed
beneath the eddying flood ;

For miles away the fiery spray poured
down its deadly rain,
And back and forth the billows sucked,
and paused, and burst again.

From square to square with tiger leaps
panted the lustful fire,
The air to leeward shuddered with the
gasps of its desire;
And church and palace, which even now
stood whelmed but to the knee,
Lift their black roofs like breakers lone
amid the whirling sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and
watched with quiet look;
His soul had trusted God too long to be
at last forsook;
He could not fear, for surely God a path-
way would unfold
Through this red sea for faithful hearts,
as once He did of old.

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on
his good saint call,
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped
the churchyard wall;
And, ere a *palor* half was said, mid
smoke and crackling glare,
His island tower scarce juts its head
above the wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart
stood up sublime;
His first thought was for God above, his
next was for his chime;
"Sing now and make your voices heard
in hymns of praise," cried he,
"As did the Israelites of old, safe
walking through the sea!

"Through this red sea our God hath
made the pathway safe to shore;
Our promised land stands full in sight;
shout now as ne'er before!"
And as the tower came crashing down,
the bells, in clear accord,
Pealed forth the grand old German hymn,
—"All good souls, praise the
Lord!"

THE SOWER

I SAW a Sower walking slow
Across the earth, from east to west;
His hair was white as mountain snow,
His head drooped forward on his breast.

With shrivelled hands he flung his seed,
Nor ever turned to look behind;
Of sight or sound he took no heed;
It seemed he was both deaf and blind.

His dim face showed no soul beneath,
Yet in my heart I felt a stir,
As if I looked upon the sheath,
That once had held Excalibur.

I heard, as still the seed he cast,
How, crooning to himself, he sung,
"I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was young.

"Then all was wheat without a tare,
Then all was righteous, fair, and true;
And I am he whose thoughtful care
Shall plant the Old World in the New.

"The fruitful germs I scatter free,
With busy hand, while all men sleep;
In Europe now, from sea to sea,
The nations bless me as they reap."

Then I looked back along his path,
And heard the clash of steel on steel,
Where man faced man, in deadly wrath,
While clanged the tocsin's hurrying peal.

The sky with burning towns flared red,
Nearer the noise of fighting rolled,
And brothers' blood, by brothers shed,
Crept curdling over pavements cold.

Then marked I how each germ of truth
Which through the dotard's fingers ran
Was mated with a dragon's tooth
Whence there sprang up an armed man.

I shouted, but he could not hear;
Made signs, but these he could not see;
And still, without a doubt or fear,
Broadcast he scattered anarchy.

Long to my straining ears the blast
Brought faintly back the words he sung :
" I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was young."

HUNGER AND COLD

SISTERS two, all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue;
To the poor man you've been true
From of old :

You can speak the keenest word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you're never stirred,
Hunger and Cold !

Let sleek statesmen temporise;
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot eyes,
Grim and bold ;

Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught,
You're too honest to be bought,
Hunger and Cold !

Bolt and bar the palace door ;
While the mass of men are poor,
Naked truth grows more and more
Uncontrolled :

You had never yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness,
You can visit sans court-dress,
Hunger and Cold !

While the music fell and rose,
And the dance reeled to its close,
Where her round of costly woes
Fashion strolled,
I beheld with shuddering fear
Wolves' eyes through the windows peer ;
Little dream they you are near,
Hunger and Cold !

When the toiler's heart you clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,
He reck not a bloody smutch
On his gold :

Everything to you defers,
You are potent reasoners,
At your whisper Treason stirs,
Hunger and Cold !

Rude comparisons you draw,
Words refuse to sate your maw,
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
Cannot hold :

You're not clogged with foolish pride,
But can seize a right denied :
Somehow God is on your side,
Hunger and Cold !

You respect no hoary wrong
More for having triumphed long ;
Its past victims, haggard throng,
From the mould
You unbury : swords and spears
Weaker are than poor men's tears,
Weaker than your silent years,
Hunger and Cold !

Let them guard both hall and bower ;
Through the window you will glower,
Patient till your reckoning hour
Shall be tolled ;
Checks are pale, but hands are red,
Guiltless blood may chance be shed,
But ye must and will be fed,
Hunger and Cold !

God has plans man must not spoil,
Some were made to starve and toil,
Some to share the wine and oil,
We are told :
Devil's theotics are these,
Stifling hope and love and peace,
Framed your hideous lusts to please,
Hunger and Cold !

Scatter ashes on thy head,
Tears of burning sorrow shed,
Earth ! and be by Pity led
To Love's fold ;
Ere they block the very door
With lean corpses of the poor,
And will hush for naught but gore,
Hunger and Cold !

THE LANDLORD

WHAT boot your houses and your lands?
In spite of close-drawn deed and
fence,

Like water, 'twixt your cheated hands,
They slip into the graveyard's sands,
And mock your ownership's pretence

How shall you speak to urge your right
Choked with that soil for which you
lust?

The bit of clay, for whose delight
You grasp, is mortgaged, too, to death
night

Foreclose this very day in dust

Fence as you please, this plain poor
man,

Whose only field is in his wit
Who shapes the war, is best he can
According to God's higher plan,
Owns you, and serves as is fit

Though your thence his income wax
By right of eminent domain

From factory till the workman's use,
All things on earth must pay their tax,
To feed his hungry household

He takes you from your war,
And what he plans that you must do,
You sleep in down, eat dainty fare,
He mounts his crazy gaudy steed
And starves, the landlord over you

Feeding the clouds your idlesse dreams,
You milk mere green six feet of soil,
His fruitful word, like suns and rains,
Partakes the seasons' luscious rains,
And toils to lighten human toil

Your lands with force or cunning got,
Shrink to the measure of the grave
But Death himself abridges not
The tenures of almighty thought
The titles of the wise and brave

TO A PINE TREE

Far up on Katihdin thou towerest,
Purple blue with the distance and
vast,
Like a cloud over the lowlands thou
lowerest,

That hangs poised on a lull in the
blast,
To its full leaning awful

In the storm, like a prophet o'er
maddened,
Thou singest and tosses thy branches,
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop vale
ward

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the
valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings im
ploring,
Like an old king led forth from his
palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him

To the lumberer asleep neath thy gloom
ing
Thou dost sing of wild billows in
motion,
Still he longs to be swung mid their
booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finned isles are their cattle

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody
frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate

The wild storm makes his lair in thy
branches,
Swooping thence on the continent
under,
Like a lion, crouched close on his
hunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce
thunder,
Growling low with impatience

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green
glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number!
The snow flakes alone make thee hoary,

Nestling close to thy branches in
slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendour of
winter,
Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and
splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled
abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of
forest,
On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachen, who
towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

SI DESCENDERO IN INFERNUM, ADES

O, WANDERING dim on the extremest
edge
Of God's bright providence, whose
spirits sigh
Drearly in you, like the winter sedge
That shivers o'er the dead pool stiff
and dry,
A thin, sad voice, when the bold wind
roars by
From the clear North of Duty,—
Still by cracked arch and broken shaft I
trace
That here was once a shrine and holy
place
Of the supernal Beauty,
A child's play-altar reared of stones
and moss,
With wilted flowers for offering laid
across,
Mute recognition of the all-ruling Grace.
How far are ye from the innocent, from
those
Whose hearts are as a little lane serene,

Smooth-heaped from wall to wall with
unbroke snows,
Or in the summer blithe with lamb-
cropped green,
Save the one track, where naught
more rude is seen
Than the plump wain at even
Bringing home four months' sunshine
bound in sheaves!
How far are ye from those! yet who
believes
That ye can shut out heaven?
Your souls partake its influence, not
in vain
Nor all unconscious, as that silent lane
Its drift of noiseless apple-blossoms
receives.

Looking within myself, I note how thin
A plank of station, chance, or pros-
perous fate,
Doth fence me from the clutching waves
of sin;
In my own heart I find the worst
man's mate,
And see not dimly the smooth-hinged
gate
That opens to those abysses
Where ye grope darkly,—ye who never
knew
On your young hearts love's consecrating
dew,
Or felt a mother's kisses,
Or home's restraining tendrils round
you curled;
Ah, side by side with heart's-ease in
this world
The fatal nightshade grows and bitter
rue!
One hand ye cannot break,—the force
that clips
And grasps your circles to the central
light;
Yours is the prodigal comet's long
ellipse,
Self-exiled to the farthest verge of
night;
Yet strives with you no less that
inward night

No sin hath e'er imbruted ;
 The god in you the creed-dimmed eye
 eludes ;
 The Law brooks not to have its solitudes
 By bigot feet polluted ;
 Yet they who watch your God-compelled return
 May see your happy perihelion burn
 Where the calm sun his unfledged planets
 broods.

TO THE PAST

WONDROUS and awful are thy silent halls,
 O kingdom of the past !
 There lie the bygone ages in their palls,
 Guarded by shadows vast ;
 There all is hushed and breathless,
 Save when some image of old error falls
 Earth worshipped once as deathless.

There sits drear Egypt, mid beleaguering
 sands,
 Half woman and half beast,
 The burnt-out torch within her mouldering
 hands
 That once lit all the East ;
 A dotard bleared and hoary,
 There Asser crouches o'er the blackened
 brands
 Of Asia's long-quenched glory.

Still as a city buried 'neath the sea
 Thy courts and temples stand ;
 Idle as forms on wind-waved tapestry
 Of saints and heroes grand,
 Thy phantasms grope and shiver,
 Or watch the loose shores crumbling
 silently
 Into Time's gnawing river.

Titanic shapes with faces blank and dun,
 Of their old godhead lorn,
 Gaze on the embers of the sunken sun,
 Which they misdeem for morn ;
 And yet the eternal sorrow
 In their unmonarched eyes says: day is
 done
 Without the hope of morrow.

O realm of silence and of swart eclipse,
 The shapes that haunt thy gloom
 Make signs to us and move their
 withered lips
 Across the gulf of doom ;
 Yet all their sound and motion
 Bring no more freight to us than wraiths
 of ships
 On the mirage's ocean.

And if sometimes a moaning wandereth
 From out thy desolate halls,
 If some grim shadow of thy living death
 Across our sunshine falls
 And scares the world to error,
 The eternal life sends forth melodious
 breath
 To chase the misty terror.

Thy mighty clamours, wars, and world-
 noised deeds
 Are silent now in dust,
 Gone like a tremble of the huddling
 reeds
 Beneath some sudden gust ;
 Thy forms and creeds have vanished,
 Tossed out to wither like unsightly
 weeds
 From the world's garden banished.

Whatever of true life there was in thee
 Leaps in our age's veins ;
 Wield still thy bent and wrinkled em-
 pery,
 And shake thine idle chains ; -
 To thee thy dross is clinging,
 For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets
 see,
 Thy poets still are singing.

Here, mid the bleak waves of our strife
 and care,
 Float the green Fortunate Isles
 Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and
 share
 Our martyrdoms and toils ;
 The present moves attended
 With all of brave and excellent and
 fair
 That made the old time splendid.

TO THE FUTURE

O LAND of Promise ! from what Pisgah's
height

Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful
bowers,

Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,
Thy nestled homes and sun-illuminated
towers?

Gazing upon the sunset's high-heaped
gold,

Its crags of opal and of chrysolite,
Its deeps on deeps of glory, that
unfold

Still brightening abysses,
And blazing precipices,

Whence but a scanty leap it seems to
heaven,

Sometimes a glimpse is given

Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more
unstinted blisses.

O Land of Quiet ! to thy shore the surf
Of the perturbed Present rolls and
sleeps ;

Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy
turf

And lure out blossoms ; to thy bosom
leaps,

As to a mother's, the o'erwearied heart,
Heaving far off and dim the toiling
mart,

The hurrying feet, the curses without
number,

And, circled with the glow Elysian
Of thine exulting vision,

Out of its very cares woos charms for
peace and slumber.

To thee the earth lifts up her fettered
hands

And cries for vengeance ; with a pity-
ing smile

Thou blestest her, and she forgets her
hands,

And her old woe-worn face a little
while

Grows young and noble ; unto thee the
Oppressor

Looks, and is dumb with awe ;

The eternal law,

Which makes the crime its own blind-
fold redresser,

Shadows his heart with perilous forebod-
ing,

And he can see the grim-eyed
Doom

From out the trembling gloom

Its silent-footed steeds towards his palace
gonding.

What promises hast thou for Poets' eyes,
Aweary of the turmoil and the wrong !

To all their hopes what overjoyed
replies !

What undreamed ecstasies for blissful
song !

Thy happy plains no war-trump's brawl-
ing clangour

Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate
the poor ;

The humble glares not on the high with
anger ;

Love leaves no grudge at less, no greed
for more ;

In vain strives Self the godlike sense to
smother ;

From the soul's deeps

It throbs and leaps ;

The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his
long-lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires
Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit
free ;

To thee the Poet mid his toil aspires,
And grief and hunger climb about his
knee,

Welcome as children ; thou upholdest
The lone Inventor by his demon
haunted ;

The Prophet cries to thee when hearts
are coldest,

And gazing o'er the midnight's bleak
abyss,

Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy
kiss,

And stretch its happy arms and leap up
disenchanted.

Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving
 kindly
 The guilty thinks it pity, taught by
 thee,
 Hence tyrants drop the scourges where
 with blindly
 Their own souls they were scouring,
 conquerors see
 With honor in their hands the accused
 spears
 Thus turn the mock One's side on
 Calvary,
 And from their trophies shroud with
 ghostly fear,
 Thou, too, art the Forgiver,
 The beauty of man's soul to man
 revealing
 The arrows from thy quiver
 Pierce Priors' guilty heart but only
 pierce for healing
 Oh, whither, whither, glory winged
 dreams,
 From out life's sweet and turmoil
 would ye bear me?
 Shut, gates of Lancy, on your golden
 gleams,
 This agony of hopeless contrast spare
 me!
 I fade, cheating glow, and leave me to my
 night!
 He is a coward, who would borrow
 A charm against the present sorrow
 From the vague future's promise of
 delight
 As life's dreams never toll,
 The ancestral buckler calls,
 Self clanging from the walls
 In the high temple of the soul,
 Where are most sorrows, there the poet's
 sphere is,
 To feed the soul with patience,
 To heal its desolations
 With words of unshorn truth, with love
 that never wearies.

III BE

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,
 I saw the flash of robes descending;

Before her ran an influence fleet,
 That bowed my heart like barley bending

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
 Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
 It led me on, by sweet degrees
 Joy's simple honey curls unbinding

Those Gates were that seemed grim
 Fates,
 With never love the sky leaned o'er
 me,

The long sought Secret's golden gates
 On musical hinges swung before me

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
 I hailing with godhood, like a lover
 I sipping the proffered life to clasp;—
 The beaker fell, the luck was over

The Lath has drunk the vintage up;
 What boots it patch the goblet's splin-
 ters?

C in Summer fill the icy cup,
 Whose treacherous crystal is but
 Winter's?

O spendthrift haste! sawst the Gods;
 Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
 Haste scatters on unthankful sods
 The immortal gift in vain libations

Coy Hilda flies from those that woo,
 And shuns the hands would seize upon
 her,

Follow thy life, and she will sue
 To pour for thee the cup of honour.

THE SEARCH

I WENT to seek for Christ,
 And Nature seemed so fair
 That first the woods and fields my youth
 enticed,
 And I was sure to find Him there:
 The temple I forsook,
 And to the solitude
 Allegiance paid, but Winter came and
 shook
 The crown and purple from my wood;

His snows, like desert sands, with scorn-
ful drift,

Besieged the columned aisle and palace-
gate;

My Thebes, cut deep with many a solemn
rift,

But epitaphed her own sepulchred state:
Then I remembered whom I went to seek,
And blessed blunt Winter for his counsel
bleak.

Back to the world I turned,
For Christ, I said, is King;
So the cramped alley and the hut I
spurned,

As far beneath His sojourning:
Mid power and wealth I sought,
But found no trace of Him,
And all the costly offerings I had brought
With sudden rust and mould grew
dim:

I found His tomb, indeed, where, by their
laws,

All must on stated days themselves
imprison,
Mocking with bread a dead creed's
grinning jaws,

Witless how long the life had thence
arisen;

Due sacrifice to this they set apart,
Prizing it more than Christ's own living
heart.

So from my feet the dust
Of the proud World I shook;
Then came dear Love and shared with
me his crust,

And half my sorrow's burden took.
After the World's soft bed,
Its rich and dainty fare,

Like down seemed Love's coarse pillow
to my head,

His cheap food seemed as manna
rare;
Fresh-trodden prints of bare and bleeding
feet,

Turned to the heedless city whence I
came,
Hard by I saw, and springs of worship
sweet

Gushed from my cleft heart smitten by
the same;

Love looked me in the face and spake no
words,

But straight I knew those footprints were
the Lord's.

I followed where they led,
And in a hovel rude,
With naught to fence the weather from
His head,

The King I sought for meekly stood;
A naked, hungry child
Clung round His gracious knee,
And a poor hunted slave looked up and
smiled

To bless the smile that set him free;
New miracles I saw His presence do,
No more I knew the hovel bare and
poor,

The gathered chips into a woodpile grew,
The broken morsel swelled to goodly
store;

I knelt and wept: my Christ no more I
seek,

His throne is with the outcast and the
weak.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through
the broad earth's aching breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling
on from east to west,

And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels
the soul within him climb

To the awful verge of manhood, as the
energy sublime

Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the
thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace
shoots the instantaneous throe,

When the travail of the Ages wrings
earth's systems to and fro;

At the birth of each new Era, with a
recognising start,

Nation wildly looks at nation, standing
with mute lips apart,

And glad Truth's yet nightier man-child
leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a
terror and a chill,

Under continent to continent, the sense
of coming ill,

And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels
his sympathies with God

In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to
be drunk up by the sod,

Till a corpse crawls round unburied,
delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an
instinct beats along,

Round the earth's electric circle, the swift
flash of right or wrong;

Whether conscious or unconscious, yet
Humanity's vast frame

Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels
the gush of joy or shame; --

In the gain or loss of one race all the
rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for
the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and
the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that
darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose
party thou shalt stand,

Ere the Doom from its worn sandals
shakes the dust against our land?

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet
'tis Truth alone is strong,

And, albeit she wander outcast now, I
see around her throng

Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to en-
shield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the
beacon-moments see,

That, like peaks of some sunk continent,
jut through Oblivion's sea;

Not an ear in court or market for the low
foreboding cry

Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers,
from whose feet earth's chaff must
fly;

Never shows the choice momentous till
the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; his-
tory's pages but record

One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt
old systems and the Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong
forever on the throne, --

Yet that scaffold sways the future, and,
behind the dim unknown,

Standeth God within the shadow, keep-
ing watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is
small and what is great,

Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn
the iron helm of fate,

But the soul is still oracular; amid the
market's din,

List the ominous stern whisper from the
Delphic cave within, --

"They enslave their children's children
who make compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest
of the giant brood,

Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who
have drenched the earth with
blood,

Famished in his self-made desert, blinded
by our purer day,

Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his
miserable prey; --

Shall we guide his gory fingers where
our helpless children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when
we share her wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and
'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while
the coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his
Lord is crucified,

And the multitude make virtue of the
faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—
 they were souls that stood alone,
 While the men they agonised for hurled
 the contumelious stone,
 Stood serene, and down the future saw
 the golden beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered
 by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood
 and to God's supreme design

By the light of burning heretics Christ's
 bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the
 cross that turns not back,
 And these mounts of anguish number
 how each generation learn
 One new word of that grand *Crucifix* which
 in prophet hermits hath burned
 Since the first man stood God conquered
 with his face to heaven upturned

For Humanity sweeps onward where
 to-day the martyr stands
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the
 silver in his hands
 Far in front the cross stands ready and
 the crueling figots burn
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in
 silent awe return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into
 History's golden urn

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle
 slaves
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our
 fathers' graves,
 Worshipers of light unceasing make the
 present light a crime, —
 Was the Mayflower lunched by cowards,
 steered by men behind their time?
 Turn those trails toward Past or Future,
 that make Plymouth Rock sub-
 lime?

They were men of present valour, stalwart
 old iconoclasts
 Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all
 virtue was the Past's,
 But we make their truth our falsehood,
 thinking that hath made us free,

Hounding it in mouldy parchments, while
 our tender spirits flee
 The rude grasp of that great Impulse
 which drove them across the sea

They have rights who dare maintain them,
 we are traitors to our sires,
 Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's
 new lit altars
 Shall we make their creed our ruler?
 Shall we, in our haste to slay,
 I from the tombs of the old prophets steal
 the funeral lamps away
 To light up the martyr figots round the
 prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties Time
 makes ancient good uncouth,
 They must upward still and onward! who
 would keep abreast of Truth
 Lo, before us gleam her camp fires! we
 ourselves must Pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
 through the desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the
 Past blood rusted key

Decemb r 1844

AN INDIAN SUMMER REVERIE

WHAT visionary tint the year puts
 on,

When falling leaves filter through
 motionless air
 Or numbly cling, and shiver to be
 gone!

How shimmer the low flats and pas-
 tures bare,
 As with her nectar Helix Autumn
 fills

The bowl between me and those
 distant hills,
 And smiles and shakes abroad her misty,
 tremulous hair!

No more the landscape holds its
 wealth apart,
 Making me poorer in my poverty,
 But mingles with my senses and my
 heart,

My own projected spirit seems to me
 In her own revivèd the world to
 sleep;
 'Tis she that waves to sympathetic
 sleep,
 Moving, as she is moved, each field and
 hill and tree

How fuse and mix, with what un-
 felt degrees,
 Clasped by the fuint horizon's languid
 arms,
 Lach into each, the hazy distances !
 The softened season all the landscape
 charms,
 Those hills, my native village that
 embay,
 In waves of steamer purple roll
 away,
 And floating in mirage seem all the
 glimmering farms.

Far distant sounds the hidden chick-
 adee
 Close at my side ; far distant sound
 the leaves,
 The fields seem fields of dream,
 where Memory
 Wanders like gleanng Ruth ; and as
 the sheaves
 Of wheat and barley waved in the
 eye
 Of Boy as the maiden's glow went
 by,
 So tremble and seem remote all things
 the sense receives.

The cock's shrill trump that tells of
 scattered corn,
 Passed breezily on by all his flapping
 mates,

Faint and more faint, from barn to
 barn is borne,
 Southward, perhaps to far Magellan's
 Straits ;

Dunly I catch the throb of distant
 flails ;

Silently overhead the hen-hawk
 sails,

With watchful, measuring eye, and for
 his quarry waits.

The sobered robin, hunger-silent
 now,
 Seeks cedar-berries blue, his autumn
 cheer ;
 The chipmunk, on the shingly shag-
 bark's bough,
 Now saws, now lists with downward
 eye and ear,
 Then drops his nut, and, cheeping,
 with a bound
 Whisks to his winding fastness
 underground ;
 The clouds like swans drift down the
 streaming atmosphere.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed
 cedar shadows
 Drowse on the crisp, gray moss ; the
 ploughman's call
 Creeps faint as smoke from black,
 fresh furrowed meadows ;
 The single crow a single caw lets
 fall ;
 And all around me every bush and
 tree
 Says Autumn's here, and Winter
 soon will be,
 Who snows his soft, white sleep and
 silence over all.

The birch, most shy and ladylike of
 trees,
 Her poverty, as best she may, retrieves,
 And hints at her foregone gentili-
 ties
 With some saved relics of her wealth
 of leaves ;
 The swamp-oak, with his royal
 purple on,
 Glares red as blood across the
 sinking sun,
 As one who prouder to a falling fortune
 cleaves.

He looks a sachem, in red blanket
 wrapt,
 Who, mid some council of the sad-
 garbed whites,
 Erect and stern, in his own memories
 lapt,

With distant eye broods over other
sights,
Sees the hushed wood the city's flare
replace,
The wounded turf heal o'er the rail-
way's trace,
And roams the savage Past of his un-
dwindled rights.

The red-oak, softer-grained, yields
all for lost,
And, with his crumpled foliage stiff
and dry,
After the first betrayal of the frost,
Rebuffs the kiss of the relenting sky;
The chestnuts, lavish of their long-
hid gold,
To the faint Summer, beggared now
and old,
Pour back the sunshine hoarded 'neath
her favouring eye.

The ash her purple drops forgivingly
And sadly, breaking not the general
hush;
The maple-swamps glow like a sun-
set sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate
flush;
All round the wood's edge creeps the
skirting blaze
Of bushes low, as when, on cloudy
day,
Ere the rain fall, the cautious farmer
burns his brush.

O'er yon low wall, which guards one
unkempt zone,
Where vines and weeds and scrub-oaks
intertwine
Safe from the plough, whose rough,
discordant stone
Is massed to one soft gray by lichens
fine,
The tangled blackberry, crossed and
recrossed, weaves
A prickly network of ensanguined
leaves;
Hard by, with coral beads, the prim
black-alders shine.

Pillaring with flame this crumbling
boundary,
Whose loose blocks topple 'neath the
ploughboy's foot,
Who, with each sense shut fast
except the eye,
Creeps close and scares the jay he
hoped to shoot,
The woodbine up the elm's straight
stem aspires,
Coiling it, harmless, with autumnal
fies;
In the ivy's paler blaze the martyr oak
stands mute.

Below, the Charles, a stripe of nether
sky,
Now hid by rounded apple-trees
between,
Whose gaps the misplaced sail
sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a wood-
land screen,
Then spreading out, at his next turn
beyond,
A silver circle like an inland pond—
Slips seaward silently through marshes
purple and green.

Dear marshes ! vain to him the gift
of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes
share,
From every season drawn, of shade
and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown
and bare;
Each change of storm or sunshine
scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still works
her wonders rare.

In Spring they lie one broad expanse
of green,
O'er which the light winds run with
glimmering feet:
Here, yellower stripes track out the
creek unseen,
There, darker growths o'er hidden
ditches meet;

And purpler stains show where the
blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next
breath to fleet.

All round, upon the river's slippery
edge,
Witching to deeper calm the drowsy
tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-
entangling sedge;
Through emerald glooms the lingering
waters slide,
Or, sometimes wavering, throw back
the sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies melt
and run
Of dimpling light, and with the current
seem to glide

In Summer 'tis a blithesome sight
to see,
As, step by step, with measured swing,
they pass,
The wide ranked mowers wading to
the knee,
Their sharp scythes painting through
the wiry grass,
Then, stretched beneath a rick's
shade in a ring,
Their nooning take, while one begins
to sing
A stave that droops and dies 'neath the
close sky of brass

Meanwhile that devil may care, the
bobolink,
Remembering duty, in mid quaver
stops
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's
tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the winrows most demurely
drops,
A decorous bird of business, who
provides
For his brown mate and fledglings
six besides,
And looks from right to left, a farmer
mid his crops

Another change subdues them in
the Fall,
But saddens not; they still show
merrier tints,
Though sober russet seems to cover
all;
When the first sunshine through their
dew drops glints,
Look how the yellow clearness,
streamed across,
Reddems with rarer hues the season's
loss,
As Dawn's feet there had touched and
left their rosy prints

Or come when sunset gives its
freshened zest,
Lean o'er the bridge and let the ruddy
thrill,
While the shorn sun swells down
the hazy west,
Glow opposite;—the marshes drink
their fill
And swoon with purple veins, then
slowly fade
Through pink to brown, as eastward
moves the shade,
Lengthening with stealthy creep, of
Simond's darkening hill

Later, and yet ere Winter wholly
shuts,
Fre through the first dry snow the
runner gates,
And the loath cart-wheel screams in
slippery ruts,
While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,
Trying each buckle and strap beside
the fire,
And until bedtime plays with his
desire,
Twenty times putting on and off his new-
bought skates;—

Then, every morn, the river's banks
shine bright
With smooth plate-armour, treacherous
and frail,
By the frost's clinking hammers
forged at night,

'Gainst which the lances of the sun
prevail,
Giving a pretty emblem of the day
When guiltier arms in light shall
melt away,
And states shall move free-limbed,
- loosed from war's cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls the ebbing
river
Twice every day creates on either side
Tinkle, as through their fresh-sparred
grots they shiver
In grass-arched channels to the sun
denied ;
High flaps in sparkling blue- the
far-heard crow,
The silvered flats gleam frostily
below,
Suddenly drops the gull and breaks the
glassy tide.

But crowned in turn by vying
seasons three,
Their winter halo hath a fuller ring ;
This glory seems to rest im-
movably,-
The others were too fleet and vanish-
ing ;
When the hid tide is at its highest
flow,
O'er marsh and stream one breath-
less trance of snow
With brooding fulness awes and hushes
everything.

The sunshine seems blown off by
the bleak wind,
As pale as formal candles lit by
day ;
Gropes to the sea the river dumb
and blind ;
The brown ricks, snow-thatched by
the storm in play,
Show pearly breakers combing o'er
their lee,
White crests as of some just en-
chanted sea,
Checked in their maddest leap and
hanging poised midway.

But when the eastern blow, with
rain aslant,
From mid-sea's prairies green and
rolling plains
Drives in his wallowing herds of
billows gaunt,
And the roused Charles remembers in
his veins
Old Ocean's blood and snaps his
gyves of frost,
That tyrannous silence on the shores
is tost
In dreary wreck, and crumbling desola-
tion reigns.

Edgewise or flat, in Druid-like
device,
With leaden pools between or gullies
bare,
The blocks lie strewn, a bleal.
Stonehenge of ice ;
No life, no sound, to break the grim
despair,
Save sullen plunge, as through the
sedges stiff
Down crackles riverward some thaw-
sapped cliff,
Or when the close-wedged fields of ice
crunch here and there.

But let me turn from fancy-pictured
scenes
To that whose pastoral calm before me
lies :
Here nothing harsh or rugged inter-
venes ;
The early evening with her misty dyes
Smooths off the ravelled edges of
the night,
Relieves the distant with her cooler
sky,
And tones the landscape down, and
soothes the wearied eyes.

There gleams my native village, dear
to me,
Though higher change's waves each
day are seen,
Whelming fields famed in boyhood's
history,

Sanding with houses the diminished
green ;
There, in red brick, which softening
time defies,
Stand square and stiff the Muses'
factories ;--
How with my life knit up is every well-
known scene !

Flow on, dear river ! not alone you
flow
To outward sight, and through your
marshes wind ;
Fed from the mystic springs of long-
ago,
Your twin flows silent through my
world of mind :
Grow dim, dear marshes, in the
evening's gray !
Before my inner sight ye stretch
away,
And will forever, though these fleshly
eyes grow blind.

Beyond the hillock's house-bespotted
swell,
Where Gothic chapels house the horse
and chaise,
Where quiet cits in Grecian temples
dwell,
Where Coptic tombs resound with
prayer and praise,
Where dust and mud the equal year
divide,
There gentle Allston lived, and
wrought, and died,
Transfiguring street and shop with his
illumined gaze.

Virgilium vidi tantum,—I have
seen

But as a boy, who looks alike on all,
That misty hair, that fine Undine-
like mien,

Tremulous as down to feeling's faintest
call ; --

Ah, dear old homestead ! count it
to thy fame

That thither many times the Painter
came ;--

One elm yet bears his name, a feathery
tree and tall.

Swiftly the present fades in memory's
glow,--

Our only sure possession is the past ;
The village blacksmith died a month
ago,

And dim to me the forge's roaring
blast ;

Soon fire-new mediævals we shall
see

Oust the black smithly *from its
chestnut-tree,

And that hewn down, perhaps, the bee-
hive green and vast.

How many times, prouder than king
on throne,

Loosed from the village school-dame's
A's and B's,

Panting have I the creaky bellows
blown,

And watched the pent volcano's red
increase,

Then paused to see the ponderous
sledge, brought down

By that hard arm voluminous and
brown,

From the white iron swarm its golden
vanishing bees.

Dear native town ! whose choking
elms each year

With eddying dust before their time
turn gray,

Pining for rain,--to me thy dust is
dear ;

It glorifies the eve of summer day,
And when the westering sun half
sunken burns,

The mote-thick air to deepest orange
turns,

The westward horseman rides through
clouds of gold away,

So palpable, I've seen those un-
shorn few,

The six old willows at the causey's
end

(Such trees Paul Potter never
 dreamed nor drew),
 Through this dry mist their checkering
 shadows send,
 Striped, here and there, with many
 a long-drawn thread,
 Where streamed through leafy
 chinks the trembling red,
 Past which, in one bright trail, the hang-
 bird's flashes blend.

Yes, dearer far thy dust than all
 that e'er,
 Beneath the awarded crown of victory,
 Gilded the blown Olympic chariot-
 eer;
 Though lightly prized the ribboned
 parchments three,
 Yet *collegisse juvat*, I am glad
 That here what colleging was mine
 I had,—
 It linked another tie, dear native town,
 with thee!

Nearer art thou than simply native
 earth,
 My dust with thine concedes a deepertie;
 A closer claim thy soil may well put
 forth,
 Something of kindred more than
 sympathy;
 For in thy bounds I reverently laid
 away
 That blinding anguish of forsaken
 clay,
 That title I seemed to have in earth and
 sea and sky,

That portion of my life more choice
 to me
 (Though brief, yet in itself so round
 and whole)
 Than all the imperfect residue can
 be;—
 The Artist saw his statue of the soul
 Was perfect; so, with one regretful
 stroke,
 The earthen model into fragments
 broke,
 And without her the impoverished
 seasons roll.

THE GROWTH OF THE LEGEND

A FRAGMENT

A LEGEND that grew in the forest's hush
 Slowly as tear-drops gather and gush,
 When a word some poet chanced to say
 Ages ago, in his careless way,
 Brings our youth back to us out of its
 shroud

Clearly as under yon thunder cloud
 I see that white sea-gull. It grew and
 grew,
 From the pine trees gathering a sombre
 hue,
 Till it seems a mere mummer out of the
 vast
 Norwegian forests of the past;
 And it grew itself like a true Northern
 pine,
 First a little slender line,
 Like a mermaid's green eyelash, and then
 anon

A stem that a tower might rest upon,
 Standing spear-straight in the waist-deep
 moss,
 Its bony roots clutching around and across,
 As if they would tear up earth's heart in
 their grasp
 Ere the storm should uproot them or
 make them unclasp;
 Its cloudy boughs singing, as suiteth the
 pine,
 To snow-bearded sea-kings old songs of
 the brine,
 Till they straightened and let their staves
 fall to the floor,
 Hearing waves moan again on the
 perilous shore
 Of Vinland, perhaps, while their prow
 groped its way
 'Twixt the frothed gnashing tusks of
 some ship-crunching bay.

So, pine-like, the legend grew, strong-
 limbed and tall,
 As the Gypsy child grows that eats crusts
 in the hall;
 It sucked the whole strength of the earth
 and the sky,

Spring, Summer, I all, Winter all brought
 it supply,
 'Twas a natural growth, and stood fear-
 lessly there,
 True part of the landscape as sea, land,
 and air,
 For it grew in good times, ere the fashion
 it was

For force these wild births of the woods
 under glass,
 And so, if its told as it should be told
 Though twice sung under Venice's
 moonlight of gold
 You would hear the lil voice of its
 mother, the pine,
 Murmur searlike and northern through
 every line,
 And the verses should grow self sustained
 and free,
 Round the vibrating stem of the melody,
 Like the lithe moonlit limbs of the parent
 tree

Yes, the pine is the mother of legends
 what for I
 For their grim roots is left when the
 thousand yeared wood,
 The dim aisled cathedral whose tall
 arches spring
 I light, sinewy graceful, firm set is the
 wing
 From Michael's white shoulder, is hewn
 in the carved
 By iconoclast axes in desperate waste,
 And its wreathe suck the ocean it proph-
 esied long,
 Cassandra like, crooning it mystical
 song,
 Then the legends go with them,—even
 yet on the sea
 A wild virtue is left in the touch of the tree,
 And the sailor's night watches are thrilled
 to the core
 With the hincal offspring of Odin and
 Thor
 Yes, wherever the pine wood has never
 let in,
 Since the day of creation, the light and
 the din

Of manifold life, but has safely conveyed
 From the midnight primeval its ainful of
 shade,
 And has kept the weird Past with its
 child faith alive
 Mid the hum and the stu of To day's
 busy hive,
 There the legend takes root in the age
 gathered gloom
 And its murmurous boughs for their sagas
 find room

Where Arcosto I saw heard, seems to sob
 as he goes
 Groping down to the sea north his
 mountainous snows,
 Where the lakes store Sahara of never
 tracked white,
 When the cry shoots across it, com-
 plains to the night
 With a long, lonely moan, that leagues
 northward is lost,
 As the ice shrinks away from the tread
 of the frost,
 Where the lumberers sit by the log fires
 that throw
 Their own threatening shadows far round
 o'er the snow,
 When the wolf howls aloof, and the
 warring glauc
 Flashes out from the blackness the eyes
 of the bear,
 When the woods huge recesses, half
 lighted, supply
 A canvas where Fancy her mad brush
 may try,
 Blotting in giant horrors that venture not
 down
 Through the right angled streets of the
 brisk white washed town,
 But skulk in the depths of the measureless
 wood
 Mid the Dark's creeping whispers that
 cuddle the blood,
 When the eye, glanced in dread o'er the
 shoulder, may dream,
 Ere it shrinks to the camp fire's com-
 panioning gleam,
 That it saw the fierce ghost of the Red
 Man crouch back

To the shroud of the tree-trunk's in-
vincible black ;
There the old shapes crowd thick round
the pine-shadowed camp,
Which shun the keen gleam of the
scholarly lamp,
And the seed of the legend finds true
Norland ground,
While the border-tale's told and the
canteen flits round.

A CONTRAST

Thy love thou sentest oft to me,
And still as oft I thrust it back ;
Thy messengers I could not see
In those who everything did lack,
The poor, the outcast, and the black.

Pride held his hand before mine eyes,
The world with flattery stuffed mine
ears ;

I looked to see a monarch's guise,
Nor dreamed thy love would knock for
years,
Poor, naked, fettered, full of tears.

Yet, when I sent my love to thee,
Thou with a smile didst take it in,
And entertain'dst it royally,
Though grimed with earth, with
hunger thin,
And leprous with the taint of sin.

Now every day thy love I meet,
As o'er the earth it wanders wide,
With weary step and bleeding feet,
Still knocking at the heart of pride
And offering grace, though still denied.

EXTREME UNCTION

Go ! leave me, Priest ; my soul would be
Alone with the consoler, Death ;
Far sadder eyes than thine will see
This crumbling clay yield up its
breath ;
These shrivelled hands have deeper
stains

Than holy oil can cleanse away,
Hands that have plucked the world's
coarse gains
As erst they plucked the flowers of
May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
Some faith from youth's traditions
wrong ;
This fruitless husk which dustward dries
Hath been a heart once, hath been
young ;
On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands ;
The Future in its purpose vast
Paused, waiting my supreme com-
mands.

But look ! whose shadows block the door ?
Who are those two that stand aloof ?
See ! on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof !
My looked-for death-bed guests are met ;
There my dead Youth doth wring its
hands,
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands !

God bends from out the deep and says,
" I gave thee the great gift of life ;
Wast thou not called in many ways ?
Are not My earth and heaven at strife ?
I give thee of My seed to sow,
Bringest thou Me My hundred-fold ? "
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, " Father, here is gold " ?

I have been innocent ; God knows
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly grows,
Than I with every brother-man :
Now here I gasp ; what lose my kind,
When this fast ebbing breath shall
part ?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to a brother heart ?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
Without a place to lay His head ;
He found free welcome at my hearth,

He shivered my cup and broke my
broad
Now, when I hear those steps sublime,
That bring the other world to this,
My snake turned nature, sunk in slime,
Starts sideways with defiant hiss

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be,
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of Himself to fashion me
He summed me with His ripening looks,
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
As effortless as woodland nook's
Send violets up and punt them I lu

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for fourscore
years

A spark of the eternal God,
And to what end? If I yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a trick
Whereby to crawl away from heaven

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that dark voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift,
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn

Mine held them once, I flung away
Those keys that might have opened
set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet,
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest, I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise
again,

The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar stone
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone

THE OAK

What grained stretch, what depth of
shade, is his!

There needs no crown to mark the
forest's king,
How in his leaves outshines full
sun as I hiss!

Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their
tribute bring,

Which he with such benignant royalty
Accepts, as overpays what is lent,
All nature seems his vassal proud to be,
And cunning only for his ornament

How towers he, too amid the billowed
snows

An unquelled exile from the summer's
throne,

Whose plain, unincut front more
plainly shows,

Now that the old searing courtier leaves
us flown

His boughs make music of the winter air,
Jewelled with sleet, like some cathedral
front

Where clinging snow flakes with quiet
art repair

The dints and furrows of time's envious
bunt

How doth his patient strength the rude
Much wind

Persuade to seem glad breaths of
summer breeze

And win the soil that sun would be
unkind,

To swell his revenues with proud
increase!

He is the gem, and all the landscape
wide

(So doth his grandeur isolate the sense)
Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,

An empty socket, were he fallen
thence

So, from oft converse with life's wintry
gales,

Should man learn how to clasp with
tougher roots

The inspiring earth, how otherwise
avails

The leaf-creating sap that sunward
shoots?

So every year that falls with noiseless
strike

Should fill old scars up on the storm
ward side,

And make hoar age reviled for age's
sake,

Not for traditions of youth's leafy
pride

So, from the pinched soil of a childish
fate,

True hearts compel the sap of sturdier
growth,

So between earth and heaven stand
simply great,

That these shall seem but their attend-
ants both,

For nature's forces with obedient zeal

Wait on the rooted faith and oaken
will,

As quickly the pretenders cheat they
feel,

And turn mad Pucks to flout and
mock him still

Lord! all Thy works are lessons; each
contains

Some emblem of man's all containing
soul;

Shall he make fruitless all Thy glorious
pains,

Delving within Thy grace an eyeless
mole?

Make me the least of Thy Dodona-
grove,

Cause me some message of Thy truth
to bring,

Speak but a word through me, nor let
Thy love

Among my boughs disdain to perch
and sing

AMBROSE

NEVER, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose, since the world began;
With diet spare and raiment thin
He shielded himself from the father of sin;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft,
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft

Through earnest prayer and watchings
long

He sought to know 'tween right and
wrong,

Much wrestling with the blessed Word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof citadel
To fold the flock in at their need

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus
saith*;

To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
The eternal death who believe not as I"
And some were boiled, some burned in
fire,

Some slain in twain, that his heart's
desire,

For the good of men's souls, might be
satisfied

By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the
truth

In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree;
It had never been granted him to see
So shining a face, and the good man
thought

'Twere pity he should not believe as
he ought

So he set himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions
tried;

But the heart of the stranger was
hardened indeed,

Nor received the stamp of the one true
 creed,
 And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to
 find
 Such features the porch of so narrow a
 mind

"As each beholds in cloud and fire
 The shape that answers his own desire
 So each, said the youth "in the Law
 shall find

The figure and fashion of his mind
 And to each in His mercy hath God
 allowed
 His several pillu of fire and cloud "

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
 And holy wrath for the young in unswail
 'Believest thou then, most wretched
 youth

Cried he "a dividuul essence in Truth?
 I fear na thy heart is too cramped with
 sin
 To take the Lord in His glory in

Now there bubbled beside them where
 they stood

A fountain of waters sweet and good,
 The youth to the streamlet's brin drew
 new

Saying, "Ambrose, thou mal of creeds,
 look here "

Six vases of crystal then he took,
 And set them along the edge of the
 brook

'As into these vessels the water I pour,
 There shall one hold less, another more,
 And the water unchanged, in every case,
 Shall put on the figure of the vase

O thou, who wouldst unity make through
 strife

Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of
 Life?

When Ambrose looled up, he stood alone,
 The youth and the stream and the vase
 were gone,

But he knew, by a sense of humbled
 grace,

He had talked with an angel face to face,
 And felt his heart change inwardly,
 As he fell on his knees beneath the tree

ABOVE AND BELOW

I

O DOWNTREEKS in the valley land,
 Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
 Till the slow mountain's dial hand
 Shorten to noon's triumphal hour,
 While ye it idle do ye think
 The Lord's great work sits idle too?
 That light dare not o'erleap the brink
 Of morn, because tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
 In God's rich field the day is cried,
 And reapers, with their sickles bright,
 Loop, singing, down the mountain
 side

Come up, and feel what health there is
 In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
 As, bending with a pitying kiss,
 The night shed tears of Lurth she
 dries!

The Lord wants reapers oh, mount up,
 Before night comes, and says, "Too
 late!"

Stay not for trailing scrip or cup,
 The Master hungers while ye wait,
 'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
 The advancing spears of day can see,
 That o'er the eastern hill tops rise,
 To break your long captivity

II

Lone watcher on the mountain height,
 It is right precious to behold
 The first long surf of climbing light
 I lood all the thirsty east with gold;
 But we, who in the shadow sit,
 Know also when the day is nigh,
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit
 With his inspiring prophecy

Thou hast thine office, we have ours,
 God lacks not early service here,

But what are thine eleventh hours
 He counts with us for morning cheer;
 Our day, for Him, is long enough,
 And when He giveth work to do,
 The bruised reed is amply tough
 To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
 Light's earlier messages to preach;
 Keep back no syllable of fire,
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
 Yet God deems not thine acried sight
 More worthy than our twilight dim;
 For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
 And following that is finding Him.

THE CAPTIVE

It was past the hour of trysting,
 But she lingered for him still;
 Like a child, the eager streamlet
 Leaped and laughed adown the hill,
 Happy to be free at twilight
 From its toiling at the mill.

Then the great moon on a sudden
 Ominous, and red as blood,
 Startling as a new creation,
 O'er the eastern hilltop stood,
 Casting deep and deeper shadows
 Through the mystery of the wood.

Dread closed vast and vague about her,
 And her thoughts turned fearfully
 To her heart, if there some shelter
 From the silence there might be,
 Like bare cedars leaning inland
 From the blighting of the sea.

Yet he came not, and the stillness
 Dampened round her like a tomb;
 She could feel cold eyes of spirits
 Looking on her through the gloom,
 She could hear the groping footsteps
 Of some blind, gigantic doom.

Suddenly the silence wavered
 Like a light mist in the wind,
 For a voice broke gently through it,
 Felt like sunshine by the blind,
 And the dread, like mist in sunshine,
 Furled serenely from her mind.

"Once my love, my love forever,
 Flesh or spirit, still the same,
 If I failed at time of trysting,
 Deem thou not my faith to blame;
 I, alas, was made a captive,
 As from Holy Land I came.

"On a green spot in the desert,
 Gleaming like an emerald star,
 Where a palm-tree, in lone silence,
 Yearning for its mate afar,
 Droops above a silver tunnel.
 Slender as a scimitar,

"There thou'lt find the humble postern
 To the castle of my foe;
 If thy love burn clear and faithful,
 Strike the gateway, green and low,
 Ask to enter, and the warder
 Surely will not say thee no."

Slept again the aspen silence,
 But her loneliness was o'er;
 Round her soul a motherly patience
 Clasped its arms forevermore;
 From her heart ebbed back the sorrow,
 Leaving smooth the golden shore.

Donned she now the pilgrim scallop,
 Took the pilgrim staff in hand;
 I like a cloud-shade, flitting eastward,
 Wandered she o'er sea and land;
 And her footsteps in the desert
 Fell like cool rain on the sand.

Soon, beneath the palm-tree's shadow,
 Knelt she at the postern low;
 And thereat she knocked full gently,
 Fearing much the warder's no;
 All her heart stood still and listened,
 As the door swung backward slow.

There she saw no surly warder
 With an eye like bolt and bar;
 Through her soul a sense of music
 Throbbled, and, like a guardian Lar,
 On the threshold stood an angel,
 Bright and silent as a star.

Fairest seemed he of God's seraphs,
 And her spirit, lily-wise,
 Opened when he turned upon her
 The deep welcome of his eyes,

Sending upward to that sunlight
All its dew for sacrifice.

Then she heard a voice come onward
Singing with a rapture new,
As Eve heard the songs in Eden,
Dropping earthward with the dew;
Well she knew the happy singer,
Well the happy song she knew

Forward leaped she o'er the threshold,
Eager as a glancing surf;
Fell from her the spirit's languor,
Fell from her the body's scurf;
'Nerth the palm next day some Arabs
Found a corpse upon the turf

THE BIRCH TREE

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the
sunshine,
Among thy leaves that palpitate forever;
Ovid in thee uppin' Nymph had prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous inland
river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb,
dumb forever!

While all the forest, witch'd with slumber-
ous moonshine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy
stillness,
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse
suspend'd,
I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid the
wide-hung silence.

On the brink of some wood nestled lake
let,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
Dripping round thy slim white stem,
whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky
quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge
would some startled Naiad.

'Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its
keeping;

Reuben writes here the happy name of
Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring
and weeping
Above her, as she steals the mystery from
thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly con-
fidences;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy
patter'ing leaflets
Sprinkle thee gathered sunshine o'er my
senses,
And Nature gives me all her summer
confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow
tremble,
Thou sympathizest still; wild and un-
quiet,
I fling me down; thy ripple, like a river,
Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and
by it
My heart is floated down into the land of
quiet.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH

I SAT one evening in my room,
In that sweet hour of twilight
When blended thoughts, half light, half
gloom,
Throng through the spirit's skylight;
The flames by fits curled round the bars,
Or up the chimney crinkled,
While embers dropped like falling stars,
And in the ashes tinkled.

I sat and mused; the fire burned low,
And, o'er my senses stealing,
Crept something of the ruddy glow
That bloomed on wall and ceiling;
My pictures (they are very few,
The heads of ancient wise men)
Smoothed down their knotted fronts, and
grew
As rosy as excisemen.

My antique high-backed Spanish chair
 Felt thrills through wood and leather,
 That had been strangers since whilere,
 'Mid Andalusian heather,
 The oak that built its sturdy frame
 His happy arms stretched over
 The ox whose fortunate hide became
 The bottom's polished cover

It came out in that famous bark,
 That brought our sires intrepid,
 Capacious as another ark
 For furniture decrepit;
 For, as that saved of bird and beast
 A pan for propagation,
 So has the seed of these increased
 And furnished half the nation.

Kings sit, they say, in slippery seats;
 But those slant precipices
 Of ice the northern voyager meets
 Less slippery are than this is;
 To cling therein would pass the wit
 Of royal man or woman,
 And whatso'er can stay in it
 Is more or less than human

I offer to all bores this perch,
 Dear well-intentioned people
 With heads as void as week-day church,
 Tongues longer than the steeple;
 To folks with missions, whose gaunt
 eyes

See golden ages rising,—
 Salt of the earth ' in whitt queer Guys
 Thou'lt fond of crystallising!

My wonder, then, was not unmix'd
 With merciful suggestion,
 When, as my roving eyes grew fix'd
 Upon the chair in question,
 I saw its trembling arms enclose
 A figure grim and rusty,
 Whose doublet plain and plainer hose
 Were something worn and dusty.

Now even such men as Nature forms
 Merely to fill the street with,
 Once turned to ghosts by hungry worms,
 Are serious things to meet with;

Your penitent spirits are no jokes,
 And, though I'm not averse to
 A quiet shade, even they are folks
 One cares not to speak first to.

Who knows, thought I, but he has
 come,
 By Charon kindly ferried,
 To tell me of a mighty sum
 Behind my wainscot buried?
 There is a buccineerish air
 About that garb outlandish
 Just then the ghost drew up his chair
 And said, "My name is Standish

"I come from Plymouth, deadily bored
 With toasts, and songs, and speeches,
 As long and flat as my old sword,
 As thickbare as my breeches.
 They understand us Pilgrims! they,
 Smooth men with rosy faces,
 Strength's knots and gnarls all pared
 away,
 And varnish in their places!"

"We had some toughness in our grain,
 The cyc to rightly see us is
 Not just the one that lights the brain
 Of drawing-room Tyrants.
 They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
 Their birthright high and holy!
 A mountain stream that ends in mud
 Methinks is melancholy

"He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
 That were not good at bending.
 The homespun dignity of man
 He thought was worth defending;
 He did not, with his pinchbeck ore,
 His country's shame forgotten,
 Gild Freedom's coffin o'er and o'er,
 When all within was rotten.

"Those loud ancestral boasts of yours,
 How can they else than vex us?
 Where were your dinner orators
 When slavery grasped at Texas?
 Dumb on his knees was every one
 That now is bold as Cassai;
 Mere pegs to hang an office on
 Such stalwart men as these are."

"Good sir," I said, "you seem much
stirred,

The sacred compromises — "

"Now God confound the dastard word !
My gall thereat arises

Northward it hath this sense alone,
That you, your conscience blinding,
Shall bow your fool's nose to the stone,
When slavery feels like galling

"'Tis shame to see such painted sticks
In Vanes and Winthrop's places,
To see your spirit of Seventy six
Drag humbly in the traces,
With slavery's lash upon her back,
And herds of office holders
To shout applause, as, with a crack,
It peels her patient shoulders.

"We forefathers to such a rout !
No, by my faith in God's word !"
Hilf rose the ghost, and half drew out
The ghost of his old broadsword,
Then thrust it slowly back again,
And sud, with reverent gesture,
"No, freedom, no ! blood should not
stain
The hem of thy white vesture

"I feel the soul in me draw near
The mount of prophesying,
In this bleak wilderness I hear
A John the Baptist crying ;
Far in the east I see upleap
The streaks of first forewarning,
And they who sowed the light shall reap
The golden sheaves of morning.

"Child of our travail and our woe.
Light in our day of sorrow,
Through my rapt spirit I forth know
The glory of thy morrow,
I hear great steps, that through the shade
Draw nigher still and nigher,
And voices call like that which bade
The prophet come up higher "

I looked, no form mine eyes could find,
I heard the red rock crowing,
And through my window chink'd the wind
A dismal tune was blowing ;

Thought I, My neighbour Buckingham
Hath somewhat in him gritty,
Some Pilgrim stuff that hates all sham,
And he will print my ditty.

ON THE CAPTURE OF FUGITIVE SLAVES NEAR WASHINGTON

LOOK on who will in apathy, and stifle
they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words,
that make man truly man ;
Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up
with interest or with ease
Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loath-
some deeds like these !

I first drew in New England's air, and
from her hardly breast
Sucked in the tyrant hating milk that
will not let me rest ;
And if my words seem treason to the
dullard and the tame,
'Tis but my Bay State dialect, — our
fathers spake the same !

Shame on the costly mockery of piling
stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the heroes
dead and gone,
While we look coldly on and see law-
shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their own,
the heroes of to day !

Are we pledged to craven silence ? Oh,
fling it to the wind,
The parchment wall that bars us from
the least of human kind,
That makes us cunge and temporise, and
dumbly stand at rest,
While pity's burning flood of words is
red hot in the breast !

Though we break our fathers' promise,
we have nobler duties first ;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor
most accursed ;
Man is more than Constitutions ; better
rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while
we are doubly false to God !

We owe allegiance to the State ; but
 deeper, truer, more,
 To the sympathies that God hath set
 within our spirit's core ;
 Our country claims our fealty ; we grant
 it so, but then
 Before Man made us citizens, great
 Nature made us men.
 He's true to God who's true to man ;
 wherever wrong is done,
 To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath
 the all-beholding sun,
 That wrong is also done to us ; and they
 are slaves most base,
 Whose love of right is for themselves,
 and not for all their race.
 God works for all. Ye cannot hem the
 hope of being free
 With parallels of latitude, with mountain-
 range or sea.
 Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be
 callous as ye will,
 From soul to soul, o'er all the world,
 leaps one electric thrill.
 Chain down your slaves with ignorance,
 ye cannot keep apart,
 With all your craft of tyranny, the human
 heart from heart :
 When first the Pilgrims landed on the
 Bay State's iron shore,
 The word went forth that slavery should
 one day be no more.
 Out from the land of bondage 'tis decreed
 our slaves shall go,
 And signs to us are offered, as erst to
 Pharaoh ;
 If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's
 of yore,
 Through a Red Sea is doomed to be,
 whose surges are of gore.
 'Tis ours to save our brethren, with peace
 and love to win
 Their darkened hearts from error, ere
 they harden it to sin ;
 But if before his duty man with listless
 spirit stands,
 Erelong the Great Avenger takes the
 work from out his hands.

TO THE DANDELION

DEAR common flower, that grow'st
 beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless
 gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride
 uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed
 that they
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample
 round
 May match in wealth, thou art more
 dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms
 may be.
 Gold such as thine ne'er drew the
 Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian
 seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;
 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she
 scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never under-
 stand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded
 eye.
 Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or
 time :
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed
 bee
 Feels a more summer-like warm ravish-
 ment
 In the white lily's breezy tent,
 His fragrant Sylaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles
 burst.
 Then think I of deep shadows on the
 grass,

Of meadows where in sun the cattle
graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
ways,

Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy
mass,

Of whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle
through

Some woodland gap, and of a sky
above,

Where one white cloud like a stray
lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are
linked with thee;

The sight of thee calls back the robin's
song,

Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish pity,

I listened as if I heard in angel song
With news from heaven, which he
could bring

Fresh every day to my untutored ears
When birds and flowers and I were
happy peers

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common
art!

Thou teachest me to deem
More surely of every human heart,
Since each reflect in joy its scanty
gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous
secret show,

Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom
look

On all these living pages of God's book.

THE GHOST-SEER

Ye who, passing graves by night,
Glance not to the left or right,
Lest a spirit should arise,
Cold and white, to freeze your eyes,
Some weak phantom, which your doubt

Shapes upon the dark without
From the dark within, a guess
At the spirit's deathlessness,
Which ye entertain with fear
In your self-built dungeon here,
Where ye sell your God-given lives
Just for gold to buy you gyves,—
Ye without a shudder meet
In the city's noonday street,
Spirits sadder and more dead
Than from out the clay have fled,
Buried, beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night!

See ye not that woman pale?
There are bloodhounds on her trail!
Bloodhounds two, all gaunt and lean,
(For the soul their scent is keen,)
Want and Sin, and Sin is last,
They have followed far and fast;
Want gave tongue, and, at her howl,
Sin awakened with a growl
Ah, poor girl! she had a right
To a blessing from the light,
Title deeds to sky and earth
God gave to her at her birth,
But, before they were enjoyed,
Poverty had made them void,
And had drunk the sunshine up
From all nature's ample cup,
Leaving her a first-born's share
In the dregs of darkness there
Often, on the sidewalk bleak,
Hungry, all alone, and weak,
She has seen, in night and storm,
Rooms o'erflow with torchlight wum,
Which, outside the window glass,
Doubled all the cold, alas!
Till each ray that on her fell
Stabbed her like an icicle,
And she almost loved the wail
Of the bloodhounds on her trail.
Till the floor becomes her bier,
She shall feel then paintings near,
Close upon her very heels,
Spite of all the din of wheels;
Shivering on her pallet poor,
She shall hear them at the door
Whine and scratch to be let in,
Sister bloodhounds, Want and Sin!

Hark ! that rustle of a dress,
 Stiff with lavish costliness !
 Here comes one whose cheek would flush
 But to have her gument brush
 'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
 Wove the weary broidery in,
 Bending backward from her toil,
 Lest her tears the silk might soil,
 And, in midnights chill and murk,
 Stitched her life into the work,
 Shaping from her bitter thought
 Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,
 Satirising her despair
 With the emblems woven there.
 Little doth the wearer heed
 Of the heart-break in the brede ;
 A hyena by her side
 Skulks, down-looking,—it is Pride.
 He digs for her in the earth,
 Where lie all her claims of birth,
 With his foul paws rooting o'er
 Some long-buried ancestor,
 Who, perhaps a statue won
 By the ill deeds he had done,
 By the innocent blood he shed,
 By the desolation spread
 Over happy villages,
 Blotting out the smile of peace.

There walks Judas, he who sold
 Yesterday his Lord for gold,
 Sold God's presence in his heart
 For a proud step in the mart ;
 He hath dealt in flesh and blood ;
 At the bank his name is good ;
 At the bank, and only there,
 'Tis a marketable ware.
 In his eyes that stealthy gleam
 Was not learned of sky or stream,
 But it has the cold, hard glint
 Of new dollars from the mint.
 Open now your spirit's eyes,
 Look through that poor clay disguise
 Which has thickened, day by day,
 Till it keeps all light at bay,
 And his soul in pitchy gloom
 Gropes about its narrow tomb,
 From whose dank and slimy walls
 Drop by drop the horror falls.
 Look ! a serpent lank and cold

Hug, his spirit fold on fold ;
 From his heart, all day and night,
 It doth suck God's blessed light.
 Drink it will, and drink it must,
 Till the cup holds naught but dust ;
 All day long he hears it hiss,
 Writhing in its fiendish bliss ;
 All night long he sees its eyes
 Flicker with foul ecstasies,
 As the spirit ebbs away
 Into the absorbing clay.

Who is he that skulks, afraid
 Of the trust he has betrayed,
 Shuddering if perchance a gleam
 Of old nobleness should stream
 Through the pent, unwholesome room,
 Where his shrunk soul cowers in gloom,
 Spirit sad beyond the rest
 By more instinct for the best ?
 'Tis a poet who was sent
 For a bad world's punishment,
 By compelling it to see
 Golden glimpses of To Be,
 By compelling it to hear
 Songs that prove the angels near ;
 Who was sent to be the tongue
 Of the weak and spirit-wing,
 Whence the fiery-winged Despair
 In men's shrinking eyes might flare.
 'Tis our hope doth fashion us
 To base use or glorious :
 He who might have been a lark
 Of Truth's morning, from the dark
 Raining down melodious hope
 Of a freer, broader scope,
 Aspirations, prophecies,
 Of the spirit's full sunrise,
 Chose to be a bird of night,
 That, with eyes refusing light,
 Hooted from some hollow tree
 Of the world's idolatry.
 'Tis his punishment to hear
 Sweep of eager pinions near,
 And his own vain wings to feel
 Drooping downward to his heel,
 All their grace and import lost,
 Burdening his weary ghost :
 Ever walking by his side
 He must see his angel guide,

Who at intervals doth turn
Looks on him so sadly stern,
With such ever new surprise
Of hushed unguish in her eyes,
That it seems the light of day
From around him shrinks away,
Or drops hunted from the wall
Built round him by his fall
Then the mountains, whose white peaks
Catch the morning's earliest streaks
He must see where prophets sit
Turning east their faces lit,
Whence, with footsteps beautiful
To the earth yet dim and dull
They the glorious tidings bring,
Of the sunlight's hastening
Never can these hills of bliss
Be o'erclimed by feet like his'

But enough! Oh do not dare
From the next the veil to tear
Woven of station, trade, or dress,
More of scene than nakedness,
Wherewith plausible cultic drapes
Allen Nature's myriad slapes!
Let us rather love to mark
How the unextinguished spark
Still gleams through the thin disguise
Of our customs' pomp and lies,
And, not seldom blown to flame,
Vindicating its ancient claim

STUDIES FOR TWO HEADS

SOME sort of heart I know is hers,
I chanced to feel her pulse one night,
A brain she has that never errs,
And yet is never nobly right
It does not leap to great results,
But, in some corner out of sight,
Suspects a spot of latent blight,
And, o'er the impatient infinite,
She bargains, haggles, and consults

Her eye, —it seems a chemic test
And drops upon you like an acid,
It bites you with unconscious zest,
So clear and bright, so coldly placid,

It holds you quietly aloof,
It holds, —and yet it does not win you
It merely puts you to the proof
And sorts what qualities are in you,
It smiles, but never brings you nearer,
It lights her nature draws not nigh
'Tis but that yours is growing clearer
To her assays —yes, try and try,
You'll get no deeper than her eye

Here, you are classified she's gone
Far, far away into herself,
Rich with its Latin lard on,
Your poor components, one by one,
Are laid upon their proper shelf
In her compact and ordered mind,
And what of you is left behind
Is no more to her than the wind,
In that clear brain, which, day and night,
No movement of the heart ever jostles,
Her friends are ranged on left and right,—
Here, sleek, hornblende, granite
Here, mineral remains and fossils

And yet, O subtle analyst
That canst each property detect
Of mood or grain, that canst untwist
Each tangled skein of intellect,
And with thy scalpel eyes lay bare
Each mental nerve more fine than sin,
O brain exact that in thy scales
Canst weigh the sun and never err,
For once thy patient science fails,
One problem still defies thy art,—
Thou never canst compute for her
The distance and diameter
Of any simple hum in heart

Hear him but speak, and you will feel
The shadows of the Portico
Over your tranquil spirit steal,
To modulate all joy and woe
To one subdued, subduing glow,
Above our squabbling business hours,
Like Indian Jove's, his beauty lowers,
His nature satirises ours,
A form and front of Attic grace,
He shames the hugging market place,
And dwarfs our more mechanic powers.

What throbbing verse can fitly render
That face so pure, so trembling-tender?
Sensation glimmers through its rest,
It speaks unmanacled by words,
As full of motion as a nest
That palpitates with unfledged birds;
'Tis likest to Bethesda's stream,
Forewarned through all its thrilling
springs,
White with the angel's coming gleam,
And rippled with his fanning wings.

Hear him unfold his plots and plans,
And larger destinies seem man's;
You conjure from his glowing face
The omen of a fairer race;
With one grand trope he boldly spans
The gulf wherein so many fall,
'Twixt possible and actual;
His first swift word, talusia-shod,
Exuberant with conscious God,
Out of the choir of planets blots
The present earth with all its spots.

Himself unshaken as the sky,
His words, like whirlwinds, spin on high
Systems and creeds pellmell together;
'Tis strange as to a deaf man's eye,
While trees uprooted splinter by,
The dumb turmoil of stormy weather;
Less of iconoclast than shaper,
His spirit, safe behind the reach
Of the tornado of his speech,
Burns calmly as a glowworm's taper.

So great in speech, but, ah! in act
So overrun with vermin troubles,
The coarse, sharp-cornered, ugly fact
Of life collapses all his bubbles:
Had he but lived in Plato's day,
He might, unless my fancy errs,
Have shared that golden voice's sway
O'er barefooted philosophers.
Our nipping climate hardly suits
The ripening of ideal fruits:
His theories vanquish us all summer,
But winter makes him dumb and dumber;
To see him mid life's needful things
Is something painfully bewildering;
He seems an angel with clipt wings
Tied to a mortal wife and children,

And by a brother seraph taken
In the act of eating eggs and bacon.
Like a clear fountain, his desire
Exults and leaps toward the light.
In every drop it says "Aspire!"
Striving for more ideal height;
And as the fountain, falling thence,
Crawls baffled through the common
gutter,
So, from his speech's eminence,
He shrinks into the present tense,
Unkinged by foolish bread and butter.

Yet smile not, worldling, for in deeds
Not all of life that's brave and wise is;
He strews an ampler future's seeds,
'Tis your fault if no harvest rises;
Smooth back the sneer; for is it naught
That all he is and has is Beauty's?
By soul the soul's gains must be wrought,
The Actual claims our coarser thought,
The Ideal hath its higher duties.

ON A PORTRAIT OF DANTE BY GIOTTO

CAN this be thou who, lean and pale,
With such inimitable eye
Didst loom upon those writhing souls in
bale,
And note each vengeance, and pass by
Unmoved, save when thy heart by chance
Cast backward one forbidden glance,
And saw Francesca, with child's glee,
Subdue and mount thy wild-horse
knee
And with proud hands control its fiery
prance?

With half-drooped lids, and smooth,
round brow,
And eye remote, that only sees
Fair Beatrice's spirit wandering now
In some sea-lulled Hesperides,
Thou movest through the jarring street,
Secluded from the noise of feet
By her gift-blossom in thy hand,
Thy branch of palm from Holy
Land;—
No trace is here of ruin's fiery sleet.

Yet there is something round thy lips
That prophesies the coming doom,
The soft, gray herald-shadow ere the
clipse

Notches the perfect disk with gloom;
A something that would banish thee,
And thine untamed pursuer be,
From men and their unworthy fates,
Though Florence had not shut her
gates,
And Grief had loosed her clutch and let
thee free.

Ah! he who follows fearlessly
The becknings of a poet heart
Shall wander, and without the world's
deceit,

A banished man in field and mart;
Harder than Florence' walls the bar
Which with deaf sternness holds him far
From home and friends, till death's
release,

And makes his only prayer for peace,
Like thine, scarred veteran of a lifelong
war!

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD

DEATH never came so nigh to me before.
Nor showed me his mild face: oft had I
mused

Of calm and peace and safe forgetfulness,
Of folded hands, closed eyes, and heart
at rest,
And slumber sound beneath a flowery
turf,

Of faults forgotten, and an inner place
Kept sacred for us in the heart of friends;
But these were idle fancies, satisfied
With the mere husk of this great mystery,
And dwelling in the outward shows of
things.

Heaven is not mounted to on wings of
dreams,
Nor doth the unthankful happiness of
youth
Aim thitherward, but floats from bloom
to bloom,

With earth's warm patch of sunshine well
content:

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer
God

The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes
unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems stern
and cold,

When he is sent to summon those we
love,

But all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the scaph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was
meant

When Jesus touched the blind man's lids
with clay.

Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us
free.

He flings not open the ivory gate of
Rest,—

Only the fallen spirit knocks at that,—
But to benigner regions beckons us,
To destinies of more rewarded toil.
In the hushed chamber, sitting by the
dead,

It grates on us to hear the flood of life
Whirl rustling onward, senseless of our
loss.

The bee hums on; around the blossomed
vine

Whirs the light humming-bird; the
cricket chirps;

The locust's shrill alarm stings the ear;
Hard by, the cock shouts lustily; from
farm to farm,

His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,
Answer, till far away the joyance dies:

We never knew before how God had filled
The summer air with happy living
sounds;

All round us seems an overplus of life,

And yet the one dear heart lies cold and still.

It is most strange, when the great miracle

Hath for our sakes been done, when we have had

Our inwardest experience of God,
When with His presence still the room expands,

And is awed after Him, that naught is changed,

That Nature's face looks unacknowledging,

And the mad world still dances heedless on
After its butterflies, and gives no sign.

'Tis hard at first to see it all aright :
In vain Faith blows her trump to summon back

Her scattered troop : yet, through the clouded glass

Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face ;
Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone shines through.

It is no little thing, when a fresh soul
And a fresh heart, with their unmeasured scope

For good, not gravitating earthward yet,
But circling in diviner periods,
Are sent into the world,—no little thing,
When this unbounded possibility
Into the outer silence is withdrawn.

Ah, in this world, where every guiding thread

Ends suddenly in the one sure centre,
death,

The visionary hand of Might-have-been
Alone can fill Desire's cup to the brim !

How changed, dear friend, are thy part
and thy child's !

He bends above thy cradle now, or holds
His warning finger out to be thy guide ;
Thou art the nursing now ; he watches thee

Slow learning, one by one, the secret things

Which are to him used sights of every day ;

He smiles to see thy wondering glances
con

The grass and pebbles of the spirit-world,
To thee miraculous ; and he will teach
Thy knees their due observances of prayer.

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope,
and peace ;

Nor hath thy babe his mission left
undone.

To me, at least, his going hence hath
given

Serenest thoughts and nearer to the skies,
And opened a new fountain in my heart
For thee, my friend, and all : and oh, if
Death

More near approaches meditates, and
clasps

Even now some dearer, more reluctant
hand,

God, strengthen Thou my faith, that I
may see

That 'tis Thine angel, who, with loving
haste,

Unto the service of the inner shrine,
Doth waken Thy beloved with a kiss.

EURYDICE

HEAVEN'S cup held down to me I drain,
The sunshine mounts and spurs my
brain ;

Bathing in grass, with thirsty eye
I suck the last drop of the sky ;
With each hot sense I draw to the lees
The quickening out-door influences,
And empty to each radiant corner
A supernaculum of summer :

Not, Bacchus, all thy grosser juice
Could bring enchantment so profuse,
Though for its press each grape-bunch
had

The white feet of an Oread.

Through our coarse art gleam, now and
then,

The features of angelic men ;
'Neath the lewd Satyr's veiling paint
Gloweth forth the Sibyl, Muse, or Saint ;

The drabber's blotch no more obscures
The mighty master's portraiture
And who can say what luckier beam
The hidden glory shall redeem,
For what chance clod the soul may wait
To stumble on its nobler fate,
Oh why, to his unwounded abode,
Still by surprises comes the God?
Some moment, nuded on sorrow's cross,
My mediate a whole youth's loss,
Some vain full joy we knew not whence,
Kedecum a lifetime's rash expense,
And, suddenly wise, the soul may mark
Stopped of then simulate duk,
Mountains of gold that pierce the sky,
Gudling its valleyed poverty

I feel ye childlike hopes return,
With olden hearts my pulses burn,—
Mine to the self forgetting sweet
The torrent impulse swift and wild
Wherewith Targhann's rock-born child
Dives gloriously the dangerous leap,
And in his sky descended mood,
Transmutes each drop of sluggish blood,
By touch of his way's simple wind,
To unthrust and diamond,
Moving himself no bird's slip,
But the true granite cradled one,
Nursed with the rock's primeval drip
The cloud embracing mountain's son!

Prayer breathed in vain! no wish's sway
Rebuilds the vanished yesterday,
For plaited wires of Sheffield stump
We gave the old Aladdin's lamp,
As we are changed, ah, whither went
That undesigned abandonment,
That wise unquestioning content,
Which could erect its microcosm
Out of a weed's neglected blossom,
Could call up Arthur and his peers
By a low moss's clump of spears,
Or, in its shingle truism launched,
Where Charles in some green inlet
branched,
Could venture for the golden fleece
And dragon watched Hesperides,
Or, from its ripple shattered fate,
Ulysses' chances recreate?

When, heralding life's every phase,
I here glowed a goddess veiling haze,
A plenteous, forewarning grace,
Like that more tender dawn that flies
Before the full moon's ample rise?
Methinks thy parting glory shines
Through yonder grove of singing pines
At that calm vista's end I trace
Dimly thy sad leave-taking face,
I crydite! I crydite!
The tremulous leaves repeat to me
I crydite! I crydite!
No gloomier Orion swallows thee
I than the unclouded sunset's glow,
Thine is at least I lysian woe,
Thou hast Good's natural decay,
And fatest like a stru way
Into an atmosphere whose shine
With fuller day o'camsteas thine,
Fencing defeat its twice a shine,
For us we turn life's diary over
To find but one word — Nevermore

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
I lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stuned,
I only know she came and went

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven,
I only know she came and went

As, at one bound, our swift spring leaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps,—
I only know she came and went

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent,
The tent is struck the vision stays,—
I only know she came and went

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will bring,
Only to think she came and went

THE CHANGELING

I HAD a little daughter,
 And she was given to me
 To lead me gently backward
 To the Heavenly Father's knee,
 That I, by the force of nature,
 Might in some dim wise divine
 The depth of His infinite patience
 To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
 But to me she was wholly fair,
 And the light of the heaven she came
 from
 Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
 For it was as wavy and golden,
 And as many changes took,
 As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
 On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
 Upon me, her kneeling lover,
 How it leaped from her lips to her
 eyelids,
 And dimpled her wholly over,
 Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
 And I almost seemed to see
 The very heart of her mother
 Sending sun through her veins to me !

She had been with us scarce a twelve-
 month,

And it hardly seemed a day,
 When a troop of wandering angels
 Stole my little daughter away ;
 Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
 But loosed the hampering strings,
 And when they had opened her cage-
 door,
 My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
 A little angel child,
 That seems like her bud in full blossom,
 And smiles as she never smiled :
 When I wake in the morning, I see it
 Where she always used to lie,
 And I feel as weak as a violet
 Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
 For the whole year long I see
 All the wonders of faithful Nature
 Still worked for the love of me ;
 Winds wander, and dews drip earth-
 ward,
 Rain falls, suns rise and set,
 Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
 A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
 I cannot sing it to rest,
 I cannot lift it up fatherly
 And bless it upon my breast ;
 Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
 And sits in my little one's chair,
 And the light of the heaven she's gone to
 Transfigures its golden hair.

THE PIONEER

WHAT man would live confined with
 brick and stone,
 Imprisoned from the healing touch
 of air,
 And cramped with selfish landmarks
 everywhere,
 When all before him stretches, furrowless
 and lone,
 The unmapped prairie none can fence
 or own ?

What man would read and read the
 selfsame faces,
 And, like the marbles which the
 windmill grinds,
 Rub smooth forever with the same
 smooth minds,
 This year retracing last year's, every
 year's, dull traces,
 When there are woods and un-pen-
 folded spaces ?

What man o'er one old thought would
 pore and pore,
 Shut like a book between its covers
 thin
 For every fool to leave his dog's-
 ears in,

When solitude is his, and God forever-
more,
Just for the opening of a paltry door?

What man would watch life's oozy
element
Creep Letheward forever, when he
might
Down some great river drift beyond
men's sight,
To where the undethroned forest's royal
tent
Broods with its hush o'er half a
continent?

What man with men would push and
altercate,
Piecing out crooked means to
crooked ends,
When he can have the skies and
woods for friends,
Snatch back the rudder of his undis-
mantled fate,
And in himself be ruler, church, and
state?

Cast leaves and feathers rot in last
year's nest,
The winged brood, flown thence,
new dwellings plan;
The scif of his own Past is not a
man;
To change and change is life, to move
and never rest;—
Not what we are, but what we hope,
is best.

The wild, free woods make no man
halt or blind;
Cities rob men of eyes and hands
and feet,
Patching one whole of many in-
complete;
The general preys upon the individual
mind,
And each alone is helpless as the wind.

Each man is some man's servant;
every soul
Is by some other's presence quite
discrowned;

Each owes the next through all the
imperfect round,
Yet not with mutual help; each man is
his own goal,
And the whole earth must stop to pay
him toll.

Here, life the undiminished man
demands,
New faculties stretch out to meet
new wants;
What Nature asks, that Nature
also grant;
Here man is lord, not drudge, of eyes
and feet and hands,
And to his life is knit with hourly bands.

Come out, then, from the old thoughts
and old ways.
Before you harden to a crystal cold
Which the new life can shatter, but
not mould;
Freedom for you still waits, still, looking
backward, stays,
But widens still the intrievable space.

LONGING

Or all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging
Which one was ever so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sncering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be se
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;

But, would we learn that heart's full
scope

Which we are hourly wronging
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realise our longing

Ah ! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons —
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self satisfaction
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action

ODE TO FRANCE

FEBRUARY 1848

I

As, flake by flake the beetling, valan-
ches

Build up their imminent crags of
noiseless snow

Till some chance thrill the loosened
ruin lances

In unward havoc on the roofs below,
So grew and gathered through the silent
years

The madness of a People wrong by
wrong

There seemed no strength in the dumb
toiler's tears

No strength in suffering, but the Past
was strong

The brute despot of triumped centuries
Leaped up with one hoarse yell and
snapped its bands,

Groped for its sight with horny,
callous hands,

And stared around for God with blood
shot eyes

What wonder if those palms were all
too hard

For nice distinctions,—if that menad
throng—

They whose thick atmosphere no bard
Had shivered with the lightning of his
song,

Brutes with the memories and desires
of men,

Whose chronicles were writ with non
pen,

In the crooked shoulder and the
forehead low

Set wrong to balance wrong,
And physicked woe with woe?

II

They did as they were taught not theirs
the blame,

If men who scattered firebrands reaped
the flame

They trampled Peace beneath their
savage feet,

And by her golden tresses drew

Mercy along the pavement of the
street

O Freedom ! Freedom ! is thy morning
dew

So gory red ? Alas, thy light had
never

Shone in upon the chaos of their
lur

They reared to thee such symbol as they
new

And worshipped it with flame and
blood,

A Vengeance, we in hand, that stood
Holding a tyrant's head up by the clotted
hair

III

What wrongs the Oppressor suffered,
these we know,

These have found pitious voice in song
and prose,

But for the Oppressed, their darkness
and their woe,

I hear grinding centuries,—what Muse
had those ?

Though hall and palace had nor eyes
nor ears,

Hardening a people's heart to senseless
stone,

Thou knewest them, O Earth, that drank
their tears,

O Heaven, that heard their inarticulate
moan !

They noted down their fates, link by
link

Cause was the hand that scrawled, and
red the ink,

Kude was their score as suits unlettered
men

Notched with a husbandman's axe upon a
block

What marvel if, when came the avenging
shock,

I wa Ate, not Ummir, held the pen?

IV

With eye averted and in anguished
frown

Fortunely glides the Muse through
scenes of strife,

Where, like the heart of Vengeance up
and down

Throbs in its framework the blood
muffled knife

Slow rise the steps of Freedom, but
her feet

Turn never backward hers no bloody
clare,

Her light is calm, and innocent, and
sweet,

And where it enters there is no
despise

Not first on palace and cathedral spire
Quivers and gleams that unconsuming fire,

While these stand black against her
morning skies,

The peasant sees it leap from peak to
peak

Along his hills, the craftsman's burn-
ing eyes

Own with cool tears its influence mother
meek,

It lights the poet's heart up like a star,
Ah! while the tyrant deemed it still
afar,

And twined with golden threads his
futile snare,

That swift, convicting glow all round
him ran,

'Twas close beside him there,
Sunrise whose Mornion is the soul of
man

O Broker King, is this thy wisdom's
fruit?

A dynasty plucked out as twere a
weed

Grown rankly in a night, that leaves
no seed!

Could eighteen years strike down no
deeper root?

But now thy vulture eye was turned
on Spain,

A shoit from Paris, and thy crown falls
fi

Thy race has ceased to reign

And thou become a fugitive and scoll

Slippery the feet that mount by stairs
of gold,

And weakest of all fences one of steel,
Go and keep school again like him of
old,

The Syracusan tyrant,—thou mayst feel
Royal amid a much swayed common
weal!

VI

Not long can he be ruler who allows

His time to run before him, thou
wast naught

Soon is the strip of gold about thy brows
Was no more emblem of the People's
thought

Van were thy bayonets against the foe

Thou hadst to cope with, thou didst
wage

War not with Frenchmen merely,—no,
Thy strife was with the Spirit of the Age,
The invisible Spirit whose first breath
divine

Scattered thy frail endeavour,

And, like poor last year's leaves, whirled
thee and thine

Into the Dark forever!

*

VII

Is here no triumph? Nay, what
though

The yellow blood of Trade meanwhile
should pour

Along its arteries a shrunken flow,

And the idle canvas droop around the shore?

These do not make a state,
Nor keep it great ;
I think God made

The earth for man, not trade ;
And where each humblest human creature
Can stand, no more suspicious or afraid,
Erect and kingly in his right of nature,
To heaven and earth knit with harmoni-
ous ties,—

Where I behold the exultation
Of manhood glowing in those eyes
That had been dark for ages,
Or only lit with bestial loves and
rages,

There I behold a Nation .

The France which lies
Between the Pyrenees and Rhine
Is the least part of France ;
I see her rather in the soul whose shine
Burns through the craftsman's grimy
countenance,

In the new energy divine
Of Toil's enfranchised glance.

VIII

And if it be a dream,
If the great Future be the little Past
'Neath a new mask, which drops and
shows at last

The same weird, mocking face to balk
and blast,

Yet, Muse, a gladder measure suits the
theme,
And the Tyrtæan harp
Loves notes more resolute and
sharp,

Throbbing, as throbs the bosom, hot and
fast :

Such visions are of morning,
Theirs is no vague forewarning,
The dreams which nations dream come
true,

And shape the world anew ;

If this be a sleep,

Make it long, make it deep,

O Father, who sendest the harvests men
reap !

While Labour so sleepeth,
His sorrow is gone,

No longer he weepeth,
But smileth and steepeth

His thoughts in the dawn ;
He heareth Hope yonder

Rain, lark-like, her fancies

His dreaming hands wander
Mid heart's-ease and pansies ;

" 'Tis a dream ! 'Tis a vision ! "

Shrieks Mammon aghast ;

" The day's broad derision

Will chase it at last ;

Ye are mad, ye have taken

A slumbering kraken

For firm land of the Past ! "

Ah ! if he awaken,

God shield us all then,

If this dream rudely shaken

Shall cheat him again !

IX

Since first I heard our North-wind
blow,

Since first I saw Atlantic throw
On our grim rocks his thunderous
snow,

I loved thee, Freedom ; as a boy
The rattle of thy shield at Marathon
Did with a Grecian joy

Through all my pulses run ;
But I have learned to love thee now
Without the helm upon thy gleaming
brow,

A maiden mild and undefiled
Like her who bore the world's redeem-
ing child ;

And surely never did thine altars
glance

With purer fires than now in France ;
While, in their clear white flashes,

Wrong's shadow, backward cast,
Waves cowering o'er the ashes

Of the dead, blaspheming Past,
O'er the shapes of fallen giants,

His own unburied brood,

Whose dead hands clench defiance

At the overpowering Good :

And down the happy future runs a flood

Of prophesying light,
It shows an Faith no longer stained
with blood,
Blossom and fruit where now we see
the bud
Of Brotherhood and Right

ANTI APIS

Pharisee Law, friend? We, too, love
it much as they that love it best,
Tis the deep, august foundation, whereon
Peace and Justice rest;
On the rock primæval, hidden in the Past
its basis be,
Block by block the endeavouring Ages
built it up to what we see
But dig down the Old unbury, thou
shalt find on every stone
That each Age hath carved the symbol
of what god to them was known,
Ugly Japes and brutish sometimes, but
the fairest that they knew,
If their sight were dim and earthward,
yet then hope and aim were true
Surely as the unconscious needle feels the
far off loudstar draw,
So strives every gracious nature to it on
itself with law;
And the elder Saints and Sages had their
pious framework right
By a theocratic instinct covered from the
people's sight.
As then gods were, so then laws were;
Thou the strong couldst reave and
steal,
So through many a peaceful inlet tore the
Noise-man's eager keel;
But a new law came when Christ came,
and no blameless, as before,
Can we, paying Him our lip-tithes, give
our lives and faiths to Thou
Law is holy: ay, but what law? Is
there nothing more divine
Than the patched up broil of Congress,
venal, full of meat and wine?

Is there, say you, nothing higher?
Naught, God save us! that transcends
Laws of cotton texture, wove by vulgar
men for vulgar ends?
Did Jehovah ask their counsel, or submit
to them a plan,
Lest He filled with loves, hopes, longings,
this spring heart of man?
For their edict does the soul wait, ere it
swing round to the pole
Of the true, the fair, the God-willed, all
that makes it be a soul?
Law is holy; but not your law, ye who
keep the tablets whole
While ye dash the Law to pieces, shatter
it in life and soul;
bearing up the Ark is lightsome, golden
Apis hid within,
While we Levites share the offerings,
richer by the people's sin.
Give to Caesar what is Caesar's? yes, but
tell me, if you can,
Is this superscription Caesar's here upon
our brother man?
Is not here some other's image, dark and
sullied though it be,
In this fellow soul that worships, struggles
Godward even as we?
It was not to such a future that the May-
flower's prow was turned;
Not to such a faith the martyrs clung,
exulting as they burned;
Not by such laws the men fashioned,
earnest, simple, valiant, great
In the household virtues whereon rests
the unconquerable state.
Ah! there is a higher gospel, overhead
the God roof springs,
And each glad, obedient planet like a
golden shuttle sings
Through the web which Time is weaving
in his never resting loom,
Weaving seasons many-coloured, bringing
prophecy to doom.

Think you Truth a farthing rushlight, to
be pinched out when you will
With your delf official fingers, and your
politicians' skill?

Is your God a wooden fetish, to be
hidden out of sight

That his black eyes may not see you do
the thing that is not right?

But the Destinies think not so; to their
judgment-chamber lone

Comes no noise of popular clamour, there
Fame's trumpet is not blown;

Your majorities they reckon not; that you
grant, but then you say

That you differ with them somewhat,
which is stronger, you or they?

Patient are they as the insects that build
islands in the deep;

They hurl not the bolted thunder, but
their silent way they keep;

Where they have been that we know;
where empires towered that were
not just;

Lo! the skulking wild fox scratches in a
little heap of dust.

A PARABLE

SAID Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in
Me."

He passed not again through the gate of
birth,

But made Himself known to the children
of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers,
and kings,

"Behold, now, the Giver of all good
things;

Go to, let us welcome with pomp and
state

Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they
spread

Wherever the Son of Man should tread,

And in palace-chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him with
kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him;
And in church, and palace, and judg-
ment-hall,

He saw His own image high over all.

But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,
And from under the heavy foundation-
stones,

The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judg-
ment-hall,

He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and
sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and
altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the
poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from their
Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears,
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold Thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard,—with sword and
flame

To hold thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as Thou leftest them, Thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-
hem,
For fear of defilement. "Lo, here," said
He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

ODE

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE
INTRODUCTION OF THE COCHITUATE
WATER INTO THE CITY OF BOSTON

My name is Water : I have sped
Through strange, dark ways, untried
before,
By pure desire of friendship led,
Cochituate's ambassador;
He sends four royal gifts by me :
Long life, health, peace, and purity.

I'm Ceres' cup-bearer ; I pour,
For flowers and fruits and all their kin,
Her crystal vintage, from of yore
Stored in old Earth's selectest bin,
Flora's Falernian ripe, since God
The winepress of the deluge trod.

In that far isle whence, iron-willed,
The New World's sires their bark
unmoored,
The fairies' acorn-cups I filled
Upon the tondstool's silver board,
And, 'neath Heine's oak, for Shake-
speare's sight,
Strewed moss and grass with diamonds
bright.

No fairies in the Mayflower came,
And, lightsome as I sparkle here,
For Mother Bry State, busy dame,
I've toiled and drudged this many a
year,
Throbb'd in her engines' iron veins,
Twirled myriad spindles for her gains.

I, too, can weave : the warp I set
Through which the sun his shuttle
throws,

And, bright as Noah saw it, yet
For you the arching rainbow glows,
A sight in Paradise denied
To unfallen Adam and his bride.

When Winter held me in his grip,
You seized and sent me o'er the wave,
Ungrateful ! in a prison-ship ;
But I forgive, not long a slave,
For, soon as summer south-winds blew,
Homeward I fled, disguised as dew.

For countless services I'm fit,
Of use, of pleasure, and of gain,
But lightly from all bonds I flit,
Nor lose my mirth, nor feel a stain ;
From mill and wash-tub I escape,
And take in heaven my proper shape.

So, free myself, to-day, elate
I come from far o'er hill and mead,
And here, Cochituate's envoy, wait
To be your blithesome Ganymede,
And brim your cups with nectar true
That never will make slaves of you.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE GRAVES OF TWO
ENGLISH SOLDIERS ON CONCORD
BATTLE-GROUND

THE same good blood that now refills
The dotard Orient's shrunken veins,
The same whose vigour westward thrills,
Bursting Nevada's silver chains,
Poured here upon the April grass,
Freckled with red the herbage new ;
On reeled the battle's trampling mass,
Back to the ash the bluebird flew.

Poured here in vain ;—that sturdy blood
Was meant to make the earth more green,
But in a higher, gentler mood
Than broke this April noon serene ;
Two graves are here : to mark the place,
At head and foot, an unhewn stone,
O'er which the herald lichens trace
The blazon of Oblivion.

These men were brave enough, and true
To the hired soldier's bull-dog creed;
What brought them here they never
knew,

They fought as suits the English breed:
They came three thousand miles, and
died,

To keep the Past upon its throne;
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
Their English mother made her moan.

The turf that covers them no thrill
Sends up to fire the heart and brain;
No stronger purpose nerves the will,
No hope renews its youth again:
From farm to farm the Concord glides,
And trails my fancy with its flow;
O'erhead the balanced hen-hawk slides,
Twinned in the river's heaven below.

But go, whose Bay State bosom stirs,
Proud of thy birth and neighbour's right,
Where sleep the heroic villagers
Borne red and stiff from Concord fight:
Thought Reuben, snatching down his
gun,

Or Seth, as ebb'd the life away,
What earthquake rifts would shoot and
run

World-wide from that short April fray?

What then? With heart and hand they
wrought,

According to their village light;
'Twas for the Future that they fought,
Their rustic faith in what was right.
Upon earth's tragic stage they burst
Unsummoned, in the humble sock;
Theirs the fifth act; the curtain first
Rose long ago on Charles's block.

Their graves have voices; if they threw
Dice charged with fates beyond their ken,
Yet to their instincts they were true,
And had the genius to be men.
Fine privilege of Freedom's host,
Of humblest soldiers for the Right!—
Age after age ye hold your post.
Your graves send courage forth, and
might.

•TO ———

WE, too, have autumns, when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened
air,

When all our good seems bound in
sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer cheer,
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.

As less the olden glow abides,
And less the chillier heart aspires,
With drift-wood beached in past spring-
tides
We light our sullen fires.

By the pinched rushlight's starving beam
We cower and strain our wasted sight,
To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by seam,
In the long arctic night.

It was not so—we once were young—
When Spring, to womanly Summer
turning,
Her dew-drops on each grass-blade strung,
In the red sunrise burning.

We trusted then, aspired, believed
That earth could be remade to-morrow;
Ah, why be ever undecieved?
Why give up faith for sorrow?

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,
Faith, blighted once, is past retrieving;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing.

FREEDOM

ARE we, then, wholly fallen? Can it be
That thou, North wind, that from thy
mountains bringest

Their spirit to our plains, and thou, blue
sea,

Who on our rocks thy wreaths of freedom
flingest,

As on an altar,—can it be that ye
Have wasted inspiration on dead ears,
Dulled with the too familiar clank of
chains?

The people's heart is like a harp for years
Hung where some petrifying torrent rains
Its slow-incrusting spray: the stiffened
chords

Faint and more faint make answer to the
tears

That drip upon them: idle are all words:
Only a golden plectrum wakes the tone
Deep buried 'neath that ever-thickening
stone.

We are not free: doth Freedom, then,
consist

In musing with our faces toward the Past,
While petty cares and crawling interests
twist

Their spider-threads about us, which at
last

Grow strong as iron chains, to cramp and
bind

In formal narrowness heart, soul, and
mind?

Freedom is recreated year by year,
In hearts wide open on the Godward side,
In souls calm-cadenced as the whirling
sphere,

In minds that sway the future like a tide.
No broadest creeds can hold her, and no
codes;

She chooses men for her august abodes,
Building them fair and fronting to the
dawn;

Yet, when we seek her, we but find a few
Light footprints, leading morn-ward
through the dew:

Before the day had risen, she was gone.

And we must follow: swiftly runs she on,
And, if our steps should slacken in despair,
Half turns her face, half smiles through
golden hair,

Forever yielding, never wholly won:

That is not love which pauses in the race
Two close-linked names on fleeting sand
to trace;

Freedom gained yesterday is no more
ours;

Men gather but dry seeds of last year's
flowers;

Still there's a charm ungranted, still a
grace,

Still rosy Hope, the free, the unattained,
Makes us Possession's languid hand let
fall;

'Tis but a fragment of ourselves is gained,
The Future brings us more, but never all.

And, as the finder of some unknown
realm,

Mounting a summit whence he thinks to
see

On either side of him the imprisoning sea,
Beholds, above the clouds that overwhelm
The valley-land, peak after snowy peak
Stretch out of sight, each like a silver helm
Beneath its plume of smoke, sublime and
bleak,

And what he thought an island finds to
be

A continent to him first oped,—so we
Can from our height of Freedom look
along

A boundless future, ours if we be strong;
Or if we shrink, better remount our ships
And, fleeing God's express design, trace
back

The hero-freighted Mayflower's prophet-
track

To Europe entering her blood-red eclipse.

BIBLIOLATRES

BOWING thyself in dust before a Book,
And thinking the great God is thine alone,
O rash iconoclast, thou wilt not brook
What gods the heathen carves in wood
and stone,

As if the Shepherd who from outer cold
Leads all His shivering lambs to one sure
fold

Were careful for the fashion of His crook.

There is no broken reed so poor and base,
No rush, the bending tilt of swamp-fly
blue,

But He therewith the ravening wolf can
chase,

And guide His flock to springs and
pastures new;

Through ways unlooked for, and through
many lands,

Far from the rich folds built with human
hands,

The gracious footprints of His love I
trace.

And what art thou, own brother of the
clod,

That from His hand the crook would'st
snatch away

And shake instead thy dry and sapless
rod,

To scare the sheep out of the wholesome
day?

Yea, what art thou, blind, unconverted
Jew,

That with thy idol-volume's covers two
Would'st make a jail to coop the living
God?

Thou hear'st not well the mountain organ-
tones

By prophet ears from Hor and Sinai
caught,

Thinking the cisterns of those Hebrew
brains

Drew dry the springs of the All-knower's
thought,

Nor shall thy lips be touched with living
fire,

Who blow'st old altar-coals with sole
desire

To weld anew the spirit's broken chains.

God is not dumb, that He should speak
no more;

If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is
poor;

There towers the Mountain of the Voice
no less,

Which whoso seeks shall find, but he
who bends,

Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered
lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of
stone;

Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

While swings the sea, while mists the
mountains shroud,

While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of
cloud,

Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

BEAVER BROOK

HUSHED with broad sunlight lies the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir;
Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that bems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the din;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and
grace,

And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge
round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering millstones hum and whirl,

Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies,
Forevermore each form of use.

And more; methought I saw that flood,
Which now so dull and dawning steals,
Thick, here and there, with human blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we

Know with what waste of beauty
rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make
mirth.

And labour meet delight half-way.

MEMORIAL VERSES

KOSSUTH

A RACE of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir;
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed,
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper
tools,
Then she a saint and prophet spends.

Land of the Magyars! though it be
The tyrant may relink his chain,
Already thine the victory,
As the just Future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest worth;
A nation's duty thou hast done,
Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of woe,
Hath saved the land he strove to save:
No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave.

"I Kossuth am: O Future, thou,
That clear'st the just and blott'st the vile,
O'er this small dust in reverence bow,
Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump wherethrough
Our God sent forth awakening breath;
Came chains? Came death? The strain
He blew
Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

TO LAMARTINE

1848

I DID not praise thee when the crowd,
'Witched with the moment's inspira-
tion,
Vexed thy still ether with hosannas loud,
And stamped their dusty adoration;
I but looked upward with the rest,
And, when they shouted Greatest,
whispered Best.

They raised thee not, but rose to thee,
Their fickle wreaths about thee
flinging;
So on some marble Phœbus the swoll'n
sea
Might leave his worthless seaweed
clinging,

But pious hands, with reverent care,
Make the pure limbs once more sublimely
bare.

Now thou'rt thy plain, grand self again,
Thou art secure from panegyric,
Thou who gav'st politics an epic strain,
And actedst Freedom's noblest lyric;
This side the Blessed Isles, no tree
Grows green enough to make a wreath
for thee.

Nor can blame cling to thee; the snow
From swinish footprints takes no
staining,
But, leaving the gross soils of earth below,
Its spirit mounts, the skies regaining,
And unresentful falls again,
To beautify the world with dew and rain.

The highest duty to mere man vouchsafed
Was laid on thee,—out of wild chaos,
When the roused popular ocean foamed
and chafed,
And vulture War from his Imaus
Snuffed blood, to summon homely
Peace,
And show that only order is release.

To carve thy fullest thought, what though
Time was not granted? Aye in
history,
Like that Dawn's face which baffled
Angelo
Left shapeless, grander for its
mystery,
Thy great Design shall stand, and day
Flood its blind front from Orient far
away.

Who says thy day is o'er? Control,
My heart, that bitter first emotion;
While men shall reverence the steadfast
soul,
The heart in silent self-devotion
Breaking, the mild, heroic mien,
Thou'lt need no prop of marble, Lamar-
tine.

If France reject thee, 'tis not thine,
But her own, exile that she utters;

Ideal France, the deathless, the divine,
Will be where thy white pennon
flutters,

As once the nobler Athens went
With Aristides into banishment.

No fitting metewand hath To-day
For measuring spirits of thy stature;
Only the Future can reach up to lay
The laurel on that lofty nature,
Bard, who with some diviner art
Hast touched the bard's true lyre, a
nation's heart.

Swept by thy hand, the gladdened chords,
Crashed now in discords fierce by
others,
Gave forth one note beyond all skill of
words,
And chimed together, We are
brothers.

O poem unsurpassed! it ran
All round the world, unlocking man to
man.

France is too poor to pay alone
The service of that ample spirit;
Paltry seem low dictatorship and throne,
Weighed with thy self-renouncing
merit;
They had to thee been rust and loss;
Thy aim was higher,—thou hast climbed
a Cross!

TO JOHN G. PALFREY

THERE are who triumph in a losing
cause,
Who can put on defeat, as 'twere a
wreath
Unwithering in the adverse popular
breath,
Safe from the blasting demagogue's
applause;
'Tis they who stand for Freedom and
God's laws.

And so stands Palfrey now, as Marvell
stood,
Loyal to Truth dethroned, nor could be
wooed

To trust the playful tiger's velvet paws :
And if the second Charles brought in
decay

Of ancient virtue, if it well might
wring
Souls that had broadened 'neath a nobler
day,

To see a losel, marketable king
Fearfully watering with his realm's best
blood

Cromwell's quenched bolts, that erst
had cracked and flamed,
Scaring, through all their depths of
courtier mud,

Europe's crowned bloodsuckers,—how
more ashamed
Ought we to be, who see Corruption's
flood

Still rise o'er last year's mark, to mine
away

Our brazen idol's feet of treacherous
clay !

O utter degradation ! Freedom turned
Slavery's vile bawd, to cozen and
betray

To the old lecher's clutch a maiden
prey,

If so a loathsome pander's fee be earned !
And we are silent, ---we who daily
tread

A soil sublime, at least, with heroes'
graves !--

Beckon no more, shades of the noble
dead !

Be dumb, ye heaven-touched lips of
winds and waves !

Or hope to rouse some Coptic dullard,
hid

Ages ago, wrapt stiffly, fold on fold,
With cerements close, to wither in the
cold,

Forever hushed, and sunless pyramid !

Beauty and Truth, and all that these
contain,

Drop not like ripened fruit about our
feet ;

We climb to them through years of
sweat and pain ;

Without long struggle, none did e'er
attain

The downward look from Quiet's blissful
seat :

Though present loss may be the hero's
part,

Yet none can rob him of the victor
heart

Whereby the broad-realmed future is
subdued,

And Wrong, which now insults from
triumph's car,

Sending her vulture hope to raven
far,

Is made unwilling tributary of Good.

O Mother State, how quenched thy Sinai
fires !

Is there none left of thy stanch May-
flower breed ?

No spark among the ashes of thy sires,
Of Virtue's altar-flame the kindling
seed ?

Are these thy great men, these that
cringe and creep,

And writhe through slimy ways to
place and power ?--

How long, O Lord, before Thy wrath
shall reap

Our frail-stemmed summer prosperings
in their flower ?

Oh for one hour of that undaunted
stock

That went with Vane and Sidney to the
block !

Oh for a whiff of Naseby, that would
sweep,

With its stern Puritan besom, all this
chaff

From the Lord's threshing-floor ! Yet
more than half

The victory is attained, when one or
two,

Through the fool's laughter and the
traitor's scorn,

Beside thy sepulchre can bide the
morn,

Crucified Truth, when thou shalt rise
anew.

TO W. L. GARRISON

"Some time afterward, it was reported to me by the city officers that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colours." - *Letter of H. C. Otis.*

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,

Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;

The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean;

Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet

Put lever to the heavy world with less;

What need of help? He knew how types were set,

He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,

The compact nucleus, round which systems grow;

Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,

And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born

In the rude stable, in the manger nurst!

What humble hands unbar those gates of morn

Through which the splendours of the New Day burst!

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,

Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?

Brave Luther answered YES; that thunder's swell

Rocked Europe, and disarmed the triple crown.

Whatever can be known of earth we know,

Sneered Europe's wise men, in their snail-shells curled;

No! said one man in Genoa, and that No

Out of the darkness summoned this New World.

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?

Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?

Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward MUST?

He and his works, like sand, from earth are blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!

See one straightforward conscience put in pawn

To win a world; see the obedient sphere

By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,

And by the Present's lips repeated still,

In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,

Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness, forsec,

What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,

How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,

Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!

Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,

Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in

ON THE
DEATH OF C. T. TORREY

Woe worth the hour when it is crime
To plead the poor dumb bondman's
cause,
When all that makes the heart sublime,
The glorious throbs that conquer time,
Are traitors to our cruel laws !

He strove among God's suffering poor
One gleam of brotherhood to send ;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give the truth one martyr more,
Then shut,—and here behold the
end !

O Mother State ! when this was done,
No pitying throe thy bosom gave ;
Silent thou saw'st the death-shroud
spun,
And now thou givest to thy son
The stranger's charity, —a grave.

Must it be thus forever ? No !
The hand of God sows not in vain.
Long sleeps the darkling seed below,
The seasons come, and change, and go
And all the fields are deep with grain.

Although our brother lie asleep,
Man's heart still struggles, still aspires ;
His grave shall quiver yet, while deep
Through the brave Bay State's pulses
leap
Her ancient energies and fires.

When hours like this the senses' gush
Have stilled, and left the spirit room,
It hears amid the eternal hush
The swooping pinions' dreadful rush,
That bring the vengeance and the
doom ; -

Not man's brute vengeance, such as
rends
What rivets man to man apart,—
God doth not so bring round His ends,
But waits the ripened time, and sends
His mercy to the oppressor's heart.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF
DR. CHANNING

I DO not come to weep above thy pall,
And mourn the dying-out of noble
powers ;
The poet's clearer eye should see, in
all
Earth's seeming woe, seed of im-
mortal flowers.

Truth needs no champions : in the in-
finite deep
Of everlasting Soul her strength abides,
From Nature's heart her mighty pulses
leap,
Through Nature's veins her strength,
undying, tides.

Peace is more strong than war, and
gentleness,
Where force were vain, makes con-
quest o'er the wave ;
And love lives on and hath a power to
bless,
When they who loved are hidden in
the grave.

The sculptured marble brags of death-
strewn fields,
And Glory's epitaph is writ in blood ;
But Alexander now to Plato yields,
Clarkson will stand where Wellington
hath stood.

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong,
and tears,
One onward step of Truth from age to
age.

The poor are crushed ; the tyrants link
their chain ;
The poet sings through narrow dun-
geon-grates ;
Man's hope lies quenched ; and, lo !
with steadfast gain
Freedom doth forge her mail of ad-
verse fates.

Men slay the prophets ; fagot, rack, and
cross

Make up the groaning record of the
past ;

But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at
last.

No power can die that ever wrought for
Truth ;

Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its blithesome
youth,

When he who called it forth is but a
name.

Therefore I cannot think thee wholly
gone ;

The better part of thee is with us
still ;

Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath
thrown,

And only freer wrestles with the Ill.

Thou livest in the life of all good things ;

What words thou spak'st for Freedom
shall not die ;

Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love
hath wings

To soar where hence thy Hope could
hardly fly.

And often, from that other world, on
this

Some gleams from great souls gone
before may shine,

To shed on struggling hearts a clearer
'bliss,

And clothe the Right with lustre more
divine.

Thou art not idle : in thy higher sphere

Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what it dreamed
of here

Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

For sure, in Heaven's wide chambers,
there is room

For love and pity, and for helpful
deeds ;

Else were our summons thither but a
doom

To life more vain than this in clayey
weeds.

From off the starry mountain-peak of
song,

Thy spirit shows me, in the coming
time,

An earth unwithered by the foot of
wrong,

A race revering its own soul sublime.

What wars, what martyrdoms, what
crimes, may come,

Thou knowest not, nor I ; but God
will lead

The prodigal soul from want and sorrow
home,

And Eden ope her gates to Adam's seed.

Farewell ! good man, good angel now !
this hand

Soon, like thine own, shall lose its
cunning too ;

Soon shall this soul, like thine, be-
wildered stand,

Then leap to thread the free, un-
fathomed blue :

When that day comes, oh, may this hand
grow cold,

Lusy, like thine, for Freedom and the
Right ;

Oh, may this soul, like thine, be ever
bold

To face dark Slavery's encroaching
blight !

This laurel-leaf I cast upon thy bier ;

Let worthier hands than these thy
wreath intwine ;

Upon thy hearse I shed no useless
tear,—

For us weep rather thou in calm divine !

TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD

ANOTHER star 'neath Time's horizon
dropped,

To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas ;

Another heart that beat for freedom
stopped,—

What mournful words are these !

O Love Divine, that claspest our tired
earth,

And lullest it upon thy heart,
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul
is worth

To teach men what thou art !

His was a spirit that to all thy poor

Was kind as slumber after pain :

Why ope so soon thy heaven-deep Quiet's
door

And call him home again ?

Freedom needs all her poets : it is they

Who give her aspirations wings,

And to the wiser law of music sway

Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast called him, nor art thou
unkind,

O Love Divine, for 'tis thy will

That gracious natures leave their love
behind

To work for Mercy still.

Let laurelled marbles weigh on other
tombs,

Let anthems peal for other dead,
Rustling the bannered depth of minster-
glooms

With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived
stone,

No lichen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple lines
alone

To mark his resting-place :—

"Here lies a Poet. Stranger, if to
thee

His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great
was he,

Go, ask it of the poor."

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with His disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed ; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favourite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the supposed date of King Arthur's reign.

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

OVER his keys the musing organist,

Beginning doubtfully and far away,

First lets his fingers wander as they list,

And builds a bridge from Dreamland

for his lay :

Then, as the touch of his loved instru-
ment

Gives hope and fervour, nearer draws
his theme,

First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendours
lie ;
Daily, with souls that cringe and
plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies ;
With our faint hearts the mountain
strives ;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite ;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives
us ;

The beggar is taxed for a corner to
die in,

The priest hath his fee who comes and
shrives us,

We bargain for the graves we lie in ;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of
gold ;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's
tasking :

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the
asking ;

No price is set on the lavish summer ;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays ;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of night,

An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its
chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too
mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her
wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
and sings ;

He sings to the wide world, and she to
her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is
the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and
bay ;

Now the heart is so full that a drop
overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have
been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves
are green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right
well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms
swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot
help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams
are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house
hard by ;

And if the breeze kept the good news
back,

For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's
lowing,—

And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not
how ;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be
blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living :

Who knows whither the clouds have
fled ?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no
wake ;

And the eyes forget the tears they have
shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion
and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and
smooth,

Like burnt-out craters healed with
snow.

What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow ?

PART FIRST

I

" My golden spurs now bring to me,

And bring to me my richest mail,

For to-morrow I go over land and sea

In search of the Holy Grail ;

Shall never a bed for me be spread,

Nor shall a pillow be under my head,

Till I begin my vow to keep ;

Here on the rushes will I sleep,

And perchance there may come a vision
true

Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,

Slumber fell like a cloud on him,

And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and
threes,

In the pool drownd the cattle up to
their knees,

The little birds sang as if it were

The one day of summer in all the
year,

And the very leaves seemed to sing on
the trees :

The castle alone in the landscape lay

Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray :

'Twas the proudest hall in the North
Countree

And never its gates might opened be,

Save to lord or lady of high degree ;

Summer besieged it on every side,

But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;

She could not scale the chilly wall,

Though around it for leagues her pavilions
tall

Stretched left and right,

Over the hills and out of sight ;

Green and broad was every tent,

And out of each a murmur went

Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly
clang,

And through the dark arch a charger
sprang,

Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,

In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright

It seemed the dark castle had gathered
all

Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over
its wall

In his siege of three hundred summers
long,

And, binding them all in one blazing
sheaf,

Had cast them forth : so, young and
strong,

And light-some as a locust-leaf,

Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden
mail,

To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and
tree,

And morning in the young knight's
heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's
cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the
darksome gate,

He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by
the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned
as he sate;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a
thrill,

The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink
and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood
still

Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer
morn,—

So he tossed him a piece of gold in
scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the
dust:

"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can
hold;

He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining
Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all
unite,—

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his
alms,

The heart outstretches its eager palms,

For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness
before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

DOWN swept the chill wind from the
mountain peak,

From the snow five thousand summers
old;

On open wold and hilltop bleak

It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's
cheek;

It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures
bare;

The little brook heard it and built a
roof

'Neath which he could house him, winter-
proof;

All night by the white stars' frosty
gleams

He groined his arches and unatched his
beams;

Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:

He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;

Sometimes his tinkling waters slept
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,

Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed
trees

Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew

But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief

With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and

clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine
through, and here

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond

drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and

sun,
And made a star of every one:

No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;

Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer
day,

Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red
and jolly,

And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney
wide

Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the
wind;

Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,

Now pausing, now scattering away as
in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled
darks

Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and
sharp,

Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a
harp,

And rattles and wrings

The icy strings,

Singing, in dreary monotone,

A Christmas carol of its own,

Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelter-
less!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a
torch

As he shouted the wanderer away from
the porch,

And he sat in the gateway and saw all
night

The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle
old,

Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not
speak,

For the weaver Winter its shroud had
spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak

From his shining feathers shed off the
cold sun;

Ag ain it was morning, but shrunk and
cold,

As if her veins were sapless and old,

And she rose up decrepitiy

For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard
gate,

For another heir in his earldom sate;

An old, bent man, worn out and frail,

He came back from seeking the Holy
Grail;

Little he recked of his earldom's loss,

No more on his surcoat was blazoned the
cross,

But deep in his soul the sign he wore,

The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare

Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,

For it was just at the Christmas time;

So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier
clime,

And sought for a shelter from cold and
snow

In the light and warmth of long-ago;

He sees the snake-like caravan crawl

O'er the edge of the desert, black and
small,

Then nearer and nearer, till, one by
one,

He can count the camels in the sun,

As over the red-hot sands they pass

To where, in its slender necklace of
grass,

The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms";
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the growsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchied bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets
and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through Him, I give to thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,

'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,

'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they flung down upon;
And the voice that was softer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet 'for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond :
 "The Grail in my castle here is found !
 Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider's banquet-hall ;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy
 Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the
 hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree
 bough ;

No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er ;
 When the first poor outcast went in at
 the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise ;
 'There is no spot she loves so well on
 ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole
 year round ;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command ;
 And there's no poor man in the North
 Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as
 he.

LETTER FROM BOSTON

December 1846.

DEAR M. ——— 1

By way of saving time,
 I'll do this letter up in rhyme,
 Whose slim stream through four pages
 flows
 Ere one is packed with tight-screwed
 prose,
 Threading the tube of an epistle,
 Smooth as a child's breath through a
 whistle.

The great attraction now of all
 Is the "Bazaar" at Faneuil Hall,
 Where swarm the anti-slavery folks
 As thick, dear Miller, as your jokes.
 There's GARRISON, his features very
 Benign for an incendiary,
 Beaming forth sunshine through his
 glasses

On the surrounding lads and lasses,
 (No bee could blither be, or brisker,)—
 A Pickwick somehow turned John Ziska,
 His bump of firmness swelling up
 Like a rye cupcake from its cup.
 And there, too, was his English tea-set,
 Which in his ear a kind of flea set,

¹ Mr. James Miller McKim.

His Uncle Samuel for its beauty
 Demanding sixty dollars duty,
 ('Twas natural Sam should serve his
 trunk ill,
 For G., you know, has cut his uncle,)
 Whereas, had he but once made tea in't,
 His uncle's ear had had the flea in't,
 There being not a cent of duty
 On any pot that ever drew tea.¹

There was MARIA CHAPMAN, too,
 With her swift eyes of clear steel-blue,
 The coiled-up mainspring of the Fair,
 Originating everywhere
 The expansive force without a sound
 That whirls a hundred wheels around,
 Herself meanwhile as calm and still
 As the bare crown of Prospect Hill ;
 A noble woman, brave and apt,
 Cumæa's sibyl not more rapt,

¹ When Mr. Garrison visited Edinburgh in 1846, a handsome silver tea-set was presented to him by his friends in that city. On the arrival of this gift at the Boston custom-house, it was charged with an enormous entrance duty, which would have been remitted if the articles had ever been used. It was supposed that if the owner had not been the leader of the unpopular abolitionists, this heavy impost would not have been laid on a friendly British tribute to an eminent American.

Who might, with those fair tresses shorn,
The Maid of Orleans' casque have worn,
Herself the Joan of our Ark,
For every shaft a shining mark.

And there, too, was ELIZA FOLLEN,
Who scatters fruit-creating pollen
Where'er a blossom she can find
Hardy enough for Truth's north wind,
Each several point of all her face
Tremblingly bright with the inward grace,
As if all motion gave it light
Like phosphorescent seas at night.

There jokes our EDMUND,¹ plainly son
Of him who bearded Jefferson,
A non-resistant by conviction,
But with a bump in contradiction,
So that where'er it gets a chance
His pen delights to play the lance,
And—you may doubt it, or believe it—
Full at the head of Joshua Leavitt
The very calumet he'd launch,
And scourge him with the olive branch.
A master with the foils of wit,
'Tis natural he should love a hit ;
A gentleman, withal, and scholar,
Only base things excite his choler,
And then his satire's keen and thin
As the lithe blade of Saladin.
Good letters are a gift apart,
And his are gems of Flemish art,
True offspring of the fireside Muse,
Not a rag-gathering of news
Like a new hopfield which is all poles,
But of one blood with Horace Walpole's.

There, with one hand behind his back,
Stands PHILLIPS buttoned in a sack,
Our Attic orator, our Chatham ;
Old fogies, when he lightens at 'em,
Shrivel like leaves ; to him 'tis granted
Always to say the word that's wanted,
So that he seems but speaking clearer
The tiptop thought of every hearer ;
Each flash his brooding heart lets fall
Fires what's combustible in all,
And sends the applauses bursting in
Like an exploded magazine.

¹ Edmund Quincy.

His eloquence no frothy show,
The gutter's street-polluted flow,
No Mississippi's yellow flood
Whose shoalness can't be seen for mud ;—
So simply clear, serenely deep,
So silent-strong its graceful sweep,
None measures its unrippling force
Who has not striven to stem its course ;
How fare their barques who think to play
With smooth Niagara's mane of spray,
Let Austin's total shipwreck say.¹
He never spoke a word too much—
Except of Story, or some such,
Whom, though condemned by ethics
strict,
The heart refuses to convict.

Beyond, a crater in each eye,
Sways brown, broad-shouldered PILLS-
BURY,

Who tears up words like trees by the roots,
A Theseus in stout cow-hide boots,
The wager of eternal war
Against that loathsome Minotaur
To whom we sacrifice each year
The best blood of our Athens here,
(Dear M., pray brush up your Lempriere.)
A terrible denouncer he,
Old Sinai burns unquenchably
Upon his lips ; he well might be a
Hot-blazing soul from fierce Judea,
Habakkuk, Ezra, or Hosca.
His words are red-hot iron scarers,
And nightmare-like he mounts his
hearers,

Spurring them like avenging Fate, or
As Waterton his alligator.

Hard by, as calm as summer even,
Smiles the reviled and pelted STEPHEN,²
The unappeasable Boanerges
To all the Churches and the Clergies,

¹ On the occasion of the murder of Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, editor of an anti-slavery newspaper at Alton, Illinois, an indignation meeting was held in Boston, at which Mr. Austin, Attorney-General of Massachusetts, made a violent pro-slavery speech, which called forth a crushing reply from Wendell Phillips, who thenceforth became a main pillar of abolitionism.

² Stephen S. Foster.

The grim *savant* who, to complete
 His own peculiar cabinet,
 Contrived to label 'mong his kicks
 One from the followers of Hicks ;
 Who studied mineralogy
 Not with soft book upon the knee,
 But learned the properties of stones
 By contact sharp of flesh and bones,
 And made the *experimentum crucis*
 With his own body's vital juices ;
 A man with caoutchouc endurance,
 A perfect gem for life insurance,
 A kind of maddened John the Baptist,
 To whom the harshest word comes aptest,
 Who, struck by stone or brick ill-stained,
 Hurls back an epithet as hard,
 Which, deadlier than stone or brick,
 Has a propensity to stick.
 His oratory is like the scream
 Of the iron-horse's frenzied steam
 Which warns the world to leave wide
 space
 For the black engine's swerveless race.
 Ye men with neckcloths white, I warn
 you

Habet a whole haymow in *cornu*.

A Judith, there, turned Quakers,
 Sits *ABBY* in her modest dress,¹
 Serving a table quietly,
 As if that mild and downcast eye
 Flashed never, with its scorn intense,
 More than Medea's eloquence.
 So the same force which shakes its dread
 Far-blazing locks o'er Aetna's head,
 Along the wires in silence fares
 And messages of commerce bears.
 No nobler gift of heart and brain,
 No life more white from spot or stain,
 Was e'er on Freedom's altar laid
 Than hers, the simple Quaker maid.

These last three (leaving in the lurch
 Some other themes) assault the Church,
 Who therefore writes them in her lists
 As Satan's limbs and atheists ;
 For each sect has one argument
 Whereby the rest to hell are sent,
 Which serves them like the Graze's
 tooth,

¹ Abby Kelley.

Passed round in turn from mouth to
 mouth ;—

If any *ism* should arise,
 They look on it with constable's eyes,
 Tie round its neck a heavy *aihe*,
 And give it kittens' hydropathy.
 This trick with other (useful very) tricks
 Is laid to the Babylonian *meretrix*,
 But 'twas in vogue before her day
 Wherever priesthoods had their way,
 And Buddha's Popes with this struck
 dumb

The followers of Fi and Fum.

Well, if the world, with prudent fear,
 Pay God a seventh of the year,
 And as a Farmer, who would pack
 All his religion in one stack,
 For this world works six days in seven
 And idles on the seventh for Heaven,
 Expecting, for his Sunday's sowing,
 In the next world to go a-mowing
 The crop of all his meeting-going ;—
 If the poor Church, by power enticed,
 Finds none so infidel as Christ,
 Quite backward reads His Gospel meek,
 (As 'twere in Hebrew writ, not Greek,)
 Fencing the gallows and the sword
 With conscripts drafted from His word,
 And makes one gate of Heaven so wide
 That the rich orthodox might ride
 Through on their camels, while the poor
 Squirm through the scant, unyielding door,
 Which, of the Gospel's straitest size,
 Is narrower than bead-needles' eyes,
 What wonder World and Church should
 call

The true faith atheistical ?

Yet, after all, 'twixt you and me,
 Dear Miller, I could never see
 That Sin's and Error's ugly smirch
 Stained the walls only of the Church ;
 There are good priests, and men who take
 Freedom's torn cloak for lucre's sake ;
 I can't believe the Church so strong,
 As some men do, for Right or Wrong.
 But, for this subject (long and vext)
 I must refer you to my next,
 As also for a list exact
 Of goods with which the Hall was packed.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

NOTICES OF
AN INDEPENDENT PRESS

[I HAVE observed, reader (hence- or malevolent, as it may happen), that it is customary to append to the second editions of books, and to the second works of authors, short sentences commendatory of the first, under the title of *Notices of the Press*. These, I have been given to understand, are procurable at certain established rates, payment being made either in money or advertising patronage by the publisher, or by an adequate outlay of servility on the part of the author. Considering these things with myself, and also that such notices are neither intended, nor generally believed, to convey any real opinions, being a purely ceremonial accompaniment of literature, and resembling certificates to the virtues of various morbidiferal panaceas, I conceived that it would be not only more economical to prepare a sufficient number of such myself, but also more immediately subservient to the end in view to prefix them to this our primary edition rather than to await the contingency of a second, when they would seem to be of small utility. To delay attaching the *books* until the second attempt at flying the kite would indicate but a slender experience in that useful art. Neither has it escaped my notice, nor failed to afford me matter of reflection, that, when a circus or a caravan is about to visit Jaalam, the initial step is to send forward large and highly ornamented bills of performance to be hung in the bar-room and the post-office. These having been sufficiently gazed at, and beginning to lose their attractiveness except for the flies, and, truly, the boys also (in whom I find it impossible to repress, even during school-hours, certain oral and telegraphic communications concerning the expected show), upon some fine morning the band enters in a gaily painted wagon, or triumphal chariot, and with noisy advertisement, by

means of brass, wood, and sheepskin, makes the circuit of our startled village streets. Then, as the exciting sounds draw nearer and nearer, do I desiderate those eyes of Aristarchus, "whose looks were as a breeching to a boy." Then do I perceive, with vain regret of wasted opportunities, the advantage of a paneratic or pantechnic education, since he is most revered by my little subjects who can throw the cleanest sumerset or walk most securely upon the revolving cask. The story of the Pied Piper becomes for the first time credible to me (albeit confirmed by the Hameliners dating their legal instruments from the period of his exit), as I behold how those strains, without pretence of magical potency, bewitch the pupillary legs, nor leave to the pedagogic an entire self-control. For these reasons, lest my kingly prerogative should suffer diminution, I prorogue my restless commons, whom I follow into the street, chiefly lest some mischief may chance befall them. After the manner of such a band, I send forward the following notices of domestic manufacture, to make brazen proclamation, not unconscious of the advantage which will accrue, if our little craft, *cymbula satilis*, shall seem to leave port with a clipping breeze, and to carry, in nautical phrase, a bone in her mouth. Nevertheless, I have chosen, as being more equitable, to prepare some also sufficiently oburgatory, that readers of every taste may find a dish to their palate. I have modelled them upon actually existing specimens, preserved in my own cabinet of natural curiosities. One, in particular, I had copied with tolerable exactness from a notice of one of my own discourses, which, from its superior tone and appearance of vast experience, I concluded to have been written by a man at least three hundred years of age, though I recollected no existing instance of such antediluvian longevity. Nevertheless, I afterwards discovered the author to be a young gentle-

man preparing for the ministry under the direction of one of my brethren in a neighbouring town, and whom I had once instinctively corrected in a Latin quantity. But this I have been forced to omit, from its too great length.—H. W.]

From the Universal Littery Universe.

Full of passages which rivet the attention of the reader. . . . Under a rustic garb, sentiments are conveyed which should be committed to the memory and engraven on the heart of every moral and social being. . . . We consider this *unique* performance. . . . We hope to see it soon introduced into our common schools. . . . Mr. Wilbur has performed his duties as editor with excellent taste and judgment. . . . This is a vein which we hope to see successfully prosecuted. . . . We hail the appearance of this work as a long stride toward the formation of a purely aboriginal, indigenous, native, and American literature. We rejoice to meet with an author national enough to break away from the slavish deference, too common among us, to English grammar and orthography. . . . Where all is so good, we are at a loss how to make extracts. . . . On the whole, we may call it a volume which no library, pretending to entire completeness, should fail to place upon its shelves.

*From the
Higginbottomopolis Snapping-turtle.*

A collection of the merest balderdash and doggerel that it was ever our bad fortune to lay eyes on. The author is a vulgar buffoon, and the editor a talkative, tedious old fool. We use strong language, but should any of our readers peruse the book, (from which calamity Heaven preserve them!) they will find reasons for it thick as the leaves of Vallunbrozer, or, to use a still more expressive comparison, as the combined heads of author and editor. The work is wretchedly got up. . . . We should like to know how much *British gold* was pocketed by this libeller of our country and her purest patriots.

From the Oldfogrumville Mentor.

We have not had time to do more than glance through this handsomely printed volume, but the name of its respectable editor, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, of Jaalam, will afford a sufficient guaranty for the worth of its contents. . . . The paper is white, the type clear, and the volume of a convenient and attractive size. . . . In reading this elegantly executed work, it has seemed to us that a passage or two might have been retrenched with advantage, and that the general style of diction was susceptible of a higher polish. . . . On the whole, we may safely leave the ungrateful task of criticism to the reader. We will barely suggest, that in volumes intended, as this is, for the illustration of a provincial dialect and turns of expression, a dash of humour or satire might be thrown in with advantage. . . . The work is admirably got up. . . . This work will form an appropriate ornament to the centre-table. It is beautifully printed, on paper of an excellent quality.

From the Dekay Butchark.

We should be wanting in our duty as the conductor of that tremendous engine, a public press, as an American, and as a man, did we allow such an opportunity as is presented to us by "The Biglow Papers" to pass by without entering our earnest protest against such attempts (now, alas! too common) at demoralising the public sentiment. Under a wretched mask of stupid drollery, slavery, war, the social glass, and, in short, all the valuable and time-honoured institutions justly dear to our common humanity and especially to republicans, are made the butt of coarse and senseless ribaldry by this low-minded scribbler. It is time that the respectable and religious portion of our community should be aroused to the alarming inroads of foreign Jacobinism, sans-culottism, and infidelity. It is a fearful proof of the widespread nature of this contagion, that these secret stabs at religion and virtue are given from under the cloak (*credite, posteris!*) of a clergyman. It is a mournful spectacle indeed to the patriot and Christian to see liberality and new ideas (falsely so called,—

they are as old as Eden) invading the sacred precincts of the pulpit. . . . On the whole, we consider this volume as one of the first shocking results which we predicted would spring out of the late French "Revolution" (!).

From the Bungtown Copper and Comprehensive Tocsin (a try-weakly family journal).

Altogether an admirable work. . . . Full of humour, boisterous, but delicate,—of wit withering and scorching, yet combined with a pathos cool as morning dew,—of satire ponderous as the mace of Richard, yet keen as the scymitar of Saladin. . . . A work full of "mountain-mirth," mischievous as Puck, and lightsome as Ariel. . . . We know not whether to admire most the genial, fresh, and discursive concinnity of the author, or his playful fancy, weird imagination, and compass of style, at once both objective and subjective. . . . We might indulge in some criticisms, but, were the author other than he is, he would be a different being. As it is, he has a wonderful *pose*, which flits from flower to flower, and bears the reader irresistibly along on its eagle pinions (like Ganymede) to the "highest heaven of invention." . . . We love a book so purely objective. . . . Many of his pictures of natural scenery have an extraordinary subjective clearness and fidelity. . . . In fine, we consider this as one of the most extraordinary volumes of this or any age. We know of no English author who could have written it. It is a work to which the proud genius of our country, standing with one foot on the Arrostook and the other on the Rio Grande, and holding up the star-spangled banner amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, may point with bewildering scorn of the punier efforts of enslaved Europe. . . . We hope soon to encounter our author among those higher walks of literature in which he is evidently capable of achieving enduring fame. Already we should be inclined to assign him a high position in the bright galaxy of our American bards.

*From the
Saltriver Pilot and Flag of Freedom.*

A volume in bad grammar and worse taste. . . . While the pieces here collected were confined to their appropriate sphere in the corners of obscure newspapers, we considered them wholly beneath contempt, but, as the author has chosen to come forward in this public manner, he must expect the lash he so richly merits. . . . Contemptible slanders. . . . Vilest Billingsgate. . . . Has raked all the gutters of our language. . . . The most pure, upright, and consistent politicians not safe from his malignant venom. . . . General Cushing comes in for a share of his vile calumnies. . . . The Reverend Homer Wilbur is a disgrace to his cloth. . . .

*From the
World-Harmonic-Folian-Attackment.*

Speech is silver : silence is golden. No utterance more Orphic than this. While, therefore, as highest author, we reverence him whose works continue heroically unwritten, we have also our hopeful word for those who with pen (from wing of goose loud-cackling, or seraph God-commissioned) record the thing that is revealed. . . . Under mask of quaintest irony, we detect here the deep, storm-tost (high shipwrecked) soul, thunder-scarred, semi-articulate, but ever climbing hopefully toward the peaceful summits of an Infinite Sorrow. . . . Yes, thou poor, forlorn Hosca, with Hebrew fire-flaming soul in thee, for thee also this life of ours has not been without its aspects of heavenliest pity and laughingest mirth. Conceivable enough ! Through coarse Thersites-cloak, we have revelation of the heart, wild-glowing, world-clasping, that is in him. Bravely he grapples with the life-problem as it presents itself to him, uncombed, shaggy, careless of the "nicer proprieties," inexpert of "elegant diction," yet with voice audible enough to whoso hath ears, up there on the gravelly side-hills, or down on the splashy, indiarubber-like salt-marshes of native Jaalam. To this soul also the *Necessity of Creating* somewhat has unveiled its awful front. If not CEdipuses and Electras and Alcestises,

then in God's name Birdofredum Sawins ! These also shall get born into the world, and filch (if so need) a Zingali subsistence therein, these lank, omnivorous Yankees of his. He shall paint the Seen, since the Unseen will not sit to him. Yet in him also are Nibelungen-lays, and Iliads, and Ulysses-wanderings, and Divine Comedies, —if only once he could come at them ! Therein lies much, nay all ; for what truly is this which we name *All*, but that which we do *not* possess ? . . . Glimpses also are given us of an old father Ezekiel, not without paternal pride, as is the wont of such. A brown, parchment-hided old man of the geoponic or bucolic species, gray-eyed, we fancy, *queued* perhaps, with much weather-cunning and plentiful September-gale memories, bidding fair in good time to become the Oldest Inhabitant. After such hasty apparition, he vanishes and is seen no more. . . . Of "Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam," we have small care to speak here. Spare touch in him of his Melesigenes namesake, save, haply, the —blindness ! A tolerably caliginose, nephelegeretous elderly gentleman, with infinite faculty of sermonising, muscularised by long practice, and excellent digestive apparatus, and, for the rest, well-meaning enough, and with small private illuminations (somewhat tallowy, it is to be feared) of his own. To him, there, "Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam," our Hosea presents himself as a quite inexplicable Sphinx-riddle. A rich poverty of Latin and Greek, —so far is clear enough, even to eyes peering myopic through horn-lensed editorial spectacles, —but naught farther ? O purblind, well-meaning, altogether fuscous Melesigenes-Wilbur, there are things in him incommunicable by stroke of birch ! Did it ever enter that old bewildered head of thine that there was the *Possibility of the Infinite* in him ? To thee, quite wingless (and even featherless) biped, has not so much even as a dream of wings ever come ? "Talented young parishioner" ? Among the Arts whereof thou art *Magister*, does that of *seeing* happen to be one ? Unhappy *Artium Magister* ! Somehow a Nemean lion, fulvous, torrid-eyed, dry-nursed in broad-howling sand-wildernesses of a

sufficiently rare spirit-Libya (it may be supposed) has got whelped among the sheep. Already he stands wild-glaring, with feet clutching the ground as with oak-roots, gathering for a Remus-spring over the walls of thy little fold. In Heaven's name, go not near him with that flybite crook of thine ! In good time, thou painful preacher, thou wilt go to the appointed place of departed Artillery-Election Sermons, Right-Hands of Fellowship, and Results of Councils, gathered to thy spiritual fathers with much Latin of the Epitaphial sort ; thou, too, shalt have thy reward ; but on him the Eumenides have looked, not Xantippes of the pit, snake-tressed, finger-threatening, but radiantly calm as on antique gems ; for him paws impatient the winged courser of the gods, champing unwelcome bit ; him the starry deeps, the empyrean glooms, and far-flashing splendours await.

— — —
From the Onion Grove Phoenix.

A talented young townsman of ours, recently returned from a Continental tour, and who is already favourably known to our readers by his sprightly letters from abroad which have graced our columns, called at our office yesterday. We learn from him, that, having enjoyed the distinguished privilege, while in Germany, of an introduction to the celebrated Von Humbug, he took the opportunity to present that eminent man with a copy of the "Biglow Papers." The next morning he received the following note, which he has kindly furnished us for publication. We prefer to print it *verbatim*, knowing that our readers will readily forgive the few errors into which the illustrious writer has fallen, through ignorance of our language.

"HIGH-WORTHY MISTER !

"I shall also now especially happy starve, because I have more or less a work one those aboriginal Red-Men seen in which have I so deaf an interest ever taken full-worthy on the self shelf with our Gottsched to be upset.

"Pardon my in the English-speech un-practice !

"VON HUMBUG."

He also sent with the above note a copy of his famous work on "Cosmetics," to be presented to Mr. Biglow; but this was taken from our friend by the English custom-house officers, probably through a petty national spite. No doubt, it has by this time found its way into the British Museum. We trust this outrage will be exposed in all our American papers. We shall do our best to bring it to the notice of the State Department. Our numerous readers will share in the pleasure we experience at seeing our young and vigorous national literature thus encouragingly patted on the head by this venerable and world-renowned German. We love to see these reciprocations of good-feeling between the different branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race.

[The following genuine "notice" having met my eye, I gladly insert a portion of it here, the more especially as it contains one of Mr. Biglow's poems not elsewhere printed.—H. W.]

From the Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss.

. . . But, while we lament to see our young townsman thus mingling in the heated contests of party politics, we think we detect in him the presence of talents which, if properly directed, might give an innocent pleasure to many. As a proof that he is competent to the production of other kinds of poetry, we copy for our readers a short fragment of a pastoral by him, the manuscript of which was loaned us by a friend. The title of it is "The Courtin'."

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbley crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back frum Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her !
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
Araspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her felins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the niat,
Some doubtfe o' the srekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"
"Wal, no; I come designin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's 'in'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on tother,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he "I'd better call agin";
Sez she, "Think likely, Mister";
'he last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they wuz cried '
In meetin', come nex Sunday.

SATIS multis sese emptores futuros libri
professis, Georgius Nichols, Cantabrigien-
sis, opus emittet de parte gravi sed adhuc
neglecta historiae naturalis, cum titulo
sequente, videlicet :

*Conatus ad Delineationem naturalem non-
nihil perfectiorem Scarabaei Bombilatoris,
vulgo dicti HUMBUG, ab HOMERO WIL-*

BUR, Artium Magistro, Societatis historico-naturalis Jaalamensis Præside (Secretario, Socioque (eheu!) singulo), multarumque aliarum Societatum cruditarum (sive ineruditaram) tam domesticarum quam transmarinarum Socio—forsitan futuro.

PROEMIUM

LECTORI BENEVOLO S.

Toga scholastica nondum deposita, quum systemata varia entomologica, a viris ejus scientiæ cultoribus studiosissimis summa diligentia ædificata, penitus indagâsem, non fuit quin luctuose omnibus in iis, quamvis aliter laude dignissimis, hiatum magni momenti perciperem. Tunc, nescio quo motu superiore impulsus, aut qua captus dulcedine operis, ad eum implendum (Curtius alter) me solemniter devovi. Nec ab isto labore, *δαμνῶντος* imposito, abstinui antequam tractatulum sufficienter inconcinnum lingua vernacula perfecterem. Inde, juveniliter tumefactus, et barathro ineptiæ τῶν βιβλιοπωλῶν (necnon "Publici Legentis") nusquam explorato, me composuisse quod quasi placentas præfervidas (ut sic dicam) homines ingurgitarent credidi. Sed, quum huic et alio bibliopole MSS. mea submissem et nihil solidius responsione valde negativa in Musæum meum retulissem, horror ingens atque misericordia, ob crassitudinem Lambertianam in cerebris hominulorum istius muneris cœlesti quadam ira infixam, me invasere. Extemplo mei solius impensis librum edere decrevi, nihil omnino dubitans quin "Mundus Scientificus" (ut aiunt) crumenam meam ampliter repleret. Nullam, attamen, ex agro illo meo parvulo segetem demessui, præter gaudium vacuum bene de Republica merendi. Iste panis meus pretiosus super aquas literarias fœculentas præfidenter jactus, quasi Harpyiarum quarundam (scilicet bibliopolarum istorum facinorosorum supradictorum) tactu rancidus, intra perpaucos dies mihi domum rediit. Et, quum ipse tali victu ali non tolerarem, primum in mentem venit pistori (typographo nempe) nihilominus solvendum esse. Animum non idcirco demisi, imo ræque ac pueri naviculas suas penes se lino retinent (eo ut e recto cursu delapsas ad ripam retrahant), sic ego Argô meam chartaceam fluctibus

laborantem a quæsitu velleris aurei, ipse potius tonsus pelleque exutus, mente solida revocavi, Metaphoram ut mutem, *boomarangam* meam a scopo aberrantem retraxi, dum majore vi, occasione ministrante, adversus Fortunam intorquere. Ast mihi, talia volventi, et, sicut Saturnus ille *ταῖδοβῆπος*, liberos intellectus mei depascere fidenti, casus miserandus, nec antea inauditus, supervenit. Nam, ut ferunt Scythas pietatis causa et parsimoniae, parentes suos mortuos devorâsse, sic filius hic meus primogenitus, Scythis ipsis minus mansuetus, patrem vivum totum et calcitrantem exsorbere enixus est. Nec tamen hac de causa soboloni meam esurientem exheredavi. Sed famem istam pro valido testimonio virilitatis roborisque potius habui, cibumque ad eam satiandam, salva paterna mea carne, petii. Et quia bilem illam scaturlentem ad æs etiam concoquendum idoneam esse estimabam, unde æs alienum, ut minoris pretii, haberem, circumspexi. Rebus ita se habentibus, ab avunculo meo Johanne Doolittle, Armigero, impetravi ut pecunias necessarias suppediaret, ne opus esset mihi universitatem relinquendi antequam ad gradum primum in artibus pervenissem. Tunc ego, salvum facere patronum meum munificum maxime cupiens, omnes libros primæ editionis operis mei non venditos una cum privilegio in omne ævum ejusdem imprimendi et odendi avunculo meo dicto pigneravi. Ex illo die, atro lapide notando, curæ vociferantes familiæ singulis annis crescentes eo usque insultabant ut nunquam tam carum pignus e vinculis istis ahenis solvere possem.

Avunculo vero nuper mortuo, quum inter alios consanguineos testamenti ejus lectionem audiendi causa advenissem, erectis auribus verba talia sequentia accepi: "Quoniam persuasum habeo meum dilectum nepotem Homerum, longa et intima rerum angustiarum domi experientia, aptissimum esse qui divitias tueatur, beneficenterque ac prudenter iis divinis creditis utatur,—ergo, motus hisce cogitationibus, exque amore meo in illum magno, do, legoque nepoti caro meo supranominato omnes singularesque istas possessiones nec ponderabiles nec computabiles meas quæ sequuntur, scilicet: quingentos libros quos mihi pig-

neravit dictus Homerus, anno lucis 1792, cum privilegio cendi et repetendi opus istud 'scientificum' (quod dicunt) suum, si sic elegerit. Tamen D. O. M. precor oculos Homeri nepotis mei ita aperiat cumque moveat, ut libros istos in bibliotheca unius e plurimis castellis suis Hispaniensibus tuto abscondat."

His verbis (vix credibilibus) auditis, cor meum in pectore exsultavit. Deinde, quoniam tractatus Anglice scriptus spem auctoris fefellerat, quippe quum studium Historiæ Naturalis in Republica nostra inter factionis strepitum languescat, Latine versum edere statui, et eo potius quia nescio quomodo disciplina academica et duo diplomata proficiant, nisi quod peritos linguarum omnino mortuorum (et damnandarum, ut dicebat iste *πρωτόπυρος* Guilielmus Cobbett) nos faciant.

Et mihi adhuc superstes est tota illa editio prima, quam quasi crepitaculum per quod dentes caninos dentibam retineo.

OPERIS SPECIMEN

(*Ad exemplum Johannis Physiophili speciminis Monachologiae.*)

12. S. B. *Militaris*, WILBUR. *Carnifex*, JABLONSK. *Profanus*, DESFONT.

[Male hancce speciem *Cyclopem* Fabricius vocat, ut qui singulo oculo ad quod sui interest distinguitur. Melius vero Isaacus Outis nullum inter S. milit. S. que Belzebul (Fabric. 152) discrimen esse defendit.]

Habitat civitat. Americ. austral.

Aureis lineis splendidus; plerumque tamen sordidus, utpote lanienas valde frequentans, factore sanguinis allectus. Amat quoque insuper septa apricari, neque inde, nisi maxima conatione detruditur. *Candidatus* ergo populariter vocatus. Caput cristam quasi pennarum ostendit. Pro cibo vaccam publicam callide mulget; abdomen enorme; facultas suctus haud facile estimanda. Otiosus, satius; ferox nihilominus, semperque dimicare paratus. Tortuose repit.

Capite sæpe maxima cum cura dissecto, ne illud rudimentum etiam cerebri commune omnibus prope insectis detegere poteram.

Unam de hoc S. milit. rem singularem notavi; nam S. Guineens. (Fabric. 143) servos facit, et idcirco a multis summa in reverentia habitus, quasi scintillas rationis pæne humanæ demonstrans.

24. S. B. *Criticus*, WILBUR. *Zoilus*, FABRIC. *Pygmaus*, CARLSEN.

[Stultissime Johannes Stryx cum S. punctato (Fabric. 64-109) confundit. Specimina quamplurima scrutationi microscopice subiecti, nunquam tamen unum ulla indicia puncti cujusvis prorsus ostendentem inveni.]

Præcipue formidolosus, insectatusque, in proxima rima anonyma sese abscondit, *we*, *we*, creberrime stridens. Ineptus, segnipes.

Habitat ubique gentium; in sicco; nidum suum terebratione indefessa ædificans. Cibum. Libros depascit; siccus præcipue.

MELIBEUS-HIPPONAX

THE

Biglow Papers,

EDITED,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, GLOSSARY, AND COPIOUS INDEX,

BY

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN JAALAM, AND (PROSPECTIVE) MEMBER OF MANY LITERARY, LEARNED, AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES,

(for which see page 136.)

The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute, Finds more respect than great Apollo's lute.

Quarles's Emblems, B. ii. E. 8.

Margaritas, munde porcine, calcæsti: en, siliquis accipe.

Jac. Car. Fil. ad Pub. Leg. § 1.

NOTE TO TITLE-PAGE

It will not have escaped the attentive eye, that I have, on the title-page, omitted those honorary appendages to the editorial name which not only add greatly to the value of every book, but whet and exacerbate the appetite of the reader. For not only does he surmise that an honorary membership of literary and scientific societies implies a certain amount of necessary distinction on the part of the recipient of such decorations, but he is willing to trust himself more entirely to an author who writes under the fearful responsibility of involving the reputation of such bodies as the *S. Archaeol. Dahom.* or the *Acad. Lit. et Scient. Kamtschat.* I cannot but think that the early editions of Shakespeare and Milton would have met with more rapid and general acceptance, but for the barrenness of their respective title-pages; and I believe that, even now, a publisher of the works of either of those justly distinguished men would find his account in procuring their admission to the membership of learned bodies on the Continent,—a proceeding no whit more incongruous than the reversal of the judgment against Socrates, when he was already more than twenty centuries beyond the reach of antidotes, and when his memory had acquired a deserved respectability. I conceive that it was a feeling of the importance of this precaution which induced Mr. Locke to style himself "Gent." on the title-page of his Essay, as who should say to his readers that they could receive his metaphysics on the honour of a gentleman.

Nevertheless, finding that, without descending to a smaller size of type than would have been compatible with the dignity of the several societies to be named, I could not compress my intended list within the limits of a single page, and thinking, moreover, that the act would carry with it an air of decorous modesty, I have chosen to take the reader aside, as it were, into my private closet, and there not only exhibit to him the diplomas which I already possess, but also to furnish him with a prophetic vision of those which I may, without undue presumption, hope for, as not beyond the reach of human ambition and attainment. And I am the

rather induced to this from the fact that my name has been unaccountably dropped from the last triennial catalogue of our beloved *Alma Mater*. Whether this is to be attributed to the difficulty of Latinising any of those honorary adjuncts (with a complete list of which I took care to furnish the proper persons nearly a year beforehand), or whether it had its origin in any more culpable motives, I forbear to consider in this place, the matter being in course of painful investigation. But, however this may be, I felt the omission the more keenly, as I had, in expectation of the new catalogue, enriched the library of the Jaalam Athenæum with the old one then in my possession, by which means it has come about that my children will be deprived of a never-wearying winterevening's amusement in looking out the name of their parent in that distinguished roll. Those harmless innocents had at least committed no — but I forbear, having intrusted my reflections and animadversions on this painful topic to the safe-keeping of my private diary, intended for posthumous publication. I state this fact here, in order that certain nameless individuals, who are, perhaps, overmuch congratulating themselves upon my silence, may know that a rod is in pickle which the vigorous hand of a justly incensed posterity will apply to their memories.

The careful reader will note that, in the list which I have prepared, I have included the names of several Cisatlantic societies to which a place is not commonly assigned in processions of this nature. I have ventured to do this, not only to encourage native ambition and genius, but also because I have never been able to perceive in what way distance (unless we suppose them at the end of a lever) could increase the weight of learned bodies. As far as I have been able to extend my researches among such stuffed specimens as occasionally reach America, I have discovered no generic difference between the antipodal *Pogrum Japonicum* and the *F. Americanum* sufficiently common in our own immediate neighbourhood. Yet, with a becoming deference to the popular belief that distinctions of this sort are enhanced in value by every additional mile they travel, I have inter-

mixed the names of some tolerably distant literary and other associations with the rest.

I add here, also, an advertisement, which, that it may be the more readily understood by those persons especially interested therein, I have written in that curtailed and otherwise maltreated canine Latin, to the writing and reading of which they are accustomed.

OMNIB. PER TOT. ORB. TERRAR.
CATALOG. ACADEM. EDID.

Minim. gent. diplom. ab inclytiss. acad. vest. orans, vir. honorand. operosiss., at sol. ut sciat. quant. glor. nom. meum (dipl. fort. concess.) catal. vest. temp. futur. affer., ill. subjec., addit. omnib. titul. honorar. qu. adh. non tant. opt. quam probab. put.

* * *Litt. Uncial. distinx. ut Præs. S. Hist. Nat. Jaal.*

HOMERUS WILBUR, Mr., Episc. Jaalam, S. T. D. 1850, et Yal. 1849, et Neo-Cæs. et Brun. et Gulielm. 1852, et Gul. et Mar. et Bowd. et Georgiop. et Viridimont. et Columb. Nov. Ebor. 1853, et Amherst. et Watervill. et S. Jarlath. Hib. et S. Mar. et S. Joseph. et S. And. Scot. 1854, et Nashvill. et Dart. et Dickens. et Concord. et Wash. et Columbian. et Charlest. et Jeff. et Dubl. et Oxon. et Cantab. et Cæst. 1855, P. U. N. C. H. et J. U. D. Gott. et Osnab. et Heidelb. 1860, et Acad. BORE vs. Berolin. Soc., et SS. RR. Lugd. Bat. et Patav. et Lond. et Edinb. et Ins. Feejee. et Null. Terr. et Pekin. Soc. Hon. et S. H. S. et S. P. A. et A. A. S. et S. Humb. Univ. et S. Omn. Rer. Quarund. q. Aliar. Promov. Passamaquod. et H. P. C. et I. O. H. et A. A. Φ. et II. K. P. et Φ. B. K. et Peucin. et Erosoph. et Philadelph. et Frat. in Unit. et Z. T. et S. Archæolog. Athen. et Acad. Scient. et Lit. Panorm. et SS. R. H. Matrit. et Beeloochist. et Caffrar. et Caribb. et M. S. Reg. Paris. et S. Am. Antiserv. Soc. Hon. et P. D. Gott. et LL. D. 1852, et D. C. L. et Mus. Doc. Oxon. 1860, et M. M. S. S. et M. D. 1854, et Med. Fac. Univ. Harv. Soc. et S. pro Convers. Pollywog. Soc. Hon. et Higgl. Piggl. et LL. B. 1853, et S. pro Christianiz. Moschet. Soc. et SS. Ante-Diluv. ubiq. Gent. Soc. Hon. et Civit. Cleric. Jaalam. et S. pro Diffus. General. Tenebr. Secret. Corr.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN, more than three years ago, my talented young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, came to me and submitted to my animadversions the first of his poems which he intended to commit to the more hazardous trial of a city newspaper, it never so much as entered my imagination to conceive that his productions would ever be gathered into a fair volume, and ushered into the august presence of the reading public by myself. So little are we shortsighted mortals able to predict the event! I confess that there is to me a quite new satisfaction in being associated (though only as sleeping partner) in a book which can stand by itself in an independent unity on the shelves of libraries. For there is always this drawback from the pleasure of printing a sermon, that, whereas the queasy stomach of this generation will not bear a discourse long enough to make a separate volume, those religious and godly-minded children (those Samuels, if I may call them so) of the brain must at first lie buried in an undistinguished heap, and then get such resurrection as is vouchsafed to them, mummy-wrapped with a score of others in a cheap binding, with no other mark of distinction than the word '*Miscellaneous*' printed upon the back. Far be it from me to claim any credit for the quite unexpected popularity which I am pleased to find these bucolic strains have attained unto. If I know myself, I am measurably free from the itch of vanity; yet I may be allowed to say that I was not backward to recognise in them a certain wild, puckery, acidulous (sometimes even verging toward that point which, in our rustic phrase, is termed *shut-eye*) flavour, not wholly unpleasing, nor unwholesome, to palates cloyed with the sugariness of tamed and cultivated fruit. It may be, also, that some touches of my own, here and there, may have led to their wider acceptance, albeit solely from my larger experience of literature and authorship.¹

¹ The reader curious in such matters may refer (if he can find them) to *A sermon preached on the Anniversary of the Dark Day, An Artillery Election Sermon, A Discourse on the Late Eclipse, Dercas, a Funeral Sermon on the Death of Madam Submit Tidd, Relict of the late Experience Tidd, Esq., etc., etc.*

I was at first inclined to discourage Mr. Biglow's attempts, as knowing that the desire to poetise is one of the diseases naturally incident to adolescence, which, if the fitting remedies be not at once and with a bold hand applied, may become chronic, and render one, who might else have become in due time an ornament of the social circle, a painful object even to nearest friends and relatives. But thinking, on a further experience, that there was a germ of promise in him which required only culture and the pulling up of weeds from about it, I thought it best to set before him the acknowledged examples of English composition in verse, and leave the rest to natural emulation. With this view, I accordingly lent him some volumes of Pope and Goldsmith, to the assiduous study of which he promised to devote his evenings. Not long afterward, he brought me some verses written upon that model, a specimen of which I subjoin, having changed some phrases of less elegance, and a few rhymes objectionable to the cultivated ear. The poem consisted of childish reminiscences, and the sketches which follow will not seem destitute of truth to those whose fortunate education began in a country village. And, first, let us hang up his charcoal portrait of the school-dame.

"Propped on the marsh, a dwelling now,
I see

The humble school-house of my A, B, C,
Where well-drilled urchins, each behind
his tire,

Waited in ranks the wished command to
fire,

Then all together, when the signal came,
Discharged their *a-b abs* against the dame.
Daughter of Danaus, who could daily pour
In treacherous pipkins her Pierian store,
She, mid the volleyed learning firm and
calm,

Patted the furloughed ferule on her palm,
And, to our wonder, could divine at once
Who flashed the pan, and who was down-
right dunce.

"There young Devotion learned to climb
with ease

The gnarly limbs of Scripture family-trees,

And he was most commended and admired
Who soonest to the topmost twig per-
spired;

Each name was called as many various
ways

As pleased the reader's ear on different
days,

So that the weather, or the ferule's stings,
Colds in the head, or fifty other things,
Transformed the helpless Hebrew thrice a
week

To guttural Pequot or resounding Greek,
The vibrant accent skipping here and
there,

Just as it pleased invention or despair;
No controversial Hebraist was the Dame;
With or without the points pleased her the
same;

If any tyro found a name too tough,
And looked at her, pride furnished skill
enough;

She nerved her larynx for the desperate
thing,
And cleared the five-barred syllables at a
spring.

"Ah, dear old times! there once it was
my hap,

Perched on a stool, to wear the long-eared
cap;

From books degraded, there I sat at ease,
A drone, the envy of compulsory bees;
Rewards of merit, too, full many a time,
Each with its woodcut and its moral
rhyme,

And pierced half-dollars hung on ribbons
gay

About my neck (to be restored next day)
I carried home, rewards as shining then
As those that deck the lifelong pains of
men,

More solid than the redemanded praise
With which the world beribbons later
days.

"Ah, dear old times! how brightly ye
return!

How, rubbed afresh, your phosphor traces
burn!

The ramble schoolward through dewspark-
ling meads,

The willow-wands turned Cinderella steeds,
The impromptu pin-bent hook, the deep
remorse

O'er the chance-captured minnow's inch-long corse ;
 The pockets, plethoric with marbles round,
 That still a space for ball and pegtop found,
 Nor satiate yet, could manage to confine
 Horsechestnuts, flagroot, and the kite's wound twine,
 Nay, like the prophet's carpet could take in,
 Enlarging still, the popgun's magazine ;
 The dinner carried in the small tin pail,
 Shared with some dog, whose most beseeching tail
 And dripping tongue and eager ears belied
 The assumed indifference of canine pride ;
 The caper homeward, shortened if the cart
 Of Neighbour Pomeroy, trundling from the mart,
 O'ertook me,—then, translated to the seat
 I praised the steed, how stanch he was and fleet,
 While the bluff farmer, with superior grin,
 Explained where horses should be thick, where thin,
 And warned me (joke he always had in store)
 To shun a beast that four white stockings wore,
 What a fine natural courtesy was his !
 His nod was pleasure, and his full bow bliss ;
 How did his well-thumbed hat, with ardour rapt,
 Its curve decorous to each rank adapt !
 How did it graduate with a courtly ease
 The whole long scale of social differences,
 Yet so gave each his measure running o'er,
 None thought his own was less, his neighbour's more ;
 The squire was flattered, and the pauper knew
 Old times acknowledged 'neath the threadbare blue !
 Dropped at the corner of the embowered lane,
 Whistling I waded the knee-deep leaves again,
 While eager Argus, who has missed all day
 The sharer of his condescending play,
 Comes leaping onward with a bark elate

And boisterous tail to greet me at the gate ;
 That I was true in absence to our love
 Let the thick dog's-ears in my primer prove."

I add only one further extract, which will possess a melancholy interest to all such as have endeavoured to glean the materials of revolutionary history from the lips of aged persons, who took a part in the actual making of it, and, finding the manufacture profitable, continued the supply in an adequate proportion to the demand.

"Old Joe is gone, who saw hot Percy goad
 His slow artillery up the Concord road,
 A tale which grew in wonder, year by year,
 As, every time he told it, Joe drew near
 To the main fight, till, faded and grown gray,
 The original scene to bolder tints gave way ;
 Then Joe had heard the foe's scared double-quick
 Beat on stove drum with one uncaptured stick,
 And, ere death came the lengthening tale to top,
 Himself had fired, and seen a red-coat drop ;
 Had Joe lived long enough, that scrambling fight
 Had squared more nearly with his sense of right,
 And vanquished Percy, to complete the tale,
 Had hammered stone for life in Concord jail."

I do not know that the foregoing extracts ought not to be called my own rather than Mr. Biglow's, as, indeed, he maintained stoutly that my file had left nothing of his in them. I should not, perhaps, have felt entitled to take so great liberties with them, had I not more than suspected an hereditary vein of poetry in myself, a very near ancestor having written a Latin poem in the Harvard *Gratulation* on the accession of George the Third. Suffice it to say, that, whether not satisfied with such limited approbation as I could conscientiously bestow, or from a sense of natural in-

aptitude, certain it is that my young friend could never be induced to any further essays in this kind. He affirmed that it was to him like writing in a foreign tongue,—that Mr. Pope's versification was like the regular ticking of one of Willard's clocks, in which one could fancy, after long listening, a certain kind of rhythm or tune, but which yet was only a poverty-stricken *tick*, *tick*, after all,—and that he had never seen a sweet-water on a trellis growing so fairly, or in forms so pleasing to his eye, as a fox-grape over a scrub-oak in a swamp. He added I know not what, to the effect that the sweet-water would only be the more disfigured by having its leaves starched and ironed out, and that Pegasus (so he called him) hardly looked right with his mane and tail in curl-papers. These and other such opinions I did not long strive to eradicate, attributing them rather to a defective education and senses untuned by too long familiarity with purely natural objects, than to a perverted moral sense. I was the more inclined to this leniency since sufficient evidence was not to seek, that his verses, wanting as they certainly were in classic polish and point, had somehow taken hold of the public ear in a surprising manner. So, only setting him right as to the quantity of the proper name Pegasus, I left him to follow the bent of his natural genius.

Yet could I not surrender him wholly to the tutelage of the pagan (which, literally interpreted, signifies village) muse without yet a further effort for his conversion, and to this end I resolved that whatever of poetic fire yet burned in myself, aided by the assiduous bellows of correct models, should be put in requisition. Accordingly, when my ingenious young parishioner brought to my study a copy of verses which he had written touching the acquisition of territory resulting from the Mexican war, and the folly of leaving the question of slavery or freedom to the adjudication of chance, I did myself indite a short fable or apologue after the manner of Gay and Prior, to the end that he might see how easily even such subjects as he treated of were capable of a more refined style and more elegant expression. Mr. Biglow's production was as follows :—

THE TWO GUNNERS

A FABLE

Two fellers, Isrel named and Joe,
One Sundry mornin' 'greed to go
Agunnin' soon'z the bells wuz done
And meetin' finally begun,
So'st no one wouldn't be about
Ther Sabbath-breakin' to spy out.

Joe didn't want to go a mite ;
He felt ez though 'twarn't skeercely right,
But, when his doubts he went to speak
on,

Isrel he up and called him Deacon,
An' kep' apokin' fun like sin
An' then arubbin' on it in,
Till Joe, less skeered o' doin' wrong
Then bein' laughed at, went along.

Past noontime they went trampin' round
An' nary thing to pop at found,
Till, fairly tired o' their sprec,
They leaned their guns agin a tree,
An' jest ez they wuz settin' down
To take their noonin', Joe looked roun'
And see (acrost lots in a pond
That warn't mor'n twenty rod beyond),
A goose that on the water sot
Ez ef awaitin' to be shot.

Isrel he ups and grabs his gun ;
Sez he, " By ginger, here's some fun ! "
" Don't fire," sez Joe, " it aint no use,
Thet's Deacon Peleg's tame wil'-goose " :
Sez Isrel, " I don't care a cent,
I've sighted an' I'll let her went " ;
Bang! went queen's-arm, ole gander
flopped

His wings a spell, an' quorked, an' dropped,

Sez Joe, " I wouldn't ha' been hired
At that poor critter to ha' fired,
But sence it's clean gin up the ghost,
We'll hev the tallest kind o' roast ;
I guess our waistbands 'll be tight
'Fore it comes ten o'clock ternalight."

" I won't agree to no such bender,"
Sez Isrel ; " keep it tell it's tender ;
"Taint wuth a snap afore it's ripe."
Sez Joe, " I'd jest ez lives eat tripe ;
You *air* a buster ter suppose
I'd eat what makes me hol' my nose ! "

So they disputed to an' fro
Till cunnin' Isrel sez to Joe,
"Don't le's stay here an' play the fool,
Le's wait till both on us git cool,
Jest for a day or two le's hide it
An' then toss up an' so decide it."
"Agreed!" sez Joe, an' so they did,
An' the ole goose wuz safely hid.

Now 'twuz the hottest kind o' weather,
An' when at last they come together,
It didn't signify which won,
Fer all the mischief hed been done:
The goose wuz there, but, fer his soul,
Joe wouldn't ha' tetcht it with a pole;
But Isrel kind o' liked the smell on't
An' made *his* dinner very well on't.

My own humble attempt was in manner
and form following, and I print it here, I
sincerely trust, out of no vainglory, but
solely with the hope of doing good.

LEAVING THE MATTER OPEN

A TALE

BY HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

TWO brothers once, an ill-matched pair,
Together dwelt (no matter where),
To whom an Uncle Sam, or some one,
Had left a house and farm in common.
The two in principles and habits
Were different as rats from rabbits;
Stout Farmer North, with frugal care,
Laid up provision for his heir,
Not scorning with hard sun-browned hands
To scrape acquaintance with his lands;
Whatever thing he had to do
He did, and made it pay him, too;
He sold his waste stone by the pound,
His drains made water-wheels spin round,
His ice in summer-time he sold,
His wood brought profit when 'twas cold,
He dug and delved from morn till night,
Strove to make profit square with right,
Lived on his means, cut no great dash,
And paid his debts in honest cash.

On t'other hand, his brother South
Lived very much from hand to mouth,
Played gentleman, nursed dainty hands,
Borrowed North's money on his lands,

And culled his morals and his graces
From cock-pits, bar-rooms, fights, and
races;

His sole work in the farming line
Was keeping droves of long-legged swine,
Which brought great bothers and expenses
To North in looking after fences,
And, when they happened to break through,
Cost him both time and temper too,
For South insisted it was plain
He ought to drive them home again,
And North consented to the work
Because he loved to buy cheap pork.

Meanwhile, South's swine increasing fast,
His farm became too small at last;
So, having thought the matter over,
And feeling bound to live in clover
And never pay the clover's worth,
He said one day to Brother North:—

"Our families are both increasing,
And, though we labour without ceasing,
Our produce soon will be too scant
To keep our children out of want;
They who wish fortune to be lasting
Must be both prudent and forecasting;
We soon shall need more land; a lot
I know, that cheaply can be bo't;
You lend the cash, I'll buy the acres,
And we'll be equally partakers."

Poor North, whose Anglo-Saxon blood
Gave him a hankering after mud,
Wavered a moment, then consented,
And, when the cash was paid, repented;
To make the new land worth a pin,
Thought he, it must be all fenced in,
For, if South's swine once get the run on't
No kind of farming can be done on't;
If that don't suit the other side,
'Tis best we instantly divide.

But somehow South could ne'er incline
This way or that to run the line,
And always found some new pretence
'Gainst setting the division fence;
At last he said:—

"For peace's sake,
Liberal concessions I will make;
Though I believe, upon my soul,
I've a just title to the whole,
I'll make an offer which I call
Gen'rous,—we'll have no fence at all;

Then both of us, when'er we choose,
Can take what part we want to use ;
If you should chance to need it first,
Pick you the best, I'll take the worst."

"Agreed!" cried North; thought he,
This fall

With wheat and rye I'll sow it all;
In that way I shall get the start,
And South may whistle for his part.
So thought, so done, the field was sown,
And, winter having come and gone,
Sly North walked blithely forth to spy
The progress of his wheat and rye;
Heavens, what a sight! his brother's swine
Had asked themselves all out to dine;
Such grunting, munching, rooting, shoving,
The soil seemed all alive and moving,
As for his grain, such work they'd made
on't,
He couldn't spy a single blade on't.

Off in a rage he rushed to South,
"My wheat and rye"—grief choked his
mouth;

"Pray don't mind me," said South, "but
plant

All of the new land that you want";

"Yes, but your hogs," cried North;

"The grain
Won't hurt them," answered South again;
"But they destroy my crop";

"No doubt;
'Tis fortunate you've found it out;
Misfortunes teach, and only they,
You must not sow it in their way";
"Nay, you," says North, "must keep
them out";

"Did I create them with a snout?"
Asked South demurely; "as agreed,
The land is open to your seed,
And would you fain prevent my pigs
From running there their harmless rigs?
God knows I view this compromise
With not the most approving eyes;
I gave up my unquestioned rights
For sake of quiet days and nights;
I offered then, you know 'tis true,
To cut the piece of land in two."
"Then cut it now," growls North;

"Abate
Your heat," says South, "'tis now too
late;

I offered you the rocky corner,
But you, of your own good the scorner,
Refused to take it; I am sorry;
No doubt you might have found a quarry,
Perhaps a gold-mine, for aught I know,
Containing heaps of native rhino;
You can't expect me to resign
My rights"—

"But where," quoth North, "are mine?"
"Your rights," says t'other, "well, that's
funny,
I bought the land"—

"I paid the money";
"That," answered South, "is from the
point,
The ownership, you'll grant, is joint;
I'm sure my only hope and trust is
Not law so much as abstract justice,
Though, you remember, 'twas agreed
That so and so—consult the deed;
Objections now are out of date,
They might have answered once, but
Fate

Quashes them at the point we've got to;
Obsta principiis, that's my motto."
So saying, South began to whistle
And looked as obstinate as gristle,
While North went homeward, each brown
paw
Clenched like a knot of natural law,
And all the while, in either ear,
Heard something clicking wondrous clear.

To turn now to other matters, there are
two things upon which it should seem
fitting to dilate somewhat more largely in
this place,—the Yankee character and the
Yankee dialect. And, first, of the Yankee
character, which has wanted neither open
maligners, nor even more dangerous
enemies in the persons of those unskilful
painters who have given to it that hardness,
angularity, and want of proper perspective,
which, in truth, belonged, not to their
subject, but to their own niggard and un-
skilful pencil.

New England was not so much the
colony of a mother country, as a Hagar
driven forth into the wilderness. The
little self-exiled band which came hither in
1620 came, not to seek gold, but to found
a democracy. They came that they might

have the privilege to work and pray, to sit upon hard benches and listen to painful preachers as long as they would, yea, even unto thirty-seventhly, if the spirit so willed it. And surely, if the Greek might boast his Thermopylæ, where three hundred men fell in resisting the Persian, we may well be proud of our Plymouth Rock, where a handful of men, women, and children not merely faced, but vanquished, winter, famine, the wilderness, and the yet more invincible *storge* that drew them back to the green island far away. These found no lotus growing upon the surly shore, the taste of which could make them forget their little native Ithaca; nor were they so wanting to themselves in faith as to burn their ship, but could see the fair west-wind belly the homeward sail, and then turn unrepining to grapple with the terrible Unknown.

As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud be long in wearing out of the stock. The wounds of the old warfare were long a-healing, and an east-wind of hard times puts a new ache into every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their horn-book, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard schoolmistress, Necessity. Neither were those plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen 'hat came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabinous, earnest eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug. Add two hundred years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncrasies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, inventive in all but the beautiful, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy Hunger, longanimous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket, not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sore-pressing Need, accustomed to move the world with no *πῶς αὐτῷ* but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstance beget, here in the New

World, upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic-practicalism, such niggard-geniality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron-enthusiasm, such sour-faced-humour, such close-fisted-generosity. This new *Græculus esuriens* will make a living out of anything. He will invent new trades as well as tools. His brain is his capital, and he will get education at all risks. Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling-book first, and a salt-pan afterward. *In calum, juseris, ibit*,—or the other way either,—it is all one, so anything is to be got by it. Yet, after all, thin, speculative Jonathan is more like the Englishman of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He has lost somewhat in solidity, has become fluent and adaptable, but more of the original groundwork of character remains. He feels more at home with Fulke Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert, and Browne, than with his modern English cousins. He is nearer than John, by at least a hundred years, to Nasely, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much fattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in the world of the Unseen as well as of the Seen. To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.

* * * TO THE INDULGENT READER

MY friend, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, having been seized with a dangerous fit of illness, before this Introduction had passed through the press, and being incapacitated for all literary exertion, sent to me his notes, memoranda, etc., and requested me to fashion them into some shape more fitting for the general eye. This, owing to the fragmentary and disjointed state of his manuscripts, I have felt wholly unable to do; yet, being unwilling that the reader should be deprived of such parts of his lucubrations as seemed more finished, and not well discerning how to segregate these

from the rest, I have concluded to send them all to the press precisely as they are.

COLUMBUS NYE,
Pastor of a Church in Bungtown
Corner.

It remains to speak of the Yankee dialect. And, first, it may be premised, in a general way, that any one much read in the writings of the early colonists need not be told that the far greater share of the words and phrases now esteemed peculiar to New England, and local there, were brought from the mother country. A person familiar with the dialect of certain portions of Massachusetts will not fail to recognise, in ordinary discourse, many words now noted in English vocabularies as archaic, the greater part of which were in common use about the time of the King James translation of the Bible. Shakespeare stands less in need of a glossary to most New Englanders than to many a native of Old Country. The peculiarities of our speech, however, are rapidly wearing out. As there is a country where reading is so universal, newspapers are so multitudinous, so no phrase remains long local, but is transplanted up to the mail-bags to every remotest corner of the land. Consequently our dialect approaches nearer to uniformity than that of any other nation.

The English have complained of us for coining new words. Many are so stigmatised were old ones by long forgotten, and all make now an unquestioned part of the currency, wherever English is spoken. Undoubtedly, we have a right to make new words, as they are needed by the fresh aspects under which life presents itself here in the New World; and, indeed, wherever a language is alive, it grows. It might be questioned whether we could not establish a stronger title to the ownership of the English tongue than the mother-landers themselves. Here, past all question, is to be its great home and centre. And not only is it already spoken here by greater numbers, but with a far higher popular average of correctness than in Britain. The great writers of it, too, we might claim as ours, were ownership to be settled by the number of readers and lovers.

As regards the provincialisms to be met with in this volume, I may say that the reader will not find one which is not (as I believe) either native or imported with the early settlers, nor one which I have not, with my own ears, heard in familiar use. In the metrical portion of the book, I have endeavoured to adapt the spelling as nearly as possible to the ordinary mode of pronunciation. Let the reader who deems me over-particular remember this caution of Martial:—

*"Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine,
lilullus;
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus."*

A few further explanatory remarks will not be impertinent.

I shall barely lay down a few general rules for the reader's guidance.

1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to the *r* when he can help it, and often displays considerable ingenuity in avoiding it even before a vowel.

2. He seldom sounds the final *g*, a piece of self-denial, if we consider his partiality for nasals. The same of the final *d*, as *hun'* and *stan'* for *hand* and *stand*.

3. The *h* in such words as *while*, *when*, *where*, he omits altogether.

4. In regard to *a*, he shows some inconsistency, sometimes giving a close and pure sound, as *hen* for *have*, *henny* for *handy*, *ez* for *as*, *thet* for *that*, and again giving it the broad sound it has in *father*, as *hansome* for *handsome*.

5. To the sound *ou* he prefixes an *e* (hard to exemplify otherwise than orally).

The following passage in Shakespeare he would recite thus:—

"Neow is the winta uv eour discontent
Med glorious summa by this sun o' Yock,
An' all the cleouds that leowered upun
eour heouse

In the deep buzzum o' the oshin buried;
Neow air eour breows bound 'ith victor-
ious wreaths;

Eour breused arms hung up fer moni-
munce;

Eour starn alarums changed to merry
meetins,

Eour drefle marches to delighfle masures.
Grin-visaged war heth smeuthed his
wrinkled front,

An' neow, instid o' moutin' barebid
steeds

To fright the souls o' ferlie edverseries,
He capers nimly in a lady's chámber,
To the lascivious pleasin' uv a loot."

6. *An*, in such words as *daughter* and *slaughter*, he pronounces *ah*.

7. To the dish thus seasoned add a
drawl *ad libitum*.

[Mr. Wilbur's notes here become entirely
fragmentary.—C. N.]

a. Unable to procure a likeness of Mr. Biglow, I thought the curious reader might be gratified with a sight of the editorial effigies. And here a choice between two was offered,—the one a profile (entirely black) cut by Doyle, the other a portrait painted by a native artist of much promise. The first of these seemed wanting in expression, and in the second a slight obliquity of the visual organs has been heightened (perhaps from an over-desire of force on the part of the artist) into too close an approach to actual *strabismus*. This slight divergence in my optical apparatus from the ordinary model—however I may have been taught to regard it in the light of a mercy rather than a cross, since it enabled me to give as much of directness and personal application to my discourses as met the wants of my congregation, without risk of offending any by being supposed to have him or her in my eye (as the saying is)—seemed yet to Mrs. Wilbur a sufficient objection to the engraving of the aforesaid painting. We read of many who either absolutely refused to allow the copying of their features, as especially did Plotinus and Agesilaus among the ancients, not to mention the more modern instances of Scioppius, Palæottus, Pinellus, Velscrus, Gataker, and others, or were indifferent thereto, as Cromwell.

β. Yet was Cæsar desirous of concealing his baldness. *Per contra*, my Lord Protector's carefulness in the matter of his wart might be cited. Men generally more desirous of being *improved* in their portraits than characters. Shall probably find very unflattered likenesses of ourselves in Recording Angel's gallery.

γ. Whether any of our national peculi-

arities may be traced to our use of stoves, as a certain closeness of the lips in pronunciation, and a smothered smoulderingness of disposition seldom roused to open flame? An unrestrained intercourse with fire probably conducive to generosity and hospitality of soul. Ancient Mexicans used stoves, as the friar Augustin Ruiz reports, Hakluyt, iii. 468,—but Popish priests not always reliable authority.

To-day picked my Isabella grapes. Crop injured by attacks of rose-bug in the spring. Whether Noah was justifiable in preserving this class of insects?

δ. Concerning Mr. Biglow's pedigree. Tolerably certain that there was never a poet among his ancestors. An Ordination hymn attributed to a maternal uncle, but perhaps a sort of production not demanding the creative faculty.

His grandfather a painter of the grandiose or Michael Angelo school. Seldom painted objects smaller than houses or barns, and these with unconimon expression.

ε. Of the Willburs no complete pedigree. The crest said to be a *wild boar*, whence, perhaps, the name (?). A connection with the Earls of Wilbraham (*quasi* wild boar ham) might be made out. This suggestion worth following up. In 1677, John W. m. Expect —, had issue, 1. John, 2. Haggai, 3. Expect, 4. Ruhamah, 5. Desire.

"Hear lyes y^e bodey of Mrs. Expect
Wilbur,

Y^e crewell salvages they kil'd her
Together wth other Christian soles
eleaven,

October y^e ix daye, 1707.

Y^e stream of Jordan sh' as crost ore
And now expects me on y^e other shore
I live in hope her soon to join;
Her earthlye yeeres were forty and nine."

*From Gravestone in Pekussett,
North Parish.*

'This is unquestionably the same John who afterward (1711) married Tabitha Hagg or Ragg.

But if this were the case, she seems to have died early; for only three years after, namely, 1714, we have evidence that he married Winifred, daughter of Lieutenant Tipping.

He seems to have been a man of substance, for we find him in 1696 conveying "one undivided eightieth part of a salt-mendow" in Yabbok, and he commanded a sloop in 1702.

Those who doubt the importance of genealogical studies *juste potius quam argumento erudiendi*.

I trace him as far as 1723, and there lose him. In that year he was chosen selectman. No gravestone. Perhaps overthrown when a new hearse-house was built, 1802.

He was probably the son of John, who came from Bilham Comit. Salop. circa 1642.

This first John was a man of considerable importance, being twice mentioned with the honourable prefix of *Mr.* in the town records. Name spelt with two *l*-s.

"Hear lyeth y^e bod [*stone unhappily broken.*]

Mr. Ihon Willber [Esq.] *I inclose this in brackets as doubtful. To me it seems clear.*

Ob't die [*illegible; looks like xviii.*]
 iii [*prop. 1693.*]

. paynt
 dēseased seinte :
 A friend and [fath]er untoc all y^e opreast,
 Hee gave y^e wicked familists noe reast,
 When Sat[an bl]ew his Antinomian blaste,
 Wee clong to [Willber as a steadf]ast
 maste.

[A]gaynst y^e horrid Qua[kers]"

It is greatly to be lamented that this curious epitaph is mutilated. It is said that the sacrilegious British soldiers made a target of this stone during the war of Independence. How odious an animosity which pauses not at the grave! How brutal that which spares not the monuments of authentic history! This is not improbably from the pen of Rev. Moody Pyram, who is mentioned by Hubbard as having been noted for a silver vein of poetry. If his papers be still extant, a copy might possibly be recovered.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

No. I

A LETTER

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM
 TO THE HON. JOSEPH T. HUCKING-
 HAM, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON
 COURIER, INCLOSING A POEM OF HIS
 SON, MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

JAYLEM, June 1846.

MISTER EDDYTER :—Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and fifin arter him like all nater. the sarjunt he thout Hosea hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo s' though he'd jest com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosy woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck

onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shouklers and figureed onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home consider-
 abal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fl-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosce's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery¹ ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busy-nes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosy he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his vases to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson

¹ *Aut insanit, aut versos facit.*—H. W.

wuz dresse tickled with 'em as i hoop
you will be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em
hish now, cos the parson kind o' slicked
off sum o' the last vases, but he told
Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in
to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they
wuz verry well As thay wuz, and then
Hosey ses he sed suthin a nuther about
Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller,
but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear
him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that
name in this villadge, and I've lived here
man and boy 76 year cum next tater
diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting
spryer 'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let
folks know who hosity's father is, cos my
ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be
curus ses she, she aint livin though and
he's a likely kind o' lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

THRASH away, you'll hev to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn, —
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn :
Put in stiff, you fiser feller,
Let folks see how spry you be, —
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahold o' me !

Thet air flag 's a leetle rotten,
Hope it aint your Sunday's best ; -
Fact ! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest :
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer't,
Ef you must wear humps like these,
S'posin' you should try salt hay fer't,
It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers,
They're a dresse graspin' set,
We must ollers blow the bellers
Wen they want their irons het ;
May be it's all right ez preachin',
But my narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),
Thru the vaitu o' the North !
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled ;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on cend at bein' biled ?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testymint fer that ;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly.
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a gain more right ;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight ;
Ef you take a sword an' dlor it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye ?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they're pupple in the face,—
It's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race ;
They jest want this Californy
So 's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin' pains,
All to git the Devil's thankec
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains ?
Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
 After cipherin' plaguy smart,
 An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
 Any gump could larn by heart ;
 Labourin' man an' labourin' woman
 Hev one glory an' one shame.
 Ev'ry thin' thet's done inhuman
 Injers all on 'em the same

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
 You're agoin' to git your right,
 Noi by lookin' down on black folks
 'Oz you're put upon by wite ;
 Slavery aint o' nary colour,
 'Taint the hide thet makes it wus,
 All it keers fer in a teller
 'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye ?
 I expect you'll hev to wait ;
 Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
 You'll begin to kal'late ;
 S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
 All the carkiss from your bones,
 Cor you helped to give a lickin'
 To them poor half-Spanish diones ?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
 Wether I'd be sech a goose
 Ez to jine ye, guess you'd fancy
 The etarnal bung wuz loose !
 She wants me fer home consumption,
 Let alone the hay 's to mow,—
 Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
 You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
 Like a cocketel three months old,—
 Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
 Though they *be* so blasted bold ;
Am they a prime lot o' fellers ?
 'Fore they think on't guess they'll
 spout

(Like a peach thet's got the yellars),
 With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
 Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
 Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
 Insults on your fater's graves ;
 Help the strong to grind the feeble,
 Help the many agin the few,

Help the men thet call your people
 Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew !

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
 She's akneelin' with the rest,
 She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
 In her grand old eagle-nest ;
 She thet ough' to stand so fearless
 W'ile the wracks are round her hurled,
 Holdin' up a beacon peerless
 To the oppressed of all the world !

Ha'n't they sold your coloured seamen ?
 Ha'n't they made your env'ys w'iz ?
Wut 'll make ye act like freemen ?
Wut 'll git your dander riz ?
 Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
 Is our dooty in this fix,
 They'd ha' done't ez quick ez winkin'
 In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
 Call all true men to disown
 The tradooers of our people,
 The enslavers o' their own ;
 Let our dear old Bay State proudly
 Put the trumpet to her mouth,
 Let her ring this messidge loudly
 In the ears of all the South :—

" I'll return ye good fer evil
 Much ez we frail mortils can,
 But I wun't go help the Devil
 Makin' man the cus o' man ;
 Call me coward, call me traiter,
 Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' the friend o' God an' Peace !"

If I'd *my* way I hed ruther
 We should go to work an' part,
 They take one way, we take t'other,
 Guess it wouldn't break my heart ;
 Man hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has nowadays jined ;
 An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
 Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

[The first recruiting sergeant on record I conceive to have been that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as *going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it*. Bishop Latimer will have him

to have been a bishop, but to me that other calling would appear more congenial. The sect of Cainites is not yet extinct, who esteemed the first-born of Adam to be the most worthy, not only because of that privilege of primogeniture, but inasmuch as he was able to overcome and slay his younger brother. That was a wise saying of the famous Marquis Pescara to the Papal Legate, that *it was impossible for men to serve Mars and Christ at the same time*. Yet in time past the profession of arms was judged to be *κατ' ἐξοχήν* that of a gentleman, nor does this opinion want for strenuous upholders even in our day. Must we suppose, then, that the profession of Christianity was only intended for losels, or, at best, to afford an opening for plebeian ambition? Or shall we hold with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian, Captain Vratz, who was Count Konigsmark's chief instrument in the murder of Mr. Thynne, that the Scheme of Salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper classes, and that "God would consider a gentleman and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession He had placed him in"? It may be said of us all, *Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus*.—H. W.]

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NO. II

A LETTER

FROM MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE
HON. J. T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF
THE BOSTON COURIER, COVERING A
LETTER FROM MR. B. SAWIN, PRIVATE
IN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

[This letter of Mr. Sawin's was not originally written in verse. Mr. Biglow, thinking it peculiarly susceptible of metrical adornment, translated it, so to speak, into his own vernacular tongue. This is not the time to consider the question, whether rhyme be a mode of expression natural to the human race. If leisure from other and more important avocations be granted, I will handle the matter more at large in an appendix to the present volume. In this

place I will barely remark, that I have sometimes noticed in the unlanguageed prattlings of infants a fondness for alliteration, assonance, and even rhyme, in which natural predisposition we may trace the three degrees through which our Anglo-Saxon verse rose to its culmination in the poetry of Pope. I would not be understood as questioning in these remarks that pious theory which supposes that children, if left entirely to themselves, would naturally discourse in Hebrew. For this the authority of one experiment is claimed, and I could, with Sir Thomas Browne, desire its establishment, inasmuch as the acquirement of that sacred tongue would thereby be facilitated. I am aware that Herodotus states the conclusion of Pammenetus to have been in favour of a dialect of the Phrygian. But, beside the chance that a trial of this importance would hardly be blessed to a Pagan monarch whose only motive was curiosity, we have on the Hebrew side the comparatively recent investigation of James the Fourth of Scotland. I will add to this prefatory remark, that Mr. Sawin, though a native of Jaalam, has never been a stated attendant on the religious exercises of my congregation. I consider my humble efforts prospered in that not one of my sheep hath ever indued the wolf's clothing of war, save for the comparatively innocent diversion of a militia training. Not that my flock are backward to undergo the hardships of *defensive warfare*. They serve cheerfully in the great army which fights even unto death *pro aris et focis*, accoutred with the spade, the axe, the plane, the sledge, the spelling-book, and other such effectual weapons against want and ignorance and unthrift. I have taught them (under God) to esteem our human institutions as but tents of a night, to be stricken whenever Truth puts the bugle to her lips and sounds a march to the heights of wider-view'd intelligence and more perfect organisation.—H. W.]

MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. it ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that He

went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired o' voluntarin By this Time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his statement. For I never heeted nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur cals a *pong shong* for cocktales, and he ses it wuz a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cocktale onto his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time,¹ ses he, I *du* like a feller that aint a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few reflecks shuns hear and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin.

Ewers respectfly

HOSEA BIGLOW.

THIS kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin',

A chap could clear right out from there ef't only looked like rainin',

An' th' 'unnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,

An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners

(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an' a feller could cry quarter

Ef he fired away his ramrod aiter tu much rum an' water.

Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'n' I an' Ezry Hollis,

Up there to Waltham plain last fall, along o' the Cornwallis?²

¹ In relation to this expression, I cannot but think that Mr. Biglow has been too hasty in attributing it to me. Though Time be a comparatively innocent personage to swear by, and though Lorginus in his discourse *Περὶ Τύχης* have commended timely oaths as not only a useful but sublime figure of speech, yet I have always kept my lips free from that abomination. *Odi profanum vulgus*, I hate your swearing and hectoring fellows.—H. W.

² I hait the Site of a feller with a muskit as I du pizm But their *is* fun to a Cornwallis I aint agoin' to deny it.—H. B.

This sort o' thing aint *jest* like thet,—I wish thet I wuz furdler,—¹

Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer muqder,

(Wy I've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon Cephas Billins,

An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers tetchted ten shillins,)

There's sutthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to swaller,

It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;

It's gloty,—but, in spite o'all my tryin' to git callous,

I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus. But wen it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell

ye I felt streaked

The fust time't ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked;

Here's how it wuz: I start'ed out to go to a fandango,

The sentinul he ups an' sez, "Thet's furdler 'an you can go."

"Noneo' your sarse," sez I; sez he, "Stan' back!" "Aint you a buster?"

Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I guess I've ben to muster;

I know wy sentinuls air sot; you aint agoin' to eat us;

Caleb haint no monopoly to court the scenoreetas;

My folks to hum air full ez good ez hisn be, by golly!"

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,

The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitchfork in me

An' made a hole right thru my close ez ef I wuz an in'my.

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in ole Funnel

Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our Leftenant Cunnle,

(It's Mister Secondary Bolles,² thet writ the prize peace essay;

¹ he means Not quite so fur I guess.—H. B.

² the ignorant creeter means Sekketary; but he ollers stuck to his books like cobbler's wax to an ile-stone.—H. B.

Thet's wy he didn't list himself along o'
us, I dessay,)
An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but
don't put *his* foot in it,
Coz human life's so sacred thet he's
principled agin it,—
Though I myself can't rightly see it's any
wus achokin' on 'em,
Than puttin' bullets thru their lights, or
with a bagnet pokin' on 'em ;
How drefle slick he reeled it off (like
Blitz at our lyceum
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick
you skeercely see 'em),
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons
would be handy
To du the buryin' down here upon the
Rio Grandy),
About our patriotic pas an' our star-
spangled banner,
Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin'
out hosanner,
An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz
happy fer Ameriky,—
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle
mite histericky.
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a drefle
kind o' privilege
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets
among the gutter's drivelage ;
I act'lly thought it wuz a treat to hear
a little drummin',
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum wuz
acomin'
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them
wore in the state prison)
An' every feller felt ez though all Mexico
wuz hisn.¹

This 'ere's about the meanest place a
skunk could wal diskiver

¹ it must be aloud that there's a streak of
nater in lovin' sho, but it sartinly is 1 of the
curusest things in nater to see a rispecktable dri
good, dealer (deckon off a chutch maybe) a
rigin' himself out in the Weigh they du and
struttin' round in the Reign aspillin' his trowis
and makin' wet goods of himself. Ef any thin's
foolisher and moor dicklus than militerry gloary
it is milishy gloary.—H. B.

(Saltillo's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we
call Salt-river) ;
The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat doos
beat all nater,
I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one
good blue-nose tater ;
The country here thet Mister Bolles
declared to be so charmin'
Throughout is swarmin' with the most
alarmin' kind o' varmin.
He talked about delishis froot, but then
it wuz a wopper all,
The holl on't's mud an' prickly pears,
with here an' there a chappal ;
You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust you
know, a lariat
Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore
you can say, "Wut air ye at?"¹
You never sec sech darned gret bugs (it
may not be irrelevant
To say I've seen a *scarabeus pilularius*²
big ez a year old elephant),
The rigiment come up one day in time
to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright,—
'twuz jest a common *cimex lectu-*
larius.

One night I started up on eend an'
thought I wuz to hum agin,
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the
fisherman hez come agin,
His bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm
a livin' creeter,
I felt a thing go thru my leg,—'twuz
nothin' more'n a skeeter!
Then there's the yaller fever, tñ, they
call it here el vomitō,—
(Come, thet wun't du, you landcrab there,
I tell ye to le' go my toe!
My gracious! it's a scorpion thet's took
a shine to play with,

¹ these fellers are verry proppilly called Rank
Heroes, and the more tha kill the ranker and
more Herowick tha bekum.—H. B.

² it wuz "tumblebug" as he Writ it, but the
parson put the Latten insid. I sed t'other maid
better meeter, but he said tha was eddykated
peep to Boston and tha wouldn't stan' it no how.
idnow as tha *wood* and idnow as tha wood.—H. B.

I darsn't skeer the tarnal thing fer fear
 he'd run away with't.)
 Afore I come away from hum I hed a
 strong persuasion
 Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,¹—
 an ourang outang nation,
 A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never
 dream on't arter,
 No more'n a seller'd dream o' pigs thet
 he hed hed to slarter;
 I'd an idee thet they were built arter the
 darkie fashion all,
 An' kickin' coloured folks about, you
 know, 's a kind o' national;
 But wen I jined I worn't so wise ez thet
 air queen o' Shely,
 Wer, come to look at 'em, they aint much
 diffrent from wut we be,
 An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o'
 thir own dominions,
 Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our
 eagle's pinions,
 Wich means to take a feller up jest by
 the slack o' 's trowsis
 An' walk him Spanish clean right out
 o' all his homes an' houses;
 Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then
 hooraw fer Jackson!
 It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar
 Anglosaxon.
 The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say,
 they piz'n all the water,
 An' du amazin' lots o' things thet isn't
 wut they ough' to;
 Bein' they haint no lead, they make their
 bullets out o' copper
 An' shoot the darned things at us, tu,
 wich Caleb sez aint proper;
 He sez they'd ough' to stan' right up an'
 let us pop 'em fairly
 (Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he'll
 hev to git up airly),
 Thet our nation 's bigger 'n theirn an' so
 its rights air bigger,
 An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet we
 air pullin' trigger,

Thet Anglo Saxondom's idee's abreakin'
 'em to pieces,
 An' thet idee's thet every man doos jest
 wut he damn pleases;
 Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, per-
 haps in some respec I can,
 I know thet "every man" don't mean
 a nigger or a Mexican;
 An' there's another thing I know, an'
 thet is, ef these creeturs,
 Thet stick an Anglosaxon mask onto
 State-prison feetur,
 Should come to Jaalam Centre fer to
 argify an' spout on't,
 The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the
 minnit they cleared out on't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one
 agreeable feetur,
 An' ef it woin't fer wakin' snakes, I'd
 home agin short meter;
 O, wouldn't I be off, quick time, ef't
 worn't thet I wuz sartin
 They'd let the daylight into me to pay
 me fer desartin!
 I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest
 to you I may state
 Our ossifers aint wut they wuz afore they
 left the Bay-state;
 Then it wuz "Mister Sawin, sir, you're
 middlin' well now, be ye?
 Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I'm
 drefle glad to see ye";
 But now it's "Ware's my eppylet? here,
 Sawin, step an' fetch it!
 An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry,
 or, damn ye, you shall ketch it!"
 Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will
 bile so, but by mighty,
 Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give
 'em linkum vity,
 I'd play the rogue's march on their hides
 an' other music follerin'—
 But I must close my letter here, fer one
 on 'em's ahollerin',
 These Anglosaxon ossifers,—wal, taint
 no use ajawin',
 I'm safe enlisted fer the war,
 Yours,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN,

¹ he means human beans, that's wut he means.
 i spose he kinder thought tha wuz human beans
 ware the Xivle Poles comes from.—H. B.

[Those have not been wanting (as, indeed, when hath Satan been to seek for attorneys?) who have maintained that our late inroad upon Mexico was undertaken not so much for the avenging of any national quarrel, as for the spreading of free institutions and of Protestantism. *Capita vir duabus Anticyris medenda!* Verily I admire that no pious sergeant among these new Crusaders beheld Martin Luther riding at the front of the host upon a tamed pontifical bull, as, in that former invasion of Mexico, the zealous Gomara (spawn though he were of the Scarlet Woman) was favoured with a vision of St. James of Compostella, skewering the infidels upon his apostolical lance. We read, also, that Richard of the lion heart, having gone to Palestine on a similar errand of mercy, was divinely encouraged to cut the throats of such l'aynims as refused to swallow the bread of life (doubtless that they might be thereafter incapacitated for swallowing the filthy goblets of Mahound) by angels of heaven, who cried to the king and his knights, —*Seigneurs, tuez! tuez!* providentially using the French tongue, as being the only one understood by their auditors. This would argue for the pantoglottism of these celestial intelligences, while, on the other hand, the Devil, *teste* Cotton Mathei, is unversed in certain of the Indian dialects. Yet must he be a semeiologist the most expert, making himself intelligible to every people and kindred by signs; no other discourse, indeed, being needful, than such as the niackerel-fisher holds with his finned quarry, who, if other bait be wanting, can by a bare bit of white rag at the end of a string captivate those foolish fishes. Such piscatorial persuasion is Satan cunning in. Before one he trails a hat and feather, or a bare feather without a hat; before another, a Presidential chair or a tide-waiter's stool, or a pulpit in the city, no matter what. To us, dangling there over our heads, they seem junkets dropped out of the seventh heaven, sops dipped in nectar, but, once in our mouths, they are all one, bits of fuzzy cotton.

This, however, by the way. It is time now *revocare gradum*. While so many miracles of this sort, vouched by eye-witnesses, have encouraged the arms of Papists, not to speak of Echelæus at Marathon and

those *Dioscuri* (whom we must conclude imps of the pit) who sundry times captained the pagan Roman soldiery, it is strange that our first American crusade was not in some such wise also signalised. Yet it is said that the Lord hath manifestly prospered our armies. This opens the question, whether, when our hands are strengthened to make great slaughter of our enemies, it be absolutely and demonstratively certain that this might is added to us from above, or whether some Potentate from an opposite quarter may not have a finger in it, as there are few pies into which his meddling digits are not thrust. Would the Sanctifier and Setter-apart of the seventh day have assisted in a victory gained on the Sabbath, as was one in the late war? Do we not know from Josephus, that, careful of His decree, a certain river in Judæa abstained from flowing on the day of Rest? Or has that day become less an object of His especial care since the year 1697, when so manifest a providence occurred to Mr. William Trowbridge, in answer to whose prayers, when he and all on shipboard with him were starving, a dolphin was sent daily, "which was enough to serve 'em; only on *Saturdays* they still catched a couple, and on the *Lord's Days* they could catch none at all"? Haply they might have been permitted, by way of mortification, to take some few sculpins (those bances of the salt-water angler), which unseemly fish would, moreover, have conveyed to them a : ymbolical reproof for their breach of the day, being known in the rude dialect of our mariners as *Cape Cod Clergymen*.

It has been a refreshment to many nice consciences to know that our Chief Magistrate would not regard with eyes of approval the (by many esteemed) sinful pastime of dancing, and I own myself to be so far of that mind, that I could not but set my face against this Mexican Polka, though danced to the Presidential piping with a Gubernatorial second. If ever the country should be seized with another such mania *pro propaganda fide*, I think it would be wise to fill our bombshells with alternate copies of the Cambridge Platform and the Thirty-nine Articles, which would produce a mixture of the highest explosive power, and to wrap every one of our cannon-balls in a leaf

of the New Testament, the reading of which is denied to those who sit in the darkness of Popery. Those iron evangelists would thus be able to disseminate vital religion and Gospel truth in quarters inaccessible to the ordinary missionary. I have seen lads, unimpregnate with the more sublimated punctiliousness of Walton, secure picket, taking their unwary *siesta* beneath the lily-pads too high the surface, with a gun and small shot. Why not, then, since gunpowder was unknown in the time of the Apostles (not to enter here upon the question whether it were discovered before that period by the Chinese), suit our metaphor to the age in which we live, and say *shooters* as well as *fishers* of men?

I do much fear that we shall be seized now and then with a Protestant fervour, as long as we have neighbour Naboths whose wallowings in Papistical mire excite our horror in exact proportion to the size and desirableness of their vineyards. Yet I rejoice that some earnest Protestants have been made by this war. I mean those who protested against it. Fewer they were than I could wish, for one might imagine America to have been colonised by a tribe of those nondescript African animals the Aye-Ayes, so difficult a word is *Yo* to us all. There is some malformation or defect of the vocal organs, which either prevents our uttering it at all, or gives it so thick a pronunciation as to be unintelligible. A mouth filled with the national pudding, or watering in expectation thereof, is wholly incompetent to this refractory monosyllable. An abject and herpetec Public Opinion is the Pope, the Anti-Christ, for us to protest against *e corde cordium*. And by what College of Cardinals is this our God's-vicar, our binder and looser, elected? Very like, by the sacred conclave of Tag, Rag and Bobtail, in the gracious atmosphere of the grog-shop. Yet it is of this that we must all be puppets. This thumps the pulpit-cushion, this guides the editor's pen, this wags the senator's tongue. This decides what Scriptures are canonical, and shuffles Christ away into the Apocrypha. According to that sentence fathered upon Solon, *Ὀὐτὼ δημόσιον κακὸν ἐρχεται οὐκ ἀδ' ἐκδότης*. This unclean spirit is skilful to assume

various shapes. I have known it to enter my own study and nudge my elbow of a Saturday, under the semblance of a wealthy member of my congregation. It were a great blessing, if every particular of what in the sum we call popular sentiment could carry about the name of its manufacturer stamped legibly upon it. I gave a stab under the fifth rib to that pestilent fallacy, -- "Our country, right or wrong," -- by tracing its original to a speech of Ensign Cilley at a dinner of the Bungtown Fencibles. -- H. W.]

NO. III

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

[A few remarks on the following verses will not be out of place. The satire in them was not meant to have any personal, but only a general, application. Of the gentleman upon whose letter they were intended as a commentary Mr. Biglow had never heard, till he saw the letter itself. The position of the satirist is oftentimes one which he would not have chosen, had the election been left to himself. In attacking bad principles, he is obliged to select some individual who has made himself their exponent, and in whom they are impersonate, to the end that what he says may not, through ambiguity, be dissipated *tenues in auras*. For what says Seneca? *Longum iter per precepta, breve et efficax per exempla*. A bad principle is comparatively harmless while it continues to be an abstraction, nor can the general mind comprehend it fully till it is printed in that large type which all men can read at sight, namely, the life and character, the sayings and doings, of particular persons. It is one of the cunningest fetches of Satan, that he never exposes himself directly to our arrows, but, still dodging behind this neighbour or that acquaintance, compels us to wound him through them, if at all. He holds our affections as hostages, the while he patches up a truce with our conscience.

Meanwhile, let us not forget that the aim of the true satirist is not to be severe upon persons, but only upon falsehood,

and, as Truth and Falsehood start from the same point, and sometimes even go along together for a little way, his business is to follow the path of the latter after it diverges, and to show her floundering in the bog at the end of it. Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine. The danger of the satirist is, that continual use may deaden his sensibility to the force of language. He becomes more and more liable to strike harder than he knows or intends. He may be careful to put on his boxing-gloves, and yet forget that, the older they grow, the more plainly may the knuckles inside be felt. Moreover, in the heat of contest, the eye is insensibly drawn to the crown of victory, whose tawdry tinsel glitters through that dust of the ring which obscures Truth's wreath of simple leaves. I have sometimes thought that my young friend, Mr. Biglow, needed a monitory hand laid on his arm,—*aliquid sufflaminandus erat*. I have never thought it good husbandry to water the tender plants of reform with *aqua fortis*, yet, where so much is to do in the beds, he were a sorry gardener who should wage a whole day's war with an iron scuffle on on those ill weeds that make the garden-walks of life unsightly, when a sprinkle of Attic salt will wither them up. *Et ars etiam maledicendi*, says Scaliger, and truly it is a hard thing to say where the graceful gentleness of the lamb merges in downright sheepishness. We may conclude with worthy and wise Dr. Fuller, that "one may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness they are asses which are not lions."—H. W.]

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man ;

He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;

He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

My ! aint it terrible ? Wut shall we du ?

We can't never choose him o' course,—
thet's flat ;

Guess we shall hev to come' round, (don't you ?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

General C. is a drestle smart man :

He's ben on all sides thet give places
or pelf ;

But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—

He's ben true to *one* party,— an' thet is himself ;—

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war ;

He don't vally principle more 'n an old cud ;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,

With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,

An' thet eppylets worn't the best mark of a saint ;

But John P.

Robinson he,

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,

An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country.

An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book

Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per country* ;

An' John P.

Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argi-
munts lies ;

Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee*,
faw, fum ;

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half
rum ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez it aint no sech thing ; an'. of
course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his
life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tail coat,

An' marched round in front of a drum
an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on
'em votes ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin'
down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these
matters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other
wise fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits
in a slough ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez the world 'll go right, ef he
hollers out Gee !

[The attentive reader will doubtless have perceived in the foregoing poem an allusion to that pernicious sentiment,—“Our country, right or wrong.” It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more, certain personages, elevated for the time being to high station, our country. I would not sever nor loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor diminish by a tittle the respect due to the Magistrate. I love our own Bay State too well to do the one, and as for the other, I have myself for nigh forty years exercised, however unworthily, the function of Justice

of the Peace, having been called thereto by the unsolicited kindness of that most excellent man and upright patriot, Caleb Strong. *Patrie fumus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this,—*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*. We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided, allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organisations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intentment. When, therefore, one would have us to fling up our caps and shout with the multitude,—“*Our country, however bounded!*” he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi nociva*. That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarus and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her.

Shortly after the publication of the foregoing poem, there appeared some comments upon it in one of the public prints which seemed to call for animadversion. I accordingly addressed to Mr. Buckingham, of the Boston Courier, the following letter.

“JALAM, November 4, 1847.

“To the Editor of the Courier:

“RESPECTED SIR,—Calling at the post-office this morning, our worthy and efficient

postmaster offered for my perusal a paragraph in the Boston Morning Post of the 3d instant, wherein certain effusions of the pastoral muse are attributed to the pen of Mr. James Russell Lowell. For aught I know or can affirm to the contrary, this Mr. Lowell may be a very deserving person and a youth of parts (though I have seen verses of his which I could never rightly understand); and if he be such, he, I am certain, as well as I, would be free from any proclivity to appropriate to himself whatever of credit (or discredit) may honestly belong to another. I am confident, that, in penning these few lines, I am only forestalling a disclaimer from that young gentleman, whose silence hitherto, when rumour pointed to himward, has excited in my bosom mingled emotions of sorrow and surprise. Well may my young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, exclaim with the poet,

'Sic vos non vobis,' etc. ;

though, in saying this, I would not convey the impression that he is a proficient in the Latin tongue, -the tongue, I might add, of a Horace and a Tully.

"Mr. B. does not employ his pen, I can safely say, for any lure of worldly gain, or to be exalted by the carnal plaudits of men, *digito monstrari*, etc. He does not wait upon Providence for mercies, and in his heart mean *merces*. But I should esteem myself as verily deficient in my duty (who am his friend and in some unworthy sort his spiritual *fidus Achates*, etc.), if I did not step forward to claim for him whatever measure of applause might be assigned to him by the judicious.

"If this were a fitting occasion, I might venture here a brief dissertation touching the manner and kind of my young friend's poetry. But I dubitate whether this abstruser sort of speculation (though enlivened by some apposite instances from Aristophanes) would sufficiently interest your oppidan readers. As regards their satirical tone, and their plainness of speech, I will only say, that, in my pastoral experience, I have found that the Arch-Enemy loves nothing better than to be treated as a religious, moral, and intellectual being, and that there is no *apage Sathanas!* so potent as ridicule. But it is a kind of

weapon that must have a button of good-nature on the point of it.

"The productions of Mr. B. have been stigmatised in some quarters as unpatriotic; but I can vouch that he loves his native soil with that hearty, though discriminating, attachment which springs from an intimate social intercourse of many years' standing. In the ploughing season, no one has a deeper share in the well-being of the country than he. If Dean Swift were right in saying that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before confers a greater benefit on the state than he who taketh a city, Mr. B. might exhibit a fairer claim to the Presidency than General Scott himself. I think that some of those disinterested lovers of the hard-handed democracy, whose fingers have never touched anything rougher than the dollars of our common country, would hesitate to compare palms with him. It would do your heart good, respected Sir, to see that young man now. He cuts a cleaner and wider swath than any in this town.

"But it is time for me to be at my Post. It is very clear that my young friend's shot has struck the lintel, for the Post is shaken (Amos ix. 1). The editor of that paper is a strenuous advocate of the Mexican war, and a colonel, as I am given to understand. I presume, that, being necessarily absent in Mexico, he has left his journal in some less judicious hands. At any rate, the Post has been too swift on this occasion. It could hardly have cited a more incontrovertible line from any poem than that which it has selected for animadversion, namely, —

'We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.'

"If the Post maintains the converse of this proposition, it can hardly be considered as a safe guide-post for the moral and religious portions of its party, however many other excellent qualities of a post it may be blessed with. There is a sign in London on which is painted, — 'The Green Man.' It would do very well as a portrait of any individual who should support so unscriptural a thesis. As regards the language of the line in question, I am bold to say that He who readeth the hearts of men will not account any dialect unseemly

which conveys a sound and pious sentiment. I could wish that such sentiments were more common, however uncouthly expressed. Saint Anibroze affirms, that *veritas a quocunque* (why not, then, *quomodocunque?*) *dicatur, a spiritu sancto est*. Digest also this of Baxter: 'The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters.'

"When the paragraph in question was shown to Mr. Biglow, the only part of it which seemed to give him any dissatisfaction was that which classed him with the Whig party. He says, that, if resolutions are a nourishing kind of diet, that party must be in a very hearty and flourishing condition; for that they have quietly eaten more good ones of their own baking than he could have conceived to be possible without repletion. He has been for some years past (I regret to say) an ardent opponent of those sound doctrines of protective policy which form so prominent a portion of the creed of that party. I confess, that, in some discussions which I have had with him on this point in my study, he has displayed a vein of obstinacy which I had not hitherto detected in his composition. He is also (*hurresco referens*) infected in no small measure with the peculiar notions of a print called the Liberator, whose heresies I take every proper opportunity of combating, and of which, I thank God, I have never read a single line.

"I did not see Mr. B.'s verses until they appeared in print, and there is certainly one thing in them which I consider highly improper. I allude to the personal references to myself by name. To confer notoriety on an humble individual who is labouring quietly in his vocation, and who keeps his cloth as free as he can from the dust of the political arena (though *ve mihi si non evangelizaveris*), is no doubt an indecorum. The sentiments which he attributes to me I will not deny to be mine. They were embodied, though in a different form, in a discourse preached upon the last day of public fasting, and were acceptable to my entire people (of whatever political views), except the postmaster, who dissented *ex officio*. I observe that you sometimes devote a portion of your paper to a

religious summary. I should be well pleased to furnish a copy of my discourse for insertion in this department of your instructive journal. By omitting the advertisements, it might easily be got within the limits of a single number, and I venture to insure you the sale of some scores of copies in this town. I will cheerfully render myself responsible for ten. It might possibly be advantageous to issue it as an *extra*. But perhaps you will not esteem it an object, and I will not press it. My offer does not spring from any weak desire of seeing my name in print; for I can enjoy this satisfaction at any time by tuning to the Triennial Catalogue of the University, where it also possesses that added emphasis of Italics with which those of my calling are distinguished.

"I would simply add, that I continue to fit ingenuous youth for college, and that I have two spacious and airy sleeping apartments at this moment unoccupied. *Ingenuus diducisse*, etc. Terms, which vary according to the circumstances of the parents, may be known on application to me by letter, post-paid. In all cases the lad will be expected to fetch his own towels. This rule, Mrs. W. desires me to add, has no exceptions.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

"P.S.—Perhaps the last paragraph may look like an attempt to obtain the insertion of my circular gratuitously. If it should appear to you in that light, I desire that you would erase it, or charge for it at the usual rates, and deduct the amount from the proceeds in your hands from the sale of my discourse, when it shall be printed. My circular is much longer and more explicit, and will be forwarded without charge to any who may desire it. It has been very neatly executed on a letter sheet, by a very deserving printer, who attends upon my ministry, and is a creditable specimen of the typographic art. I have one hung over my mantelpiece in a neat frame, where it makes a beautiful and appropriate ornament, and balances the profile of Mrs. W., cut with her toes by the young lady born without arms.

"H. W."

I have in the foregoing letter mentioned General Scott in connection with the Presidency, because I have been given to understand that he has blown to pieces and otherwise caused to be destroyed more Mexicans than any other commander. His claim would therefore be deservedly considered the strongest. Until accurate returns of the Mexicans killed, wounded, and maimed be obtained, it will be difficult to settle these nice points of precedence. Should it prove that any other officer has been more meritorious and destructive than General S., and has thereby rendered himself more worthy of the confidence and support of the conservative portion of our community, I shall cheerfully insert his name, instead of that of General S., in a future edition. It may be thought, likewise, that General S. has invalidated his claims by too much attention to the decencies of apparel, and the habits belonging to a gentleman. These abstruser points of statesmanship are beyond my scope. I wonder not that successful military achievement should attract the admiration of the multitude. Rather do I rejoice with wonder to behold how rapidly this sentiment is losing its hold upon the popular mind. It is related of Thomas Warton, the second of that honoured name who held the office of Poetry Professor at Oxford, that, when one wished to find him, being absconded, as was his wont, in some obscure alehouse, he was counselled to traverse the city with a drum and fife, the sound of which inspiring music would be sure to draw the Doctor from his retirement into the street. We are all more or less bitten with this martial insanity. *Nescio qua dulcedine . . . cunctos ducit.* I confess to some infection of that itch myself. When I see a Brigadier-General maintaining his insecure elevation in the saddle under the severe fire of the training-field, and when I remember that some military enthusiasts, through haste, inexperience, or an over-desire to lend reality to those fictitious combats, will sometimes discharge their ramrods, I cannot but admire, while I deplore, the mistaken devotion of those heroic officers. *Semel insanivimus omnes.* I was myself, during the late war with Great Britain,

chaplain of a regiment, which was fortunately never called to active military duty. I mention this circumstance with regret rather than pride. Had I been summoned to actual warfare, I trust that I might have been strengthened to bear myself after the manner of that reverend father in our New England Israel, Dr. Benjamin Colman, who, as we are told in Turell's life of him, when the vessel in which he had taken passage for England was attacked by a French privateer, "fought like a philosopher and a Christian, . . . and prayed all the while he charged and fired." As this note is already long, I shall not here enter upon a discussion of the question, whether Christians may lawfully be soldiers. I think it sufficiently evident, that, during the first two centuries of the Christian era, at least, the two professions were esteemed incompatible. Consult Jortin on this head.—H. W.]

NO. IV

REMARKS OF INCREASE D. O'PHACE,
ESQUIRE, AT AN EXTRUMPERY CAUCUS
IN STATE STREET, REPORTED BY MR.
H. BIGLOW

[The ingenious reader will at once understand that no such speech as the following was ever *totidem verbis* pronounced. But there are simpler and less guarded wits, for the satisfying of which such an explanation may be needful. For there are certain invisible lines, which as Truth successively overpasses, she becomes Untruth to one and another of us, as a large river, flowing from one kingdom into another, sometimes takes a new name, albeit the waters undergo no change, how small soever. There is, moreover, a truth of fiction more veracious than the truth of fact, as that of the Poet, which represents to us things and events as they ought to be, rather than servilely copies them as they are imperfectly imaged in the crooked and smoky glass of our mundane affairs. It is this which makes the speech of Antonius, though originally spoken in no wider a forum than the brain of Shakespeare, more historically valuable than that other which Appian has reported,

by as much as the understanding of the Englishman was more comprehensive than that of the Alexandrian. Mr. Biglow, in the present instance, has only made use of a license assumed by all the historians of antiquity, who put into the mouths of various characters such words as seem to them most fitting to the occasion and to the speaker. If it be objected that no such oration could ever have been delivered, I answer, that there are few assemblages for speech-making which do not better deserve the title of *Parliamentum Indoctorum* than did the sixth Parliament of Henry the Fourth, and that men still continue to have as much faith in the Oracle of Fools as ever Pantagruel had. Howell, in his letters, recounts a merry tale of a certain ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, who, having written two letters,—one to her Majesty, and the other to his wife,—directed them at cross-purposes, so that the Queen was beducked and bedecared and requested to send a change of hose, and the wife was beprimessed and otherwise unwontedly hyperlative, till the one feared for the wits of her ambassador, and the other for those of her husband. In like manner it may be presumed that our speaker has misdirected some of his thoughts, and given to the whole theatre what he would have wished to confide only to a select auditory at the back of the curtain. For it is seldom that we can get any frank utterance from men, who address, for the most part, a Buncombe either in this world or the next. As for their audiences, it may be truly said of our people, that they enjoy one political institution in common with the ancient Athenians. I mean a certain profitless kind of *ostracism*, wherewith, nevertheless, they seem hitherto well enough content. For in Presidential elections, and other affairs of the sort, whereas I observe that the *oysters* fall to the lot of comparatively few, the *shells* (such as the privileges of voting as they are told to do by the *ostrivari* aforesaid, and of huzzaing at public meetings) are very liberally distributed among the people, as being their prescriptive and quite sufficient portion.

The occasion of the speech is supposed to be Mr. Palfrey's refusal to vote for the Whig candidate for the Speakership.—H. W.]

No? Hez he? He haint, though? Wut?
Voted agin him?
'Ef the bird of our country could ketch
him, she'd skin him;
I seem 's though I see her, with wrath in
each quill,
Like a chancery lawyer, afillin' her bill,
An' gimdin' her talents ez sharp ez all
nater,
To pounce like a writ on the back o' the
traitor.
Forgive me, my friends, ef I seem to be
het,
But a crisis like this must with vigour be
met;
Wen an Arnold the star-spangled banner
bestains,
Holl Fourth o' Julys seem to bile in my
veins.

Who ever'd ha' thought sech a pisonous
rig
Would be run by a chap thet wuz chose
fer a Wig?
"We knowed wut his princerples wuz
'fore we sent him."
Wut wuz there in them from this vote to
pervent him?
A marcful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose thet we might our princerples
swaller;
It can hold any quantity on 'em, the
belly can,
An' bring 'em up ready fer use like the
pelican,
Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich is
stranger)
Puts her family into her pouch wen
there's danger.
Aint princerples precious? then, who's
goin' to use it
Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin'
up to abuse it?
I can't tell the wy on't, but nothin' is so
sure
Ef thet princerples kind o' gits spiled by
exposure;¹

¹ The speaker is of a different mind from Tully, who, in his recently discovered tractate *De Republica*, tells us, *Nec vero habere virtutem satis*

A man thet lets all sorts o' folks git a sight on't
 Ough' to hev it all took right away, every mite on't;
 Ef he can't keep it all to himself wen it's wise to,
 Ife aint one it's fit to trust nothin' so nice to.
 Besides, ther's a wonderful power in latitude
 To shift a man's morril relations an' attitude;
 Some flossifiers think thet a fakkilty's granted
 The minnit it's proved to be thoroughly wanted,
 Thet a change o' demand makes a change o' condition,
 An' thet everythin' 's nothin' except by position;
 Ez, fer instance, thet rubber-trees fust begun bearin'
 Wen p'litikle consunnces come into wearin',
 Thet the fears of a monkey, whose holt chanced to fail,
 Drawed the vertibry out to a prehensile tail;
 So, wen one 's chose to Congriss, ez soon ez he's in it,
 A collar grows right round his neck in a minnit,
 An' sartin it is thet a man cannot be strict
 In bein' himself, wen he gits to the Deestrick,
 Fer a coat thet sets wal here in ole Massachusetts,
 Wen it gits on to Washinton, somehow askew sets.

*est, quasi artem aliquam, nisi utare, and from our Milton, who says: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."—Areop. He had taken the words out of the Roman's mouth, without knowing it, and might well exclaim with Donatus (if Saint Jerome's tutor may stand sponsor for a curse), *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint!*—H. W.*

Resolves, do you say, o' the Springfield Convention?
 Thet's percisely the pint I was goin' to mention;
 Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally keep ill,
 They're a cheap kind o' dust fer the eyes o' the people;
 A parcel o' delligits jest git together
 An' chat fer a spell o' the crops an' the weather,
 Then, comin' to order, they squabble awile
 An' let off the speeches they're feiful 'll spile;
 Then—Resolve,—Thet we wunt hev an inch o' slave territory;
 Thet Presidunt Polk's holl perceedins air very tory;
 Thet the war is a damned war, an' them thet enlist in it
 Should hev a cravat with a drefle tight twist in it;
 Thet the war is a war fer the spreadin' o' slavery;
 Thet our army desarves our best thanks fer their bravery;
 Thet we're the original friends o' the nation,
 All the rest air a paltry an' base fabrica-tion;
 Thet we highly respect Messrs. A, B, an' C,
 An' ez deeply despise Messrs. F, F, an' G.
 In this way they go to the eend o' the chapter,
 An' then they bust out in a kind of a raptur
 About their own vartoo, an' folks's stone-blindness
 To the men thet 'ould actilly do 'em a kindness,—
 The American eagle,—the Pilgrims thet landed,—
 Till on ole Plymouth Rock they git finally stranded.
 Wal, the people they listen an' say,
 "Thet's the ticket;
 Ez fer Mexico, 'tain't no great glory to lick it,

But 'twould be a darned shame to go
pullin' o' trigger
'To extend the aree of abusin' the niggers."

So they march in percessions, an' git up
hooraws,
An' tramp thru the mud fer the good o'
the cause,
An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the
prophecies,
Wen they're on'y jest changin' the holders
of offices;
Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably seated,
One humbug 's vict'orious an' t'other
defeated,
Each honnable doughface gits jest wut he
axes,
An' the people,—their annoal soft-
sodder an' taxes.

Now, to keep unimpaired all these
glorious secturs
Thet characterise morril an' reasonin'
creetuus,
Thet give every paytriot all he can cram,
Thet oust the untrustworthy President
Flam,
An' stick honest President Sham in his
place,
To the manifest gain o' the holl human
race,
An' to some indervidgewals on't in
particklei,
Who love Public Opinion an' know how
to tickle her,—
I say thet a party with gret aims like
these
Must stick jest ez close ez a hive full o'
bees.

I'm willin' a man should go tollable
strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind
o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never
committed;
But he mus'n't be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own
shins;

On'y look at the Demmercrats, see wut
they've done

Jest simply by stickin' together like fun;
They've sucked us right into a mis'able
war

Thet no one on aith aint responsible for;
They've run us a hundred cool millions
in debt

(An' fer Demmercrat Horners ther's good
plums left yet);

They talk agin tayriffs, but act fer a high
one,

An' so coax all parties to build up their
Zion;

To the people they're ollers ez slick ez
molasses,

An' butter their bread on both sides with
The Masses,

Half o' whom they've persuaded, by way
of a joke,

Thet Washinton's mantelpiece fell upon
Polk.

Now all o' these blessin's the Wigs might
enjoy,

Ef they'd gumption enough the right
means to employ;¹

Fer the silver spoon born in Dermoc'acy's
mouth

Is a kind of a scringe thet they hev to
the South;

Their masters can cuss 'em an' kick 'em
an' wale 'em,

An' they notice it less 'an the ass did to
Balaam;

In this way they screw into second-rate
offices

Wich the slaveholder thinks 'ould sub-
stract too much off his ease;

The file-leaders, I mean, du, fer they, by
their wiles,

Unlike the old viper, grow fat on their
files.

Wal, the Wigs hev been tryin' to grab all
this prey frum 'em

An' to hook this nice spoon o' good-
fortin' away frum 'em,

¹ That was a pithy saying of Persius, and fits
our politicians without a wrinkle.—*Magister
artis, ingeniique largitor venter.*—H. W.

An' they might ha' succeeded, ez likely
ez not,
In lickin' the Demmercrats all round the
lot,
Ef it warn't thet, wile all faithful Wigs
were their knees on,
Some stuffy old codger would holler out,
—"Treason!
You must keep a sharp eye on a dog thet
hez bit you once,
An' I aint agoin' to cheat my constito-
unts,"—
Wen every fool knows that a man re-
presents
Not the fellers thet sent him, but them
on the fence,—
Impartially ready to jump either side
An' make the fust use of a turn o' the
tide,—
The waiters on Providunce here in the
city,
Who compose wut they call a State
Centerl Committy.
Constitoounts air hendy to help a man in,
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a
pin.
Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle
Sam's pus,
So they've nothin' to du with't fer better
or wus;
It's the folks thet air kind o' brought up
to depend on't
Thet hev any consarn in't, an' thet is the
end on't.

Now here wuz New England ahevin' the
honour
Of a chance at the Speakership showered
upon her;—
Do you say, "She don't want no more
Speakers, but fewer;
She's hed plenty o' them, wut she wants
is a *doer*?"
Fer the matter o' thet, it's notorious in
town
'Thet her own representatives du her quite
brown.
But thet's nothin' to du with it; wut right
hed Palfrey
To mix himself up with fanatical small fry?

Warn't we gittin' on prime with our hot
an' cold blowin',
Arondemnin' the war wilst we kep' it
agoin' ?
We'd assumed with gret skill a com-
mandin' position,
On this side or thet, no one couldn't tell
wich one,
So, wutever side whipped, we'd a chance
at the plunder
An' could sue fer infringin' our paytented
thunder;
We were ready to vote fer whoever wuz
eligible,
Ef on all pints at issoo he'd stay unin-
telligible.
Wal, sposin' we hed to gulp down our
perfections,
We were ready to come out next mornin'
with fresh ones;
Besides, ef we did, 'twas our business
alone,
Fer couldn't we du wut we would with
our own ?
An' ef a man can, wen pervisions hev riz
so,
Eat up his own words, it's a marcy it is
so.
Wy, these chaps frum the North, with
back-bones to 'em, darn 'em,
'Ould be wuth more 'an Gennle Tom
Thumb is to Barnum;
Ther's enough thet to office on this very
plan grow,
By exhibitin' how very small a man can
grow;
But an M. C. frum here ollers hastens to
state he
Belongs to the order called invertebraty,
Wence some gret filologists judge primy
fashy
Thet M. C. is M. T. by paronomashy;
An' these few exceptions air *loosus*
naytury
Folks 'ould put down their quarters to
stare at, like fury.

It's no use to open the door o' success,
Ef a member can bolt so fer nothin' or
less;

Wy, all o' them grand constitootional
pillers
Our fore-fathers fetched with 'em over
the billers,
Them pillers the people so soundly hev
slep' on,
Wile to slav'ry, invasion, an' debt they
were swep' on,
Wile our Destiny higher an' higher kep'
mountin'
(Though I gues folks 'll stare wen she
hends her account in),
Ef members in this way go kickin' agin
'em,
They wunt hev so much ez a feather left
in 'em.

An', ez fer this Palfrey,¹ we thought wen
we'd gut him in,
He'd go kindly in wutever harness we
put him in;
Supposin' we *did* know that he wuz a
peace man?
Doos he think he can be Uncle Sammle's
policeman,
An' wen Sam gits tipsy an' kicks up a
riot,
Lead him off to the lockup to snooze till
he's quiet?
Wy, the war is a war thet true paytriots
can bear, ef
It leads to the fat promised land of a
tayriff;
IVe don't go an' fight it, nor aint to be
driv on,
Nor Demmercrats nuther, thet hev wut
to live on;
Ef it aint jest the thing thet's well pleasin'
to God,
It makes us thought highly on elsewhere
abroad;
The Rooshian black eagle looks blue in
his eerie
An' shakes both his heads wen he hears
o' Montecry;
In the Tower Victory sets, all of a
fluster,

An' reads, with locked doors, how we
won Cherry Buster;
An' old J'hilip Lewis— thet come an' kep'
school here
Fer the mere sake o' scorin' his ryalist ruler
On the tenderest part of our kings *in*
futuro —
Hides his crown underneath an old shut
in his bureau,
Breaks off in his brags to a suckle o'
merry kings,
How he often hed hidid young native
Amerrikins,
An' turnin' quite faint in the midst of his
fooleries,
Sneaks down stairs to bolt the front door
o' the Tooleries.¹

You say, "We'd ha' scared 'em by
growin' in peace,
A plaguy sight more then by bobberies
like these"?
Who is it dares say thet our naytional
eagle
Wun't much longer be classed with the
birds thet air regal,
Coz theirn be hooked beaks, an' she,
arter this slaughter,
'll bring back a bill ten times longer 'n
she'd ough' to?
Wut's your name? Come, I see ye, you
up-country feller,

¹ Jortin is willing to allow of other miracles
besides those recorded in Holy Writ, and why
not of other prophecies? It is granting too much
to Satan to suppose him, as divers of the learned
have done, the inspirer of the ancient oracles.
Wiser, I esteem it, to give chance the credit of
the successful ones. What is said here of Louis
Philippe was verified in some of its minute
particulars within a few months' time. Enough
to have made the fortune of Delphi or Hammon,
and no thanks to Beelzebub neither! That of
Seneca in Medea will suit here:—

"Rapida fortuna ac levis
Præcepsque regno cripuit, exsilio dedit."

Let us allow, even to richly deserved mis-
fortune, our commiseration, and be not over-
hasty meanwhile in our censure of the French
people, left for the first time to govern themselves,
remembering that wise sentence of *Æschylus*,—

"*Αἴτιος δὲ τραγῆς ὁρῶνς ἄν' ἰσὺν ἀπαρτί.*"—H. W.

¹ There is truth yet in this of Juvenal,—
"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."—H. W.

You've put me out severil times with
 your beller;
 Out with it! Wut? Biglow? I say
 nothin' furdur,
 Thet feller would like nothin' better 'n a
 murder;
 He's a traider, blasphemer, an' wut
 ruther worse is,
 He puts all his ath'ism in drefle bad
 verses;
 Society aint safe till sech monsters air out
 on il,
 Refer to the Post, ef you hev the least
 doubt on it;
 Wy, he goes agin war, agin indirect
 taxes,
 Agin sellin' wild lands 'cept to settlers
 with axes,
 Agin holdin' o' slaves, though he knows
 it's the corner
 Our libbaty rests on, the mis'able
 scorner!
 In short, he would wholly upset with his
 ravages
 All thet keeps us above the brute critters
 an' savages,
 An' pitch into all kinds o' briles an' con-
 fusions
 The holl of our civerlized, free institutions;
 He writes fer thet ruther unsafe print,
 the Courier,
 An' likely ez not hez a squintin' to
 Foorier;
 I'll be —, thet is, I mean I'll be blest,
 Ef I hark to a word frum so noted a
 pest;
 I sha'n't talk with *him*, my religion's too
 fervent.
 Good mornin', my friends, I'm your
 most humble servant.

[Into the question whether the ability to express ourselves in articulate language has been productive of more good or evil, I shall not here enter at large. The two faculties of speech and of speech-making are wholly diverse in their natures. By the first we make ourselves intelligible, by the last unintelligible, to our fellows. It has not seldom occurred to me (noting how in our national legislature everything runs to

talk, as lettuces, if the season or the soil be unpropitious, shoot up lankly to seed, instead of forming handsome heads) that Babel was the first Congress, the earliest mill erected for the manufacture of gabble. In these days, what with Town Meetings, School Committees, Boards (lumber) of one kind and another, Congresses, Parliaments, Diets, Indian Councils, Palavers, and the like, there is scarce a village which has not its factories of this description driven by milk-and-water power. I cannot conceive the confusion of tongues to have been the curse of Babel, since I esteem my ignorance of other languages as a kind of Martello-tower, in which I am safe from the furious bombardments of foreign garrulity. For this reason I have ever preferred the study of the dead languages, those primitive formations being Ararats upon whose silent peaks I sit secure and watch this new deluge without fear, though it rain figures (*simulacra*, semblances) of speech forty days and nights together, as it not uncommonly happens. Thus is my coat, as it were, without buttons by which any but a vernacular wild bore can seize me. Is it not possible that the Shakers may intend to convey a quiet reproof and hint, in fastening their outer garments with hooks and eyes?

This reflection concerning Babel, which I find in no Commentary, was first thrown upon my mind when an excellent deacon of my congregation (being infected with the Second Advent delusion) assured me that he had received a first instalment of the gift of tongues as a small earnest of larger possessions in the like kind to follow. For, of a truth, I could not reconpile it with my ideas of the Divine justice and mercy that the single wall which protected people of other languages from the incursions of this otherwise well-meaning propagandist should be broken down.

In reading Congressional debates, I have fancied, that, after the subsidence of those painful buzzings in the brain which result from such exercises, I detected a slender residuum of valuable information. I made the discovery that *nothing* takes longer in the saying than anything else, for as *ex nihilo nihil fit*, so from one polypus *nothing* any number of similar ones may be pro-

duced. I would recommend to the attention of *viva voce* debaters and controversialists the admirable example of the monk Copres, who, in the fourth century, stood for half an hour in the midst of a great fire, and thereby silenced a Manichæan antagonist who had less of the salamander in him. As for those who quarrel in print, I have no concern with them here, since the eyelids are a divinely granted shield against all such. Moreover, I have observed in many modern books that the printed portion is becoming gradually smaller, and the number of blank or fly-leaves (as they are called) greater. Should this fortunate tendency of literature continue, books will grow more valuable from year to year, and the whole Serbonian bog yield to the advances of firm arable land.

The sagacious Lacedæmonians, hearing that Tesephone had bragged that he could talk all day long on any given subject, made no more ado, but forthwith banished him, whereby they supplied him a topic and at the same time took care that his experiment upon it should be tried out of eaushot.

I have wondered, in the Representatives' Chamber of our own Commonwealth, to mark how little impression seemed to be produced by that emblematic fish suspended over the heads of the members. Our wiser ancestors, no doubt, hung it there as being the animal which the Pythagoreans revered for its silence, and which certainly in that particular does not so well merit the epithet *cold-blooded*, by which naturalists distinguish it, as certain bipeds, afflicted with ditch-water on the brain, who take occasion to tap themselves in Faneuil Halls, meeting-houses, and other places of public resort.—H. W.]

No. V

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

SOT TO A NUSRY RHYME

[The incident which gave rise to the debate satirised in the following verses was the unsuccessful attempt of Drayton and Sayres to give freedom to seventy men and women, fellow-beings and fellow-Christians.

Had Tripoli, instead of Washington, been the scene of this undertaking, the unhappy leaders in it would have been as secure of the theoretic as they now are of the practical part of martyrdom. I question whether the Dey of Tripoli is blessed with a District Attorney so benighted as ours at the seat of government. Very fitly is he named Key, who would allow himself to be made the instrument of locking the door of hope against sufferers in such a cause. Not all the waters of the ocean can cleanse the vile smutch of the jailer's fingers from off that little Key. *Athena clavis*, a brazen Key indeed!

Mr. Calhoun, who is made the chief speaker in this burlesque, seems to think that the light of the nineteenth century is to be put out as soon as he tinkles his little cow-bell curfew. Whenever slavery is touched, he sets up his scarecrow of dissolving the Union. This may do for the North, but I should conjecture that something more than a pumpkin-lantern is required to scare manifest and irretrievable Destiny out of her path. Mr. Calhoun cannot let go the apron-string of the Past. The Past is a good nurse, but we must be weaned from her sooner or later, even though, like Plotinus, we should run home from school to ask the breast, after we are tolerably well-grown youths. It will not do for us to hide our faces in her lap, whenever the strange Future holds out her arms and asks us to come to her.

But we are all alike. We have all heard it said, often enough, that little boys must not play with fire; and yet, if the matches be taken away from us, and put out of reach upon the shelf, we must needs get into our little corner, and scowl and stamp and threaten the dire revenge of going to bed without our supper. The world shall stop till we get our dangerous plaything again. Dame Earth, meanwhile, who has more than enough household matters to mind, goes bustling hither and thither as a hiss or a sputter tells her that this or that kettle of hers is boiling over, and before bedtime we are glad to eat our porridge cold and gulp down our dignity along with it.

Mr. Calhoun has somehow acquired the name of a great statesman, and, if it be great statesmanship to put lance in rest and

run a tilt at the Spirit of the Age with the certainty of being next moment hurled neck and heels into the dust amid universal laughter, he deserves the title. He is the Sir Kay of our modern chivalry. He should remember the old Scandinavian mythus. Thor was the strongest of gods, but he could not wrestle with Time, nor so much as lift up a fold of the great snake which bound the universe together; and when he snote the Earth, though with his terrible mallet, it was but as if a leaf had fallen. Yet all the while it seemed to Thor that he had only been wrestling with an old woman, striving to lift a cat, and striking a stupid giant on the head.

And in old times, doubtless, the giants *were* stupid, and there was no better sport for the Sir Launcelots and Sir Gawains than to go about cutting off their great blundering heads with enchanted swords. But things have wonderfully changed. It is the giants, nowadays, that have the science and the intelligence, while the chivalrous Don Quixotes of Conservatism still cumber themselves with the clumsy armour of a bygone age. On whirls the restless globe through unsounded time, with its citics and its silences, its births and funerals, half light, half shade, but never wholly dark, and sure to swing round into the happy morning at last. With an involuntary smile, one sees Mr. Calhoun letting slip his pack-thread cable with a crooked pin at the end of it to anchor South Carolina upon the bank and shoal of the Past.—H. W.]

TO MR. BUCKENAM

MR. EDITER, As i wuz kinder prunin round, in a little nussry sot out a year or 2 a go, the Dbait in the sennit cum inter my mine An so i took & Sot it to wut I call a nussry rime. I hev made sum onnable Gentlemun speak thut dident speak in a Kind uv Poetikul lie sence the seeson is dreffle backerd up This way
ewers as ushul

HOSEA BIGLOW.

"HERE we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!

It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o' proofs;

Fer how could we trample on't so, I wonder,

Ef 't worn't that it's ollers under our hoofs?"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;

"Human rights haint no more

Right to come on this floor,

No more 'n the man in the moon,"
sez he.

"The North haint no kind o' bisness with nothin',

An' you've no idee how much bother it saves;

We aint none riled by their frettin' an' frothin',

We're *used* to layin' the string on our slaves,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

Sez Mister Foote,

"I should like to shoot

The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon!" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery, thet ther's no doubt on,

It's sutthin' thet's—wha' d'ye call it?
—divine,—

An' the slaves thet we ollers *make* the most out on

Air them north o' Mason an' Dixon's line,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

"Fer all thet," sez Mangum,

"'Twould be better to hang 'em,

An' so git red on 'em soon," sez he.

"The mass ough' to labour an' we lay on soffies,

Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;

It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
An' reeclises our Maker's orig'nal idee,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

"Thet's ez plain," sez Cass,

"Ez thet some one's an ass,

It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon,"
sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of
oppression,

But keep all your spare breath fer
coolin' your broth,

Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet's my
impression)

To make cussed free with the rights o'
the North,"

Sez John C. Calhoun; sez he;—

"Yes," sez Davis o' Miss.,

"The perfection o' bliss

Is in skinnin' thet same old coon,"
sez he.

"Slavery's a thing thet depends on com-
plexion,

It's God's law thet fetters on black
skins don't chafe;

Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid re-
flection!)

Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

Sez Mister Hannegan,

Afore he began agin,

"Thet exception is quite oppertoon,"
sez he.

"Gen'le Cass, Sir, you needn't be
twitchin' your collar,

Your merit's quite clear by the dut
on your knees,

At the North we don't make no distinc-
tions o' colour;

You can all take a lick at our shoes
wen you please,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

Sez Mister Jarnagin,

"They wun't hev to larn agin,

They all on 'em know the old toon,"
sez he.

"The slavery question aint no ways
bewilderin',

North an' South hev one int'rest, it's
plain to a glance;

No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't
sell their childin,

But they *du* sell themselves, ef they
git a good chance,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

Sez Atherton here,

"This is gittin' severe,

I wish I could dive like a loon,"
sez he.

"It'll break up the Union, this talk
about freedom,

An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split)

'll make head,

An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to
lead 'em,

'll go to work raisin' permiscuous
Ned,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

"Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,

"Ef we Southeners all quit,

Would go down like a busted
balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky's
brewin'

In the beautiful clime o' the olive an'
vine,

All the wise aristox'y's a tumblin' to ruin,
An' the sankylots drorin' an' drinkin'

their wine,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

"Yes," sez Johnson, "in France

They're beginnin' to dance

Beëlzebub's own rigadon," sez he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel
a mite skeery,

Our slaves in their darkness an' dut
air tu blest

Not to welcome with proud hallylgers
the ery

Wen our eagle kicks yourn from the
naytional nest,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

"Oh," sez Westcott o' Florida,

"Wut treason is horrid

Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?"
sez he.

"It's 'coz they're so happy, thet, wen
crazy sarpints

Stick their nose in our bizness, we git
so darned riled;

We think it's our dooty to give pooty
sharp hints,

Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth
sha'n't be spiled,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

"Ah," sez Dixon II. Lewis,

"It perfectly true is

Thet slavery 's airth's grettest boon,"
sez he.

[It was said of old time, that riches have wings ; and, though this be not applicable in a literal strictness to the wealth of our patriarchal brethren of the South, yet it is clear that their possessions have legs, and an unaccountable propensity for using them in a northerly direction. I marvel that the grand jury of Washington did not find a true bill against the North Star for aiding and abetting Drayton and Sayres. It would have been quite of a piece with the intelligence displayed by the South on other questions connected with slavery. I think that no ship of state was ever freighted with a more veritable Jonah than this same domestic institution of ours. Mephistopheles himself could not feign so bitterly, so satirically sad a sight as this of three millions of human beings crushed beyond help or hope by this one mighty argument, —*Our fathers knew no better!* Nevertheless, it is the unavoidable destiny of Jonahs to be cast overboard sooner or later. Or shall we try the experiment of hiding our Jonah in a safe place, that none may lay hands on him to make jetsam of him? Let us, then, with equal forethought and wisdom, lash ourselves to the anchor, and await, in pious confidence, the certain result. Perhaps our suspicious passenger is no Jonah after all, being black. For it is well known that a superintending Providence made a kind of sandwich of Ham and his descendants, to be devoured by the Caucasian race.

In God's name, let all, who hear nearer and nearer the hungry moan of the storm and the growl of the breakers, speak out ! But, alas ! we have no right to interfere. If a man pluck an apple of mine, he shall be in danger of the justice ; but if he steal my brother, I must be silent. Who says this ? Our Constitution, consecrated by the callous consuetude of sixty years, and grasped in triumphant argument by the left hand of him whose right hand clutches the

clotted slave-whip. Justice, venerable with the undethronable majesty of countless reons, says, —*SPEAK !* The Past, wise with the sorrows and desolations of ages, from amid her shattered fanes and wolf-housing palaces, echoes, —*SPEAK !* Nature, through her thousand trumpets of freedom, her stars, her sunrises, her seas, her winds, her cataracts, her mountains blue with cloudy pines, blows jubilant encouragement, and cries, —*SPEAK !* From the soul's trembling abysses the still, small voice not vaguely murmurs, —*SPEAK !* But, alas ! the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., say — *BE DUMB !*

It occurs to me to suggest, as a topic of inquiry in this connection, whether, on that momentous occasion when the goats and the sheep shall be parted, the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., will be expected to take their places on the left as our hircine vicars.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?
Quem pa'ronum rogaturus ?*

There is a point where toleration sinks into sheer baseness and poltroonery. The toleration of the worst leads us to look on what is barely better as good enough, and to worship what is only moderately good. Woe to that man, or that nation, to whom mediocrity has become an ideal !

Has our experiment of self-government succeeded, if it barely manage to *rub and go*? Here, now, is a piece of barbarism which Christ and the nineteenth century say shall cease, and which Messrs. Smith, Brown, and others say shall *not* cease. I would by no means deny the eminent respectability of these gentlemen, but I confess, that, in such a wrestling-match, I cannot help having my fears for them.

Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere divos.
H. W.]

NO. VI

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

[At the special instance of Mr. Biglow, I preface the following satire with an extract from a sermon preached during the

past summer, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 2: "Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel." Since the Sabbath on which this discourse was delivered, the editor of the "Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss" has unaccountably absented himself from our house of worship.

"I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid,—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercise any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkenells with a *staboy!* 'to bark and bite as 'tis their nature to,' whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

"Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! And from what a Bible can he choose his text,—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity,—the open volume of the world, upon

which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title of *ποιμήν λαών*, which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilisation, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

"Nevertheless, our editor will not come so far within even the shadow of Sinai as Mahomet did, but chooses rather to construe Moses by Joe Smith. He takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

Inmemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!

For which reason I would derive the name *editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called. He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot. I believe there are two thousand of these mutton-loving shepherds in the United States, and of these, how many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power, and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there, haply, one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labour to impress upon the people the great principles of *Twerdledum*, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Twerdledum*."—H. W.]

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
 A tax on teas an' coffees,
 Thet nothin' aint extravagunt,—
 Purvidin' I'm in office ;
 Fer I hev loved my country sence
 My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
 An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
 Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
 O' levyin' the texes,
 Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
 I git jest wut I axes ;
 I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
 Because it kind o' rouses
 The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
 Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
 To sen' out furrin missions,
 Thet is, on sartin understood
 An' orthydox conditions ;—
 I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
 Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
 An' me to recommend a man
 The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
 O' prayin' an' convartin' ;
 The bread comes back in many days,
 An' buttered, tu, fer sartin ;
 I mean in preyin' till one busts
 On wut the party chooses,
 An' in convartin' public trusies
 To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
 Fer 'lectioneers to spout on ;
 The people's ollers soft enough
 To make hard money out on ;
 Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
 An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
 I don't care *how* hard money is,
 Ez long ez mine's paid punctoal.

I du believe with all my soul
 In the gret Press's freedom,
 To pint the people to the goal
 An' in the traces lead 'em ;
 Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
 At my fat contracts squintin',

An' withered be the nose thet pokes
 Inter the gov'ment printin' !

I du believe thet I should give
 Wut's hisn unto Cæsar,
 Fer it's by him I move an' live,
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air ;
 I du believe thet all o' me
 Doth bear his superscription,
 Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
 To him thet hez the grantin'
 O' jobs, -in every thin' thet pays,
 But most of all in CANTIN' ;
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
 I *don't* believe in princerples,
 But oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
 One way or t'other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin' ;
 It aint by princerples nor men
 My preudent course is steadiest,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
 To hev a wal-broke precedunt ;
 Fer any office, small or gret,
 I couldn't ax with no face,
 'uthout I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
 'Il keep the people in blindness,—
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
 Right inter brotherly kindness,
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n
 ball
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
 In Humbug generally,

Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
 To hev a solid vally ;
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
 An' this 'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

[I subjoin here another passage from my before-mentioned discourse.

"Wonderful, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Jaalam, the advent of my weekly journal is as that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet-show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown-paper wrapper !

"Hither, to my obscure corner, by wind or steam, on horseback or dromedary-back, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism, tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets up his booth upon my desk and officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly. That animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the gray sturtout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot, where you seem to see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass-meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a mite brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. That is the great Mr. Soandso, defining his position amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature, upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the Infinite. That

scarce discernible pufflet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer, just arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. And lo, there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond.

"Yes, the little show-box has its solemn suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim background, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, bearing the newly-married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence forever. Nay, we see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectator also.

"Think of it : for three dollars a year I buy a season-ticket to this great Globe Theatre, for which God would write the dramas (only that we like farces, spectacles, and the tragedies of Apollyon better), whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

"Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look ! deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth and as sudden poverty ;—I hold in my hand the ends of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator

of their puppet-pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruisgins? But to none of us does the Present continue miraculous (even if for a moment discerned as such). We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, (Acts x. 11, 12,) in which a vision was let down to me from Heaven, shall be the wrappage to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals."—H. W.]

NO. VII

A LETTER

FROM A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN ANSWER TO SUTTIN QUESTIONS PROPOSED BY MR. HOSEA BIGLOW, INCLOSED IN A NOTE FROM MR. BIGLOW TO S. H. GAY, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD

[Curiosity may be said to be the quality which preeminently distinguishes and segregates man from the lower animals. As we trace the scale of animated nature downward, we find this faculty (as it may truly be called) of the mind diminished in the savage, and wellnigh extinct in the brute. The first object which civilised man proposes to himself I take to be the finding out whatsoever he can concerning his neighbours. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*; I am curious about even John Smith. The desire next in strength to this (an opposite pole, indeed, of the same magnet) is that of communicating the unintelligence we have carefully picked up.

Men in general may be divided into the inquisitive and the communicative. To the first class belong Peeping Toms, eaves-

droppers, navel-contemplating Brahmins, metaphysicians, travellers, Empedocleses, spies, the various societies for promoting Rhinotism, Columbuses, Yankees, discoverers, and men of science, who present themselves to the mind as so many marks of interrogation wandering up and down the world, or sitting in studies and laboratories. The second class I should again subdivide into four. In the first subdivision, I would rank those who have an itch to tell us about themselves,—as keepers of diaries, insignificant persons generally, Montaignes, Horace Walpoles, autobiographers, poets. The second includes those who are anxious to impart information concerning other people,—as historians, barbers, and such. To the third belong those who labour to give us intelligence about nothing at all,—as novelists, political orators, the large majority of authors, preachers, lecturers, and the like. In the fourth come those who are communicative from motives of public benevolence,—as finders of mares'-nests and bringers of ill news. Each of us two-legged fowls without feathers embraces all these subdivisions in himself to a greater or less degree, for none of us so much as lays an egg, or incubates a chalk one, but straightway the whole barnyard shall know it by our cackle or our cluck. *Omnibus hoc vitium est*. There are different grades in all these classes. One will turn his telescope toward a back-yard, another toward Uranus; one will tell you that he dined with Smith, another that he supped with Plato. In one particular, all men may be considered as belonging to the first grand division, inasmuch as they all seem equally desirous of discovering the mote in their neighbour's eye.

To one or another of these species every human being may safely be referred. I think it beyond a peradventure that Jonah prosecuted some inquiries into the digestive apparatus of whales, and that Noah sealed up a letter in an empty bottle, that news in regard to him might not be wanting in case of the worst. They had else been super or subter human. I conceive, also, that, as there are certain persons who continually peep and pry at the keyhole of that mysterious door through which, sooner or later, we all make our exits, so there are doubt-

less ghosts fidgeting and fretting on the other side of it, because they have no means of conveying back to this world the scraps of news they have picked up in that. For there is an answer ready somewhere to every question, the great law of *give and take* runs through all nature, and if we see a hook, we may be sure that an eye is waiting for it. I read in every face I meet a standing advertisement of information wanted in regard to A. B., or that the friends of C. D. can hear something to his disadvantage by application to such a one.

It was to gratify the two great passions of asking and answering that epistolary correspondence was first invented. Letters (for by this usurped title epistles are now commonly known) are of several kinds. First, there are those which are not letters at all,—as letters-patent, letters dimissory, letters enclosing bills, letters of administration, Pliny's letters, letters of diplomacy, of Cato, of Mentor, of Lords Lyttelton, Chesterfield, and Orrery, of Jacob Behmen, Seneca (whom St. Jerome includes in his list of sacred writers), letters from abroad, from sons in college to their fathers, letters of marque, and letters generally, which are in no wise letters of mark. Second, are real letters, such as those of Gray, Cowper, Walpole, Howell, Lamb, D. V., the first letters from children (printed in staggering capitals), Letters from New York, letters of credit, and others, interesting for the sake of the writer or the thing written. I have read also letters from Europe by a gentleman named Pinto, containing some curious gossip, and which I hope to see collected for the benefit of the curious. There are, besides, letters addressed to posterity,—as epitaphs, for example, written for their own monuments by monarchs, whereby we have lately become possessed of the names of several great conquerors and kings of kings, hitherto unheard of and still unpronounceable, but valuable to the student of the entirely dark ages. The letter of our Saviour to King Abgarus, that which St. Peter sent to King Pepin in the year of grace 755, that of the Virgin to the magistrates of Messina, that of the Sanhedrim of Toledo to Annas and Caiaphas, A. D. 35, that of Galeazzo Sforza's spirit to his brother Lodovico, that of St. Gregory

Thaumaturgus to the D—1, and that of this last-mentioned active police-magistrate to a nun of Girgenti, I would place in a class by themselves, as also the letters of candidates, concerning which I shall dilate more fully in a note at the end of the following poem. At present, *sat prata hiberunt*. Only, concerning the shape of letters, they are all either square or oblong, to which general figures circular letters and round-robins also conform themselves.—H. W.]

DEER SIR its gut to be the fashun now to rite letters to the candid 8s and i wus chose at a publick Meetin in Jaalam to du wut wus nessary fur that town. i writ to 271 ginerals and gut ansers to 209. tha air called candid 8s but I don't see nothin candid about 'em. this here i wich I send wus thought satty's factory. I dunno as it's ushle to print Poscripts, but as all the ansers I got hed the saim, I sposed it wus best. times has gretly changed. Formally to knock a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance fur the cheef madgustracy.—H. B.

DEAR SIR,—You wish to know my notions

On sartin pints thet rile the land;
There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns
Ez bein' mum or underhand;
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,
An' ef I've one peccoler feetur,
It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin'
An' come directly to the pint,
I think the country's underpinnin'
Is some consid'ble out o' jint;
I aint agoin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,
I wunt deny but wut I be so,—
An', fact, it don't smell very strong;

My mind 's tu fair to lose its balance
 An' say wich party hez most sense;
 There may be folks o' greater talance
 Thet can't set stiddier on the fence.

I'm an eclectic; ez to choosin'
 'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth;
 I leave a side thet looks like losin',
 But (wile there's doubt) I stick to
 both;

I stan' upon the Constitution,
 Ez preudent statesmun say, who've
 planned
 \ way to git the most profusion
 O' chances ez to *ware* they'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
 I mean to say I kind o' du,—
 Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
 The best way wuz to fight it thru;
 Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
 I sign to thet with all my heart,
 But civlyzation *does* git forrid
 Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter
 I never hed a grain o' doubt,
 Nor I aint one my sense to scatter
 So'st no one couldn't pick it out;
 My love fer North an' South is equil,
 So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,
 No matter wut may be the squil,—
 Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
 I'm an off ox at bein' druv,
 Though I aint one thet ary test shuns
 'I'll give our folks a helpin' shove;
 Kind o' permiscuous I go it
 Fer the holl country, an' the ground
 I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
 Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges;
 You'd ought to leave a feller free,
 An' not go knockin' out the wedges
 To ketch his fingers in the tree;
 Pledges air awfle breachy cattle
 Thet preudent farmers don't turn out,—
 Ez long'z the people git their rattle,
 Wut is there fer 'm to grout about?

Ez to the slaves, there's no confusion
 In *my* idees consarnin' them,—
 / think they air an Institution,
 A sort of —yes, jest so,—ahem:
 Do / own any? Of my merit
 On thet pint you yourself may jedge;
 All is, I never drink no sperit,
 Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ez to my princerples, I glory
 In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
 I aint a Wig, I aint a Tory,
 I'm jest a canderdate, in short;
 Thet's fair an' square an' perpendicler.
 But, of the Public cares a fig
 To hev me an' thin' in particler,
 Wy, I'm a kind o' peri-Wig.

P.S.

Ez we're a sort o' privateerin',
 O' course, you know, it's sheer an'
 sheer,
 An' there is sutthin' wuth your hearin'
 I'll mention in *your* privit ear;
 Ef you git *me* inside the White House,
 Your head with ile I'll kin' o' 'nint
 By gittin' *you* inside the Light-house
 Down to the end o' Jaalam Pint.

An' ez the North hez took to Brustlin'
 At bein' scrouged frum off the roost,
 I'll tell ye wut 'I'll save all tusslin'
 An' give our side a hainsome boost,—
 Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
 I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm
 lawth;
 This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
 An' leaves me frontin' Squth by North.

[And now of epistles candidatial, which
 are of two kinds,—namely, letters of ac-
 ceptance, and letters definitive of position.
 Our republic, on the eve of an election, may
 safely enough be called a republic of letters.
 Epistolary composition becomes then an
 epidemic, which seizes one candidate after
 another, not seldom cutting short the thread
 of political life. It has come to such a
 pass, that a party dreads less the attacks
 of its opponents than a letter from its
 candidate. *Litera scripta manet*, and it
 will go hard if something bad cannot be

made of it. General Harrison, it is well understood, was surrounded, during his candidacy, with the *cordon sanitaire* of a vigilance committee. No prisoner in Spielberg was ever more cautiously deprived of writing materials. The soot was scraped carefully from the chimney-places; outposts of expert rifle-shooters rendered it sure death for any goose (who came clad in feathers) to approach within a certain limited distance of North Bend; and all domestic fowls about the premises were reduced to the condition of Plato's original man. By these precautions the General was saved. *Parva componere magnis*, I remember, that, when party-spirit once ran high among my people, upon occasion of the choice of a new deacon, I, having my preferences, yet not caring too openly to express them, made use of an innocent fraud to bring about that result which I deemed most desirable. My stratagem was no other than the throwing a copy of the Complete Letter-Writer in the way of the candidate whom I wished to defeat. He caught the infection, and addressed a short note to his constituents, in which the opposite party detected so many and so grave improprieties (he had modelled it upon the letter of a young lady accepting a proposal of marriage), that he not only lost his election, but, falling under a suspicion of Sabellianism and I know not what (the widow Endive assured me that he was a Paralipomenon, to her certain knowledge), was forced to leave the town. Thus it is that the letter killeth.

The object which candidates propose to themselves in writing is to convey no meaning at all. And here is a quite unsuspected pitfall into which they successively plunge headlong. For it is precisely in such cryptographies that mankind are prone to seek for and find a wonderful amount and variety of significance. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*. How do we admire at the antique world striving to crack those oracular nuts from Delphi, Hammon, and elsewhere, in only one of which can I so much as surmise that any kernel had ever lodged; that, namely, wherein Apollo confessed that he was mortal. One Didymus is, moreover, related to have written six thousand books on the single subject of grammar, a topic

rendered only more tenebrious by the labours of his successors, and which seems still to possess an attraction for authors in proportion as they can make nothing of it. A singular loadstone for theologians, also, is the Beast in the Apocalypse, whereof, in the course of my studies, I have noted two hundred and three several interpretations, each lethal to all the rest. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*, yet I have myself ventured upon a two hundred and fourth, which I embodied in a discourse preached on occasion of the demise of the late usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte, and which quieted, in a large measure, the minds of my people. It is true that my views on this important point were ardently controverted by Mr. Shearjashub Holden, the then preceptor of our academy, and in other particulars a very deserving and sensible young man, though possessing a somewhat limited knowledge of the Greek tongue. But his heresy struck down no deep root, and, he having been lately removed by the hand of Providence, I had the satisfaction of reaffirming my cherished sentiments in a sermon preached upon the Lord's day immediately succeeding his funeral. This might seem like taking an unfair advantage, did I not add that he had made provision in his last will (being celibate) for the publication of a posthumous tractate in support of his own dangerous opinions.

I know of nothing in our modern times which approaches so nearly to the ancient oracle as the letter of a Presidential candidate. Now, among the Greeks, the eating of beans was strictly forbidden to all such as had it in mind to consult those expert amphibologists, and this same prohibition on the part of Pythagoras to his disciples is understood to imply an abstinence from politics, beans having been used as ballots. That other explication, *quod videlicet sensus eo cibo obtundi existimaret*, though supported *pugnis et calcibus* by many of the learned, and not wanting the countenance of Cicero, is confuted by the larger experience of New England. On the whole, I think it safer to apply here the rule of interpretation which now generally obtains in regard to antique cosmogonies, myths, fables, proverbial expressions, and knotty points generally, which is, to find a

common-sense meaning, and then select whatever can be imagined the most opposite thereto. In this way we arrive at the conclusion, that the Greeks objected to the questioning of candidates. And very properly, if, as I conceive, the chief point be not to discover what a person in that position is, or what he will do, but whether he can be elected *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

But, since an imitation of the Greeks in this particular (the asking of questions being one chief privilege of freemen) is hardly to be hoped for, and our candidates will answer, whether they are questioned or not, I would recommend that these ante-electionary dialogues should be carried on by symbols, as were the diplomatic correspondences of the Scythians and Macrobius or confined to the language of signs, like the famous interview of Panurge and Goatsnose. A candidate might then convey a suitable reply to all committees of inquiry by closing one eye, or by presenting them with a phial of Egyptian darkness to be speculated upon by their respective constituencies. These answers would be susceptible of whatever retrospective construction the exigencies of the political campaign might seem to demand, and the candidate could take his position on either side of the fence with entire consistency. Or, if letters must be written, profitable use might be made of the Dighton rock hieroglyphic or the cuneiform script, every fresh decipherer of which is enabled to educe a different meaning, whereby a sculptured stone or two supplies us, and will probably continue to supply posterity, with a very vast and various body of authentic history. For even the briefest epistle in the ordinary chirography is dangerous. There is scarce any style so compressed that superfluous words may not be detected in it. A severe critic might curtail that famous brevity of Cæsar's by two-thirds, drawing his pen through the supererogatory *venit* and *videt*. Perhaps, after all, the surest footing of hope is to be found in the rapidly increasing tendency to demand less and less of qualification in candidates. Already have statesmanship, experience, and the possession (nay, the profession, even) of principles been rejected as superfluous, and may not

the patriot reasonably hope that the ability to write will follow? At present, there may be death in pot-hooks as well as pots, the loop of a letter may suffice for a bow-string, and all the dreadful heresies of Antislavery may lurk in a flourish.—H. W.]

NO. VIII

A SECOND LETTER FROM B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[In the following epistle, we behold Mr Sawin returning a *miles emeritus*, to the bosom of his family *Quantum mutatus!* The good Father of us all had doubtless intrusted to the keeping of this child of his certain faculties of a constructive kind. He had put in him a share of that vital force, the nicest economy of every minute atom of which is necessary to the perfect development of Humanity. He had given him a brain and heart, and so had equipped his soul with the two strong wings of knowledge and love whereby it can mount to hang its nest under the eaves of heaven. And this child, so dowered, he had intrusted to the keeping of his vicar the State. How stands the account of that stewardship? The State, or Society (call her by what name you will), had taken no manner of thought of him till she saw him swept out into the street, the pitiful leavings of last night's debauch, with cigar-ends, lemon-parings, tobacco-quids, slops, vile stench, and the whole loathsome next-morning of the bar-room,—an own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought to be christened, a ruddy, rugged babe, and now there he wallows, reeking, seething,—the dead corpse, hot of a man, but of a soul,—a putrefying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Comes the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, and parts the hair upon his forehead, nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips, the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him,—and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By and by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say, "My poor, forlorn foster-child! Behold here a force which I will

"dig and plant and build for me"?
 naked, so, but, "Here is a recruit ready-made
 Not my hand, a piece of destroying energy
 o' my hand, a piece of destroying energy
 ying unprofitably idle." So she claps an
 igray suit on him, puts a musket in
 igrasp, and sends him off, with Guber-
 nis grand and other godspeeds, to do duty
 nator's destroyer.

I made one of the crowd at the last
 Mecha'nics' Fair, and, with the rest, stood
 in wonder at a perfect machine, with
 gazing at its fire, its boiler-heart that sent the
 its soul pulsing along the iron arteries,
 hot blood, the thews of steel. And while I was
 and its adaptation of means to end,
 admiring the obvious involutions of contrivance,
 the harmonious, ever-bewildered complexity, I saw
 and the blundering and greasy fellow, the imperious
 a grimed, rickety and drudge, whose sole
 engine's office was to let fall, at intervals, a drop or
 two of oil upon a certain joint. Then my
 two of oil, "urithin me, See there a piece of
 soul said to which that other you marvel
 mechanism, the rude first effort of a child,
 at is but which not merely suffices to set a
 —a force which in motion, but which can send
 an impulse all through the infinite future,
 —a contrivance, not for turning out pins,
 or stitching buttonholes, but for making
 Hamlets and Lear's. And yet this thing of
 iron shall be housed, waited on, guarded
 from rust and dust, and it shall be a crime
 but so much as to scratch it with a pin;
 while the other, with its fire of God in it,
 shall be buffeted hither and thither, and
 finally sent carelessly a thousand miles to be
 the target for a Mexican cannon-ball.
 Unthrifty Mother State! My heart burned
 within me for pity and indignation, and I
 renewed this covenant with my own soul,
 —*In aliis mansuetus ero, at, in blasphemiiis*
contra Christum, non ita.—H. W.]

I SPOSE you wonder ware I be; I can't
 tell, fer the soul o' me,
 Exactly ware I be myself,—meanin' by
 that the hell o' me.
 Wen I left hum, I hed two legs, an' they
 worn't bad, I dones neither,
 (The scaliest trick they ever played wuz
 bringin' on me hither.)
 Now one on 'em I dunno ware;—they
 thought I wuz adlyin',

An' sawed it off because they said 'twuz
 kin' o' mortifyin';
 I'm willin' to believe it wuz, an' yit I
 don't see, nuther,
 Wy one shoud take to feelin' cheap a
 minnit sooner'n t'other,
 Sence both wuz equilly to blame; but
 things is ez they be;
 It took on so they took it off, an' thet's
 enough fer me:
 There's one good thing, though, to be
 said about my wooden new one,—
 The liquor can't get into it ez't used to
 in the true one;
 So it saves drink; an' then, besides, a
 feller couldn't beg
 A gretter blessin' then to hev one ollers
 sober peg;
 It's true a chap's in want o' two fer
 follerin' a drum,
 But all the march I'm up to now is jest
 to Kingdom Come.

I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's
 easy to supply
 Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer thet is
 all my eye;
 An' one is big enough, I guess, by
 diligently usin' it,
 To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay
 fer losin' it;
 Off'cers I notice, who git paid fer all our
 thumps an' kickins,
 Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the
 fattest pickins;
 So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn
 to go without it,
 An' not allow *myself* to be no gret put
 out about it.
 Now, le' me see, thet isn't all; I used,
 'fore leavin' Jaalam,
 To count things on my finger-eends, but
 sutthin' seems to ail 'em:
 Ware's my left hand? Oh, darn it, yes,
 I recollect wut's come on't;
 I haint no left arm but my right, an'
 thet's gut jest a thumb on't;
 It aint so hendy ez it wuz to cal'late a
 sum on't.

I've hed some ribs broke,—six (I b'lieve),
 —I haint kep' no account on 'em;
 Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll
 settle the amount on 'em.
 An' now I'm speakin' about ribs, it kin'
 o' brings to mind
 One thet I couldn't never break,—the
 one I lef' behind;
 Ef you should see her, jest clear out the
 spout o' your invention
 An' pour the longest sweetnin' in about
 an annoal pension,
 An' kin' o' hint (in case, you know, the
 critter should refuse to be
 Consolated) I aint so 'xpensive now to
 keep ez wut I used to be;
 There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an'
 then the leg thet's wooden
 Can be took off an' sot away wenever
 ther's a puddin'.

I spose you think I'm comin' back ez
 opperlunt ez thunder,
 With shiploads o' gold images an' varus
 sorts o' plunder;
 Wal, 'fore I vullinteed, I thought this
 country wuz a sort o'
 Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin'
 with rum an' water,
 Ware propaty growed up like time, with-
 out no cultivation,
 An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our
 Yankee nation,
 Ware nateral advantages were puffily
 amazin',
 Ware every rock there wuz about with
 precious stuns wuz blazin',
 Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez
 thick ez you could cram 'em,
 An' desput rivers run about a beggin'
 folks to dam 'em;
 Then there were meetin'houses, tu, chock-
 ful o' gold an' silver
 Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't
 hand ye in no bill fer;—
 Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's
 wut them fellers told us
 Thet stayed to hum an' speechified an' to
 the buzzards sold us;

I thought thet gold-mines could be, gut
 cheaper than Chiny asters,
 An' see myself acomin' back like sixty
 Jacob Astors;
 But sech ideas soon melted down an'
 didn't leave a grease-spot;
 I vow my holl sheen o' the spiles wouldn't
 come nigh a V spot;
 Although, most anywares we've been, you
 needn't break no locks,
 Nor run no kin' o' risks, to fill your
 pocket full o' rocks.
 I 'spect I mentioned in my last volume o'
 the nateral secturs
 O' this all-fired buggy hole in the way o'
 awfle cicecturs,
 But I fergut to name (new things to
 speak on so abounded)
 How one day you'll most die than' thrust,
 an' 'fore the next git drowned.
 The clymit seems to me jest like a tea-
 pot made o' pewter
 Our Preudence hed, thet wouldn't pour
 (all she could do) to suit her;
 Fustplace the leaves 'ould choke the spout,
 so's not a drop 'ould deen out,
 Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip, till
 the holl kit bust clean out,
 The kiver-hinge-wur bein' le'st, tea-leaves
 an' tea an' kiver
 'ould all come down ^{her two} ^h / ez though
 the dam bust in a river.
 Jest so 'tis here; holl months there aint
 a day o' rainy weather,
 An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be a layin'
 heads together;
 Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at sech
 a milingitary deepot,—
 'Twould pour ez though the lid wuz off
 the everlastin' tea-pot.
 The cons'quence is, thet I shall take,
 wen I'm allowed to leave here,
 One piece o' propaty along, an' thet's
 the shakin' fever;
 It's reggilar employement, though, an'
 thet aint thought to harm one,
 Nor 'taint so tiresome; ez it wuz with
 t'other leg an' arm on;
 An' it's a consolation, tu, although it
 doesn't pay,

To hev it said you're some gret shakes
in any kin' o' way.

Two, 'n't very long, I tell ye wut, I
thought o' fortin-makin',--

One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an'
next ez good ez bakin',--

One day abuhin' in the sand, then
smoth'ru' in the mashes,

Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o'
hacks an' smashes.

But then, thinks I, at any rate there's
glory to be hed,--

Thet's an investment, arter all, thet
can't turn out so bad;

But som' hew, wen we'd fit an' licked, I
bl's found the thanks

Gut kin' lodged afore they come ez
p'down ez the ranks;

The Gin' 'as gut the biggest sheer, the
turnles next, an' so on,--

We never gut a blasted mite o' glory ez
I know on;

An' spose we hed, I wonder how you're
goin' to contrive its

Division so 's to give a picee to twenty
thousand privits;

Ef you should multiply by ten the portion
o' the hav'st one,

You wouldn't git more'n half enough to
speak of on a grave-stun;

We git the licks, we're jest the grist
thet's put into War's hoppers;

Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps
pick up the coppers.

It may suit folks thet go agin a body
with a bul in't,

An' aint contented with a hide without a
bagnet to pile in't;

But glory is a kin' o' thing I sha'n't
pursue no furder,

Coz thet's thet off'cers' parquise,--
yourn's jest the murder.

Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at least
there's one

Thing in the bill we aint hed yit, an'
thet's the GLORIOUS FUN;

Ef once we git to Mexico, we fairly may
persume we

All day an' night shall revel in the halls
o' Montezumy.

I'll tell ye wut my revels wuz, an' see how
you would like 'em;

We never gut inside the hall: the highest
ever I come

Wuz stan'in' sentry in the sun (an', fact,
it seemed a cent'ry)

A ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet
come out thru the entry,

An' hearin' ez I sweltered thru my passes
an' repasses,

A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinky-
clink o' glasses:

I can't tell off the bill o' fare the Gin' rals
hed inside;

All I know is, thet out o' doors a pair o'
soles wuz fried,

An' not a hunderd miles away frum ware
this child wuz posted,

A Massachusetts citizen wuz baked an'
biled an' roasted;

The on'y thing like revellin' thet ever
come to me

Wuz bein' routed out o' sleep by thet
darned revelee.

They say the quarrel's settled now; fer
my part I've some doubt on't,

't'll take more fish-skin than folks think
to take the rile clean out on't;

At any rate I'm so used up I can't do no
more fightin',

The on'y chance thet's left to me is
politics or writin';

Now, ez the people's gut to hev a
milingtary man,

An' I aint nothin' else jest now, I've hit
upon a plan;

The can'idatin' line, you know, 'ould suit
me to a T,

An' ef I lose, 'twunt hurt my ears to
lodge another flea;

So I'll set up ez can'idate fer any kin' o'
office,

(I mean fer any thet includes good easy-
cheers an' soffies;

Fer ez tu runnin' fer a place ware work's
the time o' day,

You know thet's wut I never did,—except
the other way;)
Ef it's the Presidential cheer fer wich I'd
better run,
Wut two legs anywares about could keep
up with my one?
There aint no kin' o' quality in can'idates,
it's said,
So useful ez a wooden leg, —except a
wooden head;
There's nothin' aint so poppylar—(wy,
it's a perfect sin
To think wut Mexico hez paid ter Santy
Anny's pin;—
Then I haint gut no princerples, an',
sence I wuz knee-high,
I never *did* hev any gret, ez you can
testify;
I'm a decided peace-man, tu, an' go agin
the war,—
Fer now the holl on't's gone an' past,
wut is there to go *for*?
Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some
curus chaps should beg
To know my views o' state affairs, jest
answer WOODEN LEG!
Ef they aint settisfied with thet, an' kin'
o' pry an' doubt
An' ax fer suthin' deffynit, jest say ONE
EYE PUT OUT!
Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find 'll
answer to a charm,
An' wen you're diuv tu nigh the wall,
hol' up my missin' arm;
Ef they should nose round fer a pledge,
put on a vartuous look
An' tell 'em thet's percisely wut I never
gin nor—look!

Then you can call me "Timbertoes,"—
thet's wut the people likes;
Suthin' combinin' morril truth with
phrases sech ez strikes;
Some say the people's fond o' this, or
thet, or wut you please,—
I tell ye wut the people want is jest
correct idees;
"Old Timbertoes," you see, 's a creed
it's safe to be quite bold on,

There's nothin' in't the other side ; can
any ways git hold on;
It's a good tangible idee, a suthin' to
embody
Thet valouable class o' men who look
thru brandy-toddy;
It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest level
with the mind
Of all right-thinkin', honest folk's that
mean to go it blind;
Then there air other good hoor laws to
dror on ez you need 'em,
Sech ez the ONE-EYED STARTER, ER, the
BLOODY BIRD OF FREDUM
Them's wut takes hold o' folks that
think, ez well ez o' the masses,
An' makes you sartin o' the air o' good
men of all classes.

There's one thing I'm in do' about;
in order to be President,
It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a Southern
residant;
The Constitution settles thet, an' also
thet a feller
Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet
black, or brown, or yellow.
Now I haint no objection agin par-
ticklar climes,
Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except the
truth sometimes),
But, ez I haint no capital, up there
among ye, maybe,
You might raise funds enough fer me to
buy a low-priced F, thy,
An' then to suit the No'thern folks, who
feel obleeged to sby
They hate an' cuss thet very thing they
vote fer every dret
Say you're assured I full butt fer
Libbatty's diffusi'n
An' made the purchis on'y jest to spite
the Institootion—
But, golly! there's the currier's boss
upon the pavement pawin'
I'll be more xplicit in my next.

Yourn,
BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

[We have now a tolerably fair chance of estimating how the balance-sheet stands between our returned volunteer and glory. Supposing the entries to be set down on

both sides of the account in fractional parts of one hundred, we shall arrive at something like the following result:—

B. SAWIN, Esq., in account with (BLANK) GLORY.

Cr.			Dr.
By loss of one leg	20	To one 675th three cheers in Faneuil Hall	30
.. do. one arm	15	.. do. do. on occasion of presentation of sword to Colonel Wright	25
.. do. four fingers	5	.. one suit of gray clothes (ingeniously unbecoming)	15
.. do. one eye	10	.. musical entertainments (drum and fife six months)	5
.. the breaking of six ribs	6	.. one dinner after return	1
.. having served under Colonel Cushing one month	44	.. chance of pension	1
		.. privilege of drawing long-bow during rest of natural life	23
	100		100

It shortly appears that Mr. Sawin found the actual result curiously the reverse of the bill of fare advertised in Faneuil Hall and other places. His primary object seems to have been the making of his fortune. *Querenda pecunia primum, virtus post nummos.* He hoisted sail for Eldorado, and shipwrecked on Point Tribulation. *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?* The speculation has sometimes crossed my mind, in that dreary interval of drought which intervenes between quarterly stipendiary showers, that Providence, by the creation of a money-tree, might have simplified wonderfully the sometimes perplexing problem of human life. We read of bread-trees, the butter for which lies ready-clumped in Irish bogs. Milk-trees we are assured of in South America, and stout Sir John Hawkins testifies to water-trees in the Canaries. Boot-trees bear abundantly in Lynn and elsewhere; and I have seen, in the entries of the wealthy, hat-trees with a fair show of fruit. A family-tree I once cultivated myself, and found therefrom but a scanty yield, and that of quite tasteless and innutritious. Of trees bearing men we are not without examples, as those in the park of Louis the Eleventh of France. Who has forgotten, moreover, that olive-tree, growing in the Athenian's back-garden, with its strange uxorious crop, for the general propagation of which, as of a new and precious variety, the philosopher Diogenes, hitherto

uninterested in arboriculture, was so zealous? In the *sylva* of our own Southern States, the female of my family have called my attention to the china-tree. Not to multiply examples, I will barely add to my list the birch-tree, in the smaller branches of which has been implanted so miraculous a virtue for communicating the Latin and Greek languages, and which may well, therefore, be classed among the trees producing necessities of life,—*venerabile donum fulalis virgo*. That money-trees existed in the golden age there want not prevalent reasons for our believing. For does not the old proverb, when it asserts that money does not grow on *every* bush, imply *a fortiori* that there were certain bushes which did produce it? Again, there is another ancient saw to the effect that money is the *root* of all evil. From which two adages it may be safe to infer that the aforesaid species of tree first degenerated into a shrub, then absconded underground, and finally, in our iron age, vanished altogether. In favourable exposures it may be conjectured that a specimen or two survived to a great age, as in the garden of the Hesperides; and, indeed, what else could that tree in the Sixth Æneid have been, with a branch whereof the Trojan hero procured admission to a territory, for the entering of which money is a surer passport than to a certain other more profitable and too foreign kingdom? Whether these specula-

tions of mine have any force in them, or whether they will not rather, by most readers, be deemed impertinent to the matter in hand, is a question which I leave to the determination of an indulgent posterity. That there were, in more primitive and happier times, shops where money was sold,—and that, too, on credit and at a bargain,—I take to be matter of demonstration. For what but a dealer in this article was that Æolus who supplied Ulysses with motive-power for his fleet in bags? What that Ericus, King of Sweden, who is said to have kept the winds in his cap? what, in more recent times, those Lapland Normas who traded in favourable breezes? All which will appear the more clearly when we consider, that, even to this day, *raising the wind* is proverbial for raising money, and that brokers and banks were invented by the Venetians at a later period.

And now for the improvement of this digression. I find a parallel to Mr. Sawin's fortune in an adventure of my own. For, shortly after I had first broached to myself the before-stated natural-historical and archaeological theories, as I was passing, *hæc negotia penitus mecum revolvens*, through one of the obscure suburbs of our New England metropolis, my eye was attracted by these words upon a sign-board,—CHEAP CASH-STOKE. Here was at once the confirmation of my speculations, and the substance of my hopes. Here lingered the fragment of a happier past, or stretched out the first tremulous organic filament of a more fortunate future. Thus glowed the distant Mexico to the eyes of Sawin, as he looked through the dirty pane of the recruiting-office window, or speculated from the summit of that mirage-Pisgah which the imps of the bottle are so cunning to raise up. Already had my Alnaschar-fancy (even during that first half-believing glance) expended in various useful directions the funds to be obtained by pledging the manuscript of a proposed volume of discourses. Already did a clock ornament the tower of the Jaalani meeting-house, a gift appropriately, but modestly, commemorated in the parish and town records, both, for now many years, kept by myself. Already had my son Seneca completed his course at the University.

Whether, for the moment, we may be considered as actually lording it over the Baratarias with the vicereignty of those Hope invests us, and whether we are so warmly housed as in our S. ever castles, would afford matter of argument. Enough that I found that signboard no other than a bait to the trap to be decayed grocer. Nevertheless, I bought a pound of dates (getting short weight for a reason of immense flights of hail by who pursued and lighted upon them, even in the very scales), which purchase made not only with an eye to the little ones at home, but also as a reproof of that too frequent halcyon mind, which, forgetting the due order of my chronology, will often persuade me that the happy sceptre of Saturn is stretched over this Astræa-forsaken nineteenth century.

Having glanced at the ledger under the title *Sawin, B.*, let us extend our investigations, and discover if that instructive volume does not contain some charges more personally interesting to ourselves. I think we should be more economical of our resources, did we appreciate the fact, that, when ever Brother Jonathan seems to be thrusting his hand into his own pocket, he is, in fact, picking ours. I confess that the late change the country has been running has materially changed my views as to the best method of raising revenue. If, by means of direct taxation, the bills for every extraordinary outlay were brought under our immediate eye, so that, like thrifty house-keepers, we could see where and how fast the money was going we should be less likely to commit extravagances. At present, these things are managed in such a huggery-mugger way, that we know not what we are saving and as the rich; and, while we are saving and is drawing off at the bugle, the government know that a part of the money we expend for tea and coffee goes to buy powder and balls, and that it is Mexican blood which makes the clothes on our backs more costly, it would set some of us a thinking. During the present fall, I have often pictured to myself a government official entering my study and handing me the following bill:—

WASHINGTON, Sept 30, 1848

REV HOMER WILBUR to Uncle Samuel,

Dr.

To his share of work done in Mexico on
partnership account, sundry jobs, as
below

" killing, maiming, and wounding about
500 Mexicans . \$2 00

" slaughtering one woman carrying water
to wounded 10

" extra work on two different Sabaths
(one bombardment and one assault)
whereby the Mexicans were pre-
vented from defiling themselves with
the idolatrics of high mass 50

" throwing an especially fortunate and
Protestant bombshell into the Catho-
dral at Vera Cruz, whereby several
fanatical Papists were slain at the altu-
his proportion of cash paid for con-
quered territory 75

" do do for conquering do 50

" manuring do with new super com-
post called American Citizen 50
extending the area of freedom and
Protestantism 01
5015 01

\$) 87

Immediate payment is requested

N B Thankful for former favours,
U S requests a continuance of patronage
Orders executed with neatness and despatch
Terms as low as those of any other con-
tractor for the same kind and style of work

I can fancy the official answering my
look of horror with— Yes, Sir it looks
like a high charge Sir, but in these days
slaughtering is slaughtering Verily, I
would that every one understood that it
was, for it got about obtaining money
under the false pretence of being glory
I or me, I have an imagination which plays
me uncomfortable tricks It happens to
me sometimes to see a slaughterer on his
way home from his day's work, and forth-
with my imagination puts a cocked hat
upon his head and epaulettes upon his
shoulders, and sets him up as a candidate
for the Presidency So also, on a recent
public occasion, as the place assigned to
the 'Reverend Clergy' is just behind that
of 'Officers of the Army and Navy' in
processions, it was my fortune to be seated
at the dinner-table over against one of

these respectable persons He was arrayed
as (out of his own profession) only kings,
court-officers, and footmen are in Europe,
and Indians in America Now what does
my over-officious imagination but set to
work upon him strip him of his gay livery,
and present him to me coatless, his trousers
thrust into the tops of a pair of boots thick
with clotted blood, and a basket on his
arm out of which lolled a gore smeared
axe, thereby destroying my relish for the
temporal mercies upon the board before
me —H-W]

No. IX

A THIRD LETTER FROM MR SAWIN, FSC.

[Upon the following letter slender com-
ment will be needful In what river Sele-
mus has Mr Sawin bathed that he has
become so swiftly oblivious of his former
loves? From an ardent and (as befits a
soldier) confident wooer of that coy bride,
the popular favour, we see him subside of
a sudden into the (I trust not jilted) Cin-
cinnatus returning to his plough with a
goodly sized branch of willow in his hand,
figuratively returning, however to a figura-
tive plough and from no profound affection
for that honoured implement of husbandry
(for which indeed Mr Sawin never dis-
played any decided predilection), but in
order to be gracefully summoned therefrom
to more congenial labours It should
seem that the character of the ancient
Dictator had become part of the recognised
stock of our modern political comedy,
though, as our term of office extends to
a quadrennial length, the parallel is not so
minutely exact as could be desired It is
sufficiently so, however, for purposes of
scenic representation An humble cottage
(if built of logs the better) forms the
Arcadian background of the stage This
rustic paradise is labelled Ashland, Jaalam,
North Bend Marshfield, Kinderhook, or
Baton Rouge, as occasion demands Be-
fore the door stands a something with one
handle (the other painted in proper per-
spective), which represents, in happy ideal
vagueness, the plough To this thus de-
feated candidate rushes with delirious joy,
welcomed as a father by appropriate groups

of happy labourers, or from it the successful one is torn with difficulty, sustained alone by a noble sense of public duty. Only I have observed, that, if the scene be laid at Bâton Rouge or Ashland, the labourers are kept carefully in the background, and are heard to shout from behind the scenes in a singular tone resembling ululation, and accompanied by a sound not unlike vigorous clapping. This, however, may be artistically in keeping with the habits of the rustic population of those localities. The precise connection between agricultural pursuits and statesmanship I have not been able, after diligent inquiry, to discover. But, that my investigations may not be barren of all fruit, I will mention one curious statistical fact, which I consider thoroughly established, namely, that no real farmer ever attains practically beyond a seat in the General Court, however theoretically qualified for more exalted station.

It is probable that some other prospect has been opened to Mr. Sawin, and that he has not made this great sacrifice without some definite understanding in regard to a seat in the cabinet or a foreign mission. It may be supposed that we of Jaalam were not untouched by a feeling of villatic pride in beholding our townsman occupying so large a space in the public eye. And to me, deeply revolving the qualifications necessary to a candidate in these frugal times, those of Mr. S. seemed peculiarly adapted to a successful campaign. The loss of a leg, an arm, an eye, and four fingers reduced him so nearly to the condition of a *vix et preterea nihil*, that I could think of nothing but the loss of his head by which his chance could have been bettered. But since he has chosen to balk our suffrages, we must content ourselves with what we can get, remembering *lactucas non esse dandas, dum cardui sufficient.*—H. W.]

I SPOSE you recollect that I explained my gennie views

In the last billet thet I writ, 'way down from Veery Cruze,

Jest arter I'd a kin' o' ben spontaneously sot up

To run unannergously fer the Preserdential cup;

O' course it worn't no wish o' mine, 'twuz ferflicly distressin',

But poppler enthusiasm gut so almighty pressin'

Thet, though like sixty all along I fumed an' fussed an' sorrered,

There didn't seem no ways to stop their bringin' on me fowerd:

Fact is, they udged the matter so, I couldn't help admittin'

The Father o' his Country's shoes no feet but mine 'ould fit in,

Besides the savin' o' the soles fer ages to succeed,

Seein' thet with one wannut foot, a pair'd be more'n I need:

An', tell ye wut, them shoes 'll want a thund'rin sight o' patchin',

Ef this ere fashion is to last, we've gut into o' hatchin'

A pair o' second Washinton fer every new election,--

Though, fer ez number one's consarned, I don't make no objection.

I wuz agoin' on to say thet even at fust I saw

The masses would stick to thet I wuz the Country's father-'n-law,

(They would ha' hed it Father, but I told 'em 'twouldn't do,

Coz thet wuz sutthin' o' a sort they couldn't split in two

An' Washinton hed hed the thing laid fairly to his door,

Nor darsn't say tworn't hisn, much ez sixty year afore,

But 'tain't no matter ez to thet; wen I wuz nomernated,

'Tworn't natur but wut I should feel consid'able elated,

An' wile the hooraw o' the thing wuz kind o' noo an' fresh,

I thought our ticket wold ha' caird the country with a resh.

Sence I've come hum, though, an' looked round, I think I seem to find

Strong argimunts ez thick ez fleas to make me change my mind;

It's clear to any one whose brain aint
 fur gone in a phthisis,
 Thet hail Columby's happy land is goin'
 thru a crisis,
 An' 'twouldn't noways du to hev the
 people's mind distracted
 By bein' all to once by sev'ral pop'lar
 names attackted;
 'Twould save holl haycartloads o' fuss
 an' three four months o' jaw,
 Ef some illustrious paytriot should back
 out an' withdraw;
 So, ez I aint a crooked stick, jist like-
 like ole (I swow,
 I duuno ez I know his name) - I'll go
 back to my ploogh.

Wenever an Amerikin distinguished poli-
 tishin
 Begins to try et wut they call definin'
 his posishin,
 Wal, I, fer one, feel sure he aint gut
 nothin' to define;
 It's so nine cases out o' ten, but jest that
 tenth is mine;
 An' 'taint no more 'n it proper 'n' right
 in sech a sitooation
 'To hint the course you think 'll be the
 savin' o' the nation;
 To funk right out o' p'lit'cal strife aint
 thought to be the thing,
 Without you deacon off the toon you
 want your folks should sing;
 So I edvise the noomrous fiends thet's
 in one boat with me
 To jest up killick, jam right down their
 hellum hard alec,
 Haul the sheets taut, an' layin' out upon
 the Suthun tack,
 Make fer the safest port they can, wich,
 I think, is Ole Zack.

Next thing you'll want to know, I spose,
 wut argimunts I seem
 To see thet makes me think this ere 'll
 be the strongest team;
 Fust place, I've been consid'ble round
 in bar-rooms an' saloons
 Agetherin' public sentiment, 'mongst
 Demmercrats and Coons,

An' 'taint ve'y offen thet I meet a chap
 but wut goes in
 Fer Rough an' Ready, fair an' square,
 hufs, taller, horns, an' skin;
 I don't deny but wut, fer one, ez fur ez
 I could see,
 I didn't like at fust the Pheladelphia
 nomernee;
 I could ha' pinted to a man thet wuz, I
 guess, a peg
 Higher than him,--a soger, tu, an' with
 a wooden leg;
 But every day with more an' more o'
 'Taylor zeal I'm burnin',
 Seein' wich way the tide thet sets to
 office is aturnin';
 Wy, into Bellers's we notched the votes
 down on three sticks,--
 'Twuz Birdofredum one, Cass *ought*, an'
 Taylor *twenty-sax*,
 An' bein' the on'y candidate thet wuz
 upon the ground,
 They said 'twuz no more 'n right thet
 I should pay the drinks all
 round;
 Ef I'd expected sech a trick, I wouldn't
 ha' cut my foot
 By goin' an' votin' fer myself like a con-
 sumed coot;
 It didn't make no deff'rence, though; I
 wish I may be cust,
 Ef Bellers wuzn't slim enough to say he
 wouldn't trust!

Another pint thet influences the minds o'
 sober jedges
 Is thet the Gin'al hezn't gut tied hand
 an' foot with pledges;
 He hezn't told ye wut he is, an' so there
 aint no knowin'
 But wut he may turn out to be the best
 there is agoin';
 This, at the on'y spot thet pinched, the
 shoe directly eases,
 Coz every one is free to 'spect percisely
 wut he pleases;
 I want fice-trade; you don't; the Gin'al
 isn't bound to neither;--
 I vote my way; you, youm; an' both
 air sooted to a T there.

Ole Rough an' Ready, tu, 's a Wig, but
without bein' ultry;
He's like a holsome hayin' day, thet's
warm, but isn't sultry;
He's jest wut I should call myself, a kin'
o' *scratch* ez 'tware,
Thet aint exaxly all a wig nor wholly
your own han;
I've ben a Wig three weeks myself, jest
o' this mod'iate sort,
An' don't find them an' Demmercrats so
different ez I thought;
They both act pooty much alike, an' push
an' scrouge an' cus;
They're like two pickpockets in league
fer Uncle Samwell's pus;
Each takes a side, an' then they squeeze
the ole man in between 'em,
Turn all his pockets wrong side out an'
quick ez lightnin' clean 'em;
To nary one on 'em I'd trust a secon'-
handed rail
No fuder off 'an I could sling a bullock
by the tail.

Webster sot matters right in thet air
Mashhel' spech o' hisn;—
"Taylor," sez he, "aint nary ways the
one thet I'd a chizzen,
Nor he aint fittin' fer the place, an' like
ez not he aint
No more 'n a tough ole bullethead, an' no
gret of a saint;
But then," sez he, "obsaive my pint,
he's jest ez good to vote fer
Lz though the greasin' on him won't a
thing to hire Choate fer;
Aint it ez easy done to drop a ballot in a box
Fer one ez 'tis fer t'other fer the bull-dog
ez the fox?"
It takes a mind like Dannel's. fact, ez
big ez all ou' doors,
To find out thet it looks like rain arter
it fairly pours;
I 'gree with him, it aint so drefle trouble-
some to vote
Fer Taylor arter all, —it's jest to go an'
change your coat;
Wen he's once greased, you'll swaller him
an' never know on't, scource,

Unless he scratches, goin' down, with
them 'ere Can'ral's spurs.
I've ben a votin' Demmercrat, ez reg'lar
as a clock,
But don't find goin' Taylor gives my
narves no gret 'f a shock;
Truth is, the cutest leadin' Wigs, ever
sence fust they found
Wich side the bread gut buttered on, hev
kep' a edgin' round;
They kin' o' slipt the planks frum out th'
ole platform one by one
An' made it gradoolly noo, 'fore folks
know'd wut wuz done,
Till, fur 'z I know, there aint an inch
thet I could lay my han' on,
But I, or any Demmercrat, feels comf't-
able to stan' on,
An' ole Wig doctrines act'lly lool', their
occ'pants bean gone,
Lonesome ez steedles on a mash without
no hayricks on.

I spose it's time now I should give my
thoughts upon the plan,
Thet chipped the shell at Buffalo, o'
settin' up ole Van
I used to vote fer Martin, but, I swan,
I'm clean disgusted,
He aint the man thet I can say is fittin'
to be trusted;
He aint half anti-slav'ry 'nough, nor I aint
sure, ez some be,
He'd go in fer abolishin' the Deestrick o'
Columby;
An', now I come to recollect, it kin' o'
mak's me sick;
A horse, to think o' wut he wuz in
eighteen thirty six.
An' then, another thing;—I guess, though
mebby I am wrong,
This Buff'lo plaster aint agoin' to dror
almighty strong;
Some folks, I know, hev gut th' idee thet
No'thun dough 'll rise,
Though, 'fore I see it riz an' baked, I
wouldn't trust my eyes;
'Twill take more emptins, a long chalk,
than this noo party's gut,

To give sech heavy cakes ez them a stait,
I tell ye wut.

But even ef they caird the day, there
wouldn't be no endurin'

To stan' upon a platform with sech
critters ez Van Buren;—

An his son John, tu, I can't think how
thet 'erc chap should dare

To speak ez he doos; wy, they say he
used to cuss an' swear!

I spose he never read the hymn thet tell
how down the stairs

A feller with long legs wuz throwed thet
wouldn't say his prayers

This brings me to another pint: the
leaders o' the party

Aint jest sech men ez I can act along
with free an' hearty;

They aint not quite respectable, an w'en
a filler's morils

Don't toe the straightest kin' o' mark.
wy, hum an' me jest quarils

I went to a free soil meetin' once, an'
wut d'yc think I see?

A feller was spoutin' there thet act'lly
come to me,

About two year ago last spring, ez nigh
ez I can judge,

An' axed me ef I didn't want to sign the
Temprunce pledge!

He's onc o' them that goes about an'
sez you h'dn't oughter

Drink nothin', mornin', noon, or night,
stronger 'an Taunton water.

There's one rule I've ben guided by, in
settlin' how to vote, ollers,—

I take the side thet *isn't* took by them
consaned tictotallers

Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South, an'
thet hez changed my min';

A lazier, more ongrateful set you couldn't
nowers fin'.

You know I mentioned in my last thet I
should buy a nigger,

Ef I could make a purchase at a pooty
mod'rate figger;

So, ez there's nothin' in the world I'm
fonder of 'an gunnin',

I closed a bargain finally to take a feller
runnin'.

I shou'dered queen's-arm an' stumped
out; an' w'en I come t' th' swamp,

'Tworn't very long afore I gut upon the
nest o' Pomp;

I come acrost a kin' o' hut, an', playin'
round the door,

Some little woolly-headed cubs, ez
many 'z six or more.

At fust I thought o' furrin', but *think twice*
is safest ollers;

There aint, thinks I, not one on 'em but's
with his twenty dollar,

Or would be, ef I hed 'em back into a
Christian land,—

How temptin' all on 'em would look
upon an auction-stand!

(Not but wut I hate Slavery, in th'
abstract, stem to starn,—

I leave it w're our fathers did, a privit
State consarn.)

Soon 'z they see me, they yelled an' run,
but Pomp wuz out ahocin'

A leetle patch o' corn he hed, or else
there aint no knowin'

He wouldn't hr' took a pop at me; but
I hed gut the start,

An' w'en he looked, I vow he groaned ez
though he'd broke his heart;

He done it like a wite man, tu, ez
nat'ral ez a pictur,

The imp'dunt, pis'nous hypocrite 'wuz
'an a boy constrictur.

"You can't gum *me*, I tell ye now, an'
so you needn't try,

I 'spect my eye-teeth every mail, so jest
shet up," sez I.

"Don't go to actin' ugly now, or else I'll
let her strip,

You'd best draw kindly, seem' 'z how
I've gut ye on the hip;

Besides, you clained ole fool, it aint no
giet of a disaster

To be benev'lently driv back to a con-
tentted master,

Ware you hed Christian priv'ledges you
don't seem quite aware on,

Or you'd ha' never run away from bein'
well took care on;

Ez fer kin' treatment, wy, he wuz so
 fond on ye, he said
 He'd give a fifty spot right out, to git
 ye, 'live or dead;
 Wite folks aint sot by half ez much;
 'member I run away,
 Wen I wuz bound to Cap'n Jakes, to
 Mattysquamscot Bay;
 Don' know him, likely? Spose not;
 wal, the mean ole codger went
 An' offered—wut reward, think? Wal,
 it worn't no less'n a cent."

Wal, I jest gut 'em into line, an' druv
 'em on afore me;
 The pis'nous brutes, I'd no idee o' the
 ill-will they bore me;
 We walked till som'ers about noon, an'
 then it grew so hot
 I thought it best to camp awile, so I
 chose out a spot
 Jest under a magnoly tree, an' there
 right down I sot;
 Then I unstrapped my wooden leg, coz
 it begun to chafe,
 An' laid it down 'long side o' me,
 supposin' all wuz safe;
 I made my dawkies all set down around
 me in a ring,
 An' sot an' kin' o' ciphered up how much
 the lot would bring;
 But, wile I diinked the peaceful cup of
 a pure heart an' min'
 (Mixed with some wiskey, now an'
 then), Pomp he snaked up behin',
 An' creepin' grad'lly close tu, ez quiet ez
 a mink,
 Jest grabbed my leg, an' then pulled
 foot, quicker 'an you could
 wink,
 An', come to look, they each on 'em hed
 gut behin' a tree,
 An' Pomp poked out the leg a piece, jest
 so ez I could see,
 An' yelled to me to throw away my
 pistils an' my gun,
 Or else that they'd cair off the leg, an'
 fairly cut an' run.
 I vow I didn't b'lieve there wuz a decent
 alligatur

Thet hed a heart so destitoot o' common
 human natur;
 However, ez there worn't no help, I
 finally give in
 An' heft my arms away to git my leg
 safe back agin.
 Pomp gethered all the weapins up, an'
 then he come an' guinned,
 He showed his ivory some, I guess, an'
 sez, "You're fairly pinned;
 Jest buckle on your leg agin, an' git right
 up an' come,
 'Twun't du fer fammerly men like me to
 be so long fium hum."
 At fust I put my foot right down an'
 swore I wouldn't budge.
 "Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite cool,
 "either I e shot or tudge."
 So this black hearted monster took an'
 act'lly druv me back
 Along the very feetmarks o' my happy
 moinin' track,
 An' kep' me prisner 'bout six months,
 an' woiked me, tu, like sin,
 Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny
 taters in;
 He made me larn him readin', tu
 (although the crittur saw
 How much it hurt my morril sense to act
 agin the law),
 So't he could read a Bible he'd gut;
 an' axed ef I could pint
 The North Star out; but there I put his
 nose some out o' jint,
 Fer I weeled roun' about sou'west, an',
 lookin' up a bit,
 Picked out a middlin' shiny one an' tole
 him thet wuz it.
 Fin'lly, he took me to the door, an',
 givin' me a kick,
 Sez, "Ef you know wut's best fer ye, be
 off, now, double-quick;
 The winter-time's a comin' on, an',
 though I gut ye cheap,
 You're so darned lazy, I don't think
 you're hardly wuth your keep;
 Besides, the childin's growin' up, an'
 you aint jest the model
 I'd like to hev 'em immitate, an' so
 you'd better toddle!"

Now is there anythin' on airth 'll ever
 prove to me
 Thet renegader slaves like him air fit fer
 bein' free?
 D'you think they'll suck me in to jine
 the Bufflo chaps, an them
 Rank infidels thet go agin the Scriptur'
 cus o' Shem?
 Not by a jugfull! sooner 'n thet, I'd go
 thru fire an' water;
 Wen I hev once made up my mind, a
 meet'nhus aint sotter;
 No, not though all the crows thet flies to
 pick my bones wuz cawin', -
 I guess we're in a Christian land,-
 Yourn,

BIRD OF FREEDUM SAWIN.

[Here, patient reader, we take leave of each other, I trust with some mutual satisfaction. I say *patient*, for I love not that kind which skims dippingly over the surface of the page, as swallows over a pool before rain. By such no pearls shall be gathered. But if no pearls there be (as, indeed, the world is not without example of books wherefrom the longest-winded diver shall bring up no more than his proper handful of mud), yet let us hope that an oyster or two may reward adequate perseverance. If neither pearls nor oysters, yet is patience itself a gem worth diving deeply for.

It may seem to some that too much space has been usurped by my own private lucubrations, and some may be fain to bring against me that old jest of him who preached all his hearers out of the meeting-house save only the sexton, who, remaining for yet a little space, from a sense of official duty, at last gave out also, and, presenting the keys, humbly requested our preacher to lock the doors, when he should have wholly relieved himself of his testimony. I confess to a satisfaction in the self act of preaching, nor do I esteem a discourse to be wholly thrown away even upon a sleeping or unintelligent auditory. I cannot easily believe that the Gospel of Saint John, which Jacques Cartier ordered to be read in the Latin tongue to the Canadian savages, upon his first meeting with them, fell altogether upon stony ground. For the

earnestness of the preacher is a sermon appreciable by dullest intellects and most alien ears. In this wise did Episcopius convert many to his opinions, who yet understood not the language in which he discoursed. The chief thing is that the messenger believe that he has an authentic message to deliver. For counterfeit messengers that mode of treatment which Father John de Plano Carpini relates to have prevailed among the Tartars would seem effectual, and, perhaps, deserved enough. For my own part, I may lay claim to so much of the spirit of martyrdom as would have led me to go into banishment with those clergymen whom Alphonso the Sixth of Portugal drove out of his kingdom for refusing to shorten their pulpit eloquence. It is possible, that, having been invited into my brother Biglow's desk, I may have been too little scrupulous in using it for the venting of my own peculiar doctrines to a congregation drawn together in the expectation and with the desire of hearing him.

I am not wholly unconscious of a peculiarity of mental organisation which impels me, like the railroad-engine with its train of cars, to run backward for a short distance in order to obtain a fairer start. I may compare myself to one fishing from the rocks when the sea runs high, who, misinterpreting the suction of the undertow for the biting of some larger fish, jerks suddenly, and finds that he has *caught bottom*, hauling in upon the end of his line a trail of various *algæ*, among which, nevertheless, the naturalist may haply find somewhat to repay the disappointment of the angler. Yet have I conscientiously endeavoured to adapt myself to the impatient temper of the age, daily degenerating more and more from the high standard of our pristine New England. To the catalogue of lost arts I would mournfully add also that of listening to two-hour sermons. Surely we have been abridged into a race of pygmies. For, truly, in those of the old discourses yet subsisting to us in print, the endless spinal column of divisions and subdivisions can be likened to nothing so exactly as to the vertebræ of the saurians, whence the theorist may conjecture a race of Anakim proportionate to

the withstanding of these other monsters I say Anakim rather than Nephelim, because there seem reasons for supposing that the race of those whose heads (though no giants) are constantly enveloped in clouds (which that name imports) will never become extinct. The attempt to vanquish the innumerable *heads* of one of those aforementioned discourses may supply us with a plausible interpretation of the second labour of Hercules, and his successful experiment with fire affords us a useful precedent.

But while I lament the degeneracy of the age in this regard, I cannot refuse to succumb to its influence. Looking out through my study-window, I see Mr Biglow at a distance busy in gathering his Baldwins, of which, to judge by the number of barrels lying about under the trees, his crop is more abundant than my own,—by which sight I am admonished to turn to those orchards of the mind wherein my labours may be more prospered, and apply myself diligently to the preparation of my next Sabbath's discourse.—H. W.]

MELIBŒUS-HIPPONAX

THE

Biglow Papers,

SECOND SERIES.

Ἐστὶν ἀπ' οἱ ἀδελφεοὶ νινετὶ τοῦ κόσμου παραπολιτικῶν

LONGINUS.

"J'aimerois mieux que mon fils apprînt aux tavernes à parler, qu'aux écoles de la parole."

MONTAIGNE.

„Unser Sprach ist auch ein Sprach und kan so wohl ein Sach nennen als die Lateiner saccus."

FISCHARG.

"Vim rebus aliquando ipsa verborum humilitas affert."

QUINTILIANUS.

"O ma lengo,
Plantarèy une esillo à toun frum encrunit!"

JASMIN

IO

E. R. HOAR

"Multos enim, quibus loquendi ratio non desit, invenias, quos curiose potius loqui diversis quoniam Latine, quomodo et illa Attica anus Theophrastum, hominem alioqui disertissimum, annotat unius affectatione verbi, hospitum dicit, nec alio se id deprehendisse interrogata respondit, quum quod nimium Attice loqueretur."—QUINTILIANUS

"Et Anglice sermonicari solebat populo, sed secundum linguam Norfolkie ubi natus et nutritus erat."—CRONICA JOCEPINI

"La politique est une pierre attachée au cou de la littérature, et qui en moins de six mois le submerge. Cette politique va offenser mortellement une moitié des lecteurs, et ennuyer l'autre qui la trouve bien autrement spéciale et énergique dans le journal du matin."—HENRI BRVÈRE

INTRODUCTION

THOUGH prefaces seem of late to have fallen under some reproach, they have at least this advantage, that they set us again on the feet of our personal consciousness and rescue us from the gringious mock modesty or cowardice of that *we* which shrills feebly throughout modern literature like the shrieking of mice in the walls of a house that has passed its prime. Having a few words to say to the many friends whom the "Biglow Papers" have won me, I shall accordingly take the freedom of the first person singular of the personal pronoun. Let each of the good situated unknown who have cheered me by the written communication of their sympathy look upon this Introduction as a private letter to himself.

When, more than twenty years ago, I wrote the first of the series, I had no definite plan and no intention of ever writing another. Thinking the Mexican war, as I think it still, a national crime committed in behoof of Slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such

an upcountry man as I had often seen at antislavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness. When I began to carry out my conception and to write in my assumed character, I found myself in a strait between two perils. On the one hand, I was in danger of being carried beyond the limit of my own opinions, or at least of that temper with which every man should speak his mind in print, and on the other I feared the risk of seeming to vulgarise a deep and sacred conviction. I needed on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose conceived the Rev Mr Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr Biglow should serve for its homely common-sense vivified and heated by conscience. The person was to be the complement rather than the antithesis of his parishioner, and I felt or fancied a certain humorous element in the real identity of the two under a seeming incongruity. Mr Wilbur's fondness for scraps of Latin, though drawn from the life, I adopted deliberately to heighten the contrast. Finding soon after that I needed some one as a mouthpiece of the mere drollery, for I conceive that true humour is never divorced from moral conviction, I invented Mr. Sawin for the clown of my little puppet-show. I meant to embody in him that half-conscious immorality which I had noticed as the recoil in gross natures from a puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intense savour which had long gone out of its faith and life. In the throes I thought I should find room enough to express, as it was my plan to do, the popular feeling and opinion of the time. For the names of two of my characters, since I have received some remonstrances from very worthy persons who happen to bear them, I would say that they were purely fortuitous, probably mere unconscious memories of signboards or directories. Mr. Sawin's sprang from the accident of a rhyme at the end of his first epistle, and I purposely christened him by the impossible surname of Birdofredum not more to

stigmatise him as the incarnation of "Manifest Destiny," in other words, of national recklessness as to right and wrong, than to avoid the chance of wounding any private sensitiveness.

The success of my experiment soon began not only to astonish me, but to make me feel the responsibility of knowing that I held in my hand a weapon instead of the mere fencing-stick I had supposed. Very far from being a popular author under my own name, so far, indeed, as to be almost unread, I found the verses of my pseudonym copied everywhere, I saw them pinned up in workshops, I heard them quoted and their authorship debated, I once even, when rumour had at length caught up my name in one of its eddies, had the satisfaction of overhearing it demonstrated, in the pauses of a concert, that I was utterly incompetent to have written anything of the kind. I had read too much not to know the utter worthlessness of contemporary reputation, especially as regards satire, but I knew also that by giving a certain amount of influence it also had its worth, if that influence were used on the right side. I had learned, too, that the first requisite of good writing is to have an earnest and definite purpose, whether æsthetic or moral, and that even good writing, to please long, must have more than an average amount either of imagination or common-sense. The first of these falls to the lot of scarcely one in several generations; the last is within the reach of many in every one that passes; and of this an author may fairly hope to become in part the mouthpiece. If I put on the cap and bells and made myself one of the court-fools of King Demos, it was less to make his majesty laugh than to win a passage to his royal ears for certain serious things which I had deeply at heart. I say this because there is no imputation that could be more galling to any man's self-respect than that of being a mere jester. I endeavoured, by generalising my satire, to give it what value I could beyond the passing moment and the immediate application. How far I have succeeded I cannot tell, but I have had better luck than I ever looked for in seeing my verses survive to pass beyond their nonage.

In choosing the Yankee dialect, I did not act without forethought. It had long seemed to me that the great vice of American writing and speaking was a studied want of simplicity, that we were in danger of coming to look on our mother-tongue as a dead language, to be sought in the grammar and dictionary rather than in the heart, and that our only chance of escape was by seeking it at its living sources, among those who were, as Scottowe says of Major-General Gibbons, "divinely illiterate." President Lincoln, the only really great public man whom these latter days have seen, was great also in this, that he was master—witness his speech at Gettysburg—of a truly masculine English, classic because it was of no special period, and level at once to the highest and lowest of his countrymen. I learn from the highest authority that his favourite reading was in Shakespeare and Milton, to which, of course, the Bible should be added. But whoever should read the debates in Congress might fancy himself present at a meeting of the city council of some city of Southern Gaul in the decline of the Empire, where barbarians with a Latin varnish emulated each other in being more than Ciceronian. Whether it be want of culture, for the highest outcome of that is simplicity, or for whatever reason, it is certain that very few American writers or speakers wield their native language with the directness, precision, and force that are common as the day in the mother country. We use it like Scotsmen, not as if it belonged to us, but as if we wished to prove that we belonged to it, by showing our intimacy with its written rather than with its spoken dialect. And yet all the while our popular idiom is racy with life and vigour and originality, bucksome (as Milton used the word) to our new occasions, and proves itself no mere graft by sending up new suckers from the old root in spite of us. It is only from its roots in the living generations of men that a language can be reinforced with fresh vigour for its needs; what may be called a literate dialect grows

ever more and more pedantic and foreign, till it becomes at last as unfitting a vehicle for living thought as monkish Latin. That we should all be made to talk like books is the danger with which we are threatened by the Universal Schoolmaster, who does his best to enslave the minds and memories of his victims to what he esteems the best models of English composition, that is to say, to the writers whose style is faultily correct and has no blood-warmth in it. No language after it has faded into *diction*, none that cannot suck up the feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother-earth of common folk, can bring forth a sound and lusty book. True vigour and heartiness of phrase do not pass from page to page, but from man to man, where the brain is kindled and the lips supplied by downright living interests and by passion in its very throes. Language is the soil of thought, and our own especially is a rich leaf-mould, the slow deposit of ages, the shed foliage of feeling, fancy, and imagination, which has suffered an earth-change, that the vocal forest, as Howell called it, may clothe itself anew with living green. There is death in the dictionary; and, where language is too strictly limited by convention, the ground for expression to grow in is limited also; and we get a *potted* literature, Chinese dwarfs instead of healthy trees.

But while the schoolmaster has been busy starching our language and smoothing it flat with the mangle of a supposed classical authority, the newspaper reporter has been doing even more harm by stretching and swelling it to suit his occasions. A dozen years ago I began a list, which I have added to from time to time, of some of the changes which may be fairly laid at his door. I give a few of them as showing their tendency, all the more dangerous that their effect, like that of some poisons, is insensibly cumulative, and that they are sure at last of effect among a people whose chief reading is the daily paper. I give in two columns the old style and its modern equivalent.

Old Style

Was hanged
When the halter was put round his neck

A great crowd came to see.
Great fire
The fire spread
House burned
The fire was hot under

Man fell
A horse and wagon ran against

The frightened horse
Sent for the doctor

The mayor of the city in a short speech welcomed

I shall say a few words

I gave an answer
Asked him to dine
A bystander advised

He died

New Style

Was launched into eternity
When the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions

A vast concourse was assembled to witness
Disastrous conflagration
The conflagration extended its devastating career
Edifice consumed
The progress of the devouring element was arrested

Individual was precipitated
A valuable horse attached to a vehicle driven by J. S., in the employment of J. B., collided with
The infuriated animal
Called into requisition the services of the family physician

The chief magistrate of the metropolis, in well chosen and eloquent language, frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the surging multitude, officially tendered the hospitalities

I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations

Commenced his rejoinder
Tendered him a banquet

One of those omnipresent characters who, as if in pursuance of some previous arrangement, are certain to be encountered in the vicinity when an accident occurs, ventured the suggestion

He deceased, he passed out of existence, his spirit quitted its earthly habitation, winged its way to eternity, shook off its burden, etc

In one sense this is nothing new. The school of Pope in verse ended by wire-drawing its phrase to such thinness that it could bear no weight of meaning whatever. Nor is fine writing by any means confined to America. All writers without imagination fall into it of necessity whenever they attempt the figurative. I take two examples from Mr. Merivale's 'History of the Romans under the Empire', which, indeed, is full of such. The last years of the age familiarly styled the Augustan were singularly barren of the literary glories from which its celebrity was chiefly derived. One by one the stars in its firmament had been lost to the world; Virgil and Horace etc., had long since died; the charm which the imagination of Livy had thrown over the earlier annals of Rome had ceased to shine on the details of almost contemporary history, and if the flood of his eloquence still continued flowing, we can hardly suppose that the stream was as rapid, as fresh,

and as clear as ever. I will not waste time in criticising the bad English or the mixture of metaphor in these sentences, but will simply cite another from the same author which is even worse. "The shadowy phantom of the Republic continued to flit before the eyes of the Cæsar. There was still to be apprehended a germ of sentiment existing, on which a scion of his own house or even a stranger, might boldly throw himself and raise the standard of patrician independence." Now a ghost may haunt a murderer, but hardly, I should think, to scare him with the threat of taking a new lease of its old tenement. And fancy the scion of a house in the act of throwing itself upon a germ of sentiment to raise a standard! I am glad, since we have so much in the same kind to answer for that this bit of horticultural rhetoric is from beyond sea. I would not be supposed to condemn truly imaginative prose. There is a simplicity of splendour, no less

than of plainness, and prose would be poor indeed if it could not find a tongue for that meaning of the mind which is behind the meaning of the words. It has sometimes seemed to me that in England there was a growing tendency to curtail language into a mere convenience, and to defecate it of all emotion as thoroughly as algebraic signs. This has arisen, no doubt, in part from that healthy national contempt of humbug which is characteristic of Englishmen, in part from that sensitiveness to the ludicrous which makes them so shy of expressing feeling, but in part also, it is to be feared, from a growing mistrust, one might almost say hatred, of whatever is super-natural. There is something sad in the scorn with which their journalists treat the notion of there being such a thing as a national ideal, seeming utterly to have forgotten that even in the affairs of this world the imagination is as much matter-of-fact as the understanding. If we were to trust the impression made on us by some of the cleverest and most characteristic of their periodical literature, we should think England hopelessly stranded on the good-humoured cynicism of well-to-do middle-age, and should fancy it an enchanted nation, doomed to sit forever with its feet under the mahogany in that after-dinner mood which follows conscientious repletion, and which it is ill-manners to disturb with any topics more exciting than the quality of the wines. But there are already symptoms that a large class of Englishmen are getting weary of the dominion of consols and divine common-sense, and to believe that eternal three *per cent* is not the chief end of man, nor the highest and only kind of interest to which the powers and opportunities of England are entitled.

The quality of exaggeration has often been remarked on as typical of American character, and especially of American humour. In Dr. Petri's *Gedrangtes Handbuch der Fremdwörter*, we are told that the word *humbug* is commonly used for the exaggerations of the North-Americans. To be sure, one would be tempted to think the dream of Columbus half fulfilled, and that Europe had found in the West a nearer way to Orientalism, at least in diction. But it seems to me that a great deal of

what is set down as mere extravagance is more fitly to be called intensity and picturesque-ness, symptoms of the imaginative faculty in full health and strength, though producing, as yet, only the raw and formless material in which poetry is to work. By and by, perhaps, the world will see it fashioned into poem and picture, and Europe, which will be hard pushed for originality ere long, may have to thank us for a new sensation. The French continue to find Shakespeare exaggerated because he treated English just as our country-folk do when they speak of a "steep price," or say that they "freeze to" a thing. The first postulate of an original literature is that a people should use their language instinctively and unconsciously, as if it were a lively part of their growth and personality, not as the mere torpid boon of education or inheritance. Even Burns contrived to write very poor verse and prose in English. Vulgarisms are often only poetry in the egg. The late Mr. Horace Mann, in one of his public addresses, commented at some length on the beauty and moral significance of the French phrase *s'orienter*, and called on his young friends to practise upon it in life. There was not a Yankee in his audience whose problem had not always been to find out what was *about east*, and to shape his course accordingly. This charm which a familiar expression gains by being commented, as it were, and set in a new light by a foreign language, is curious and instructive. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Matthew Arnold forgets this a little too much sometimes when he writes of the beauties of French style. It would not be hard to find in the works of French Academicians phrases as coarse as those he cites from Burke, only they are veiled by the unfamiliarity of the language. But, however this may be, it is certain that poets and peasants please us in the same way by translating words back again to their primal freshness, and infusing them with a delightful strangeness which is anything but alienation. What, for example, is Milton's "edge of battle" but a doing into English of the Latin *acies*? Was die Gans gedacht das der Schwan vollbracht, what the goose but thought, that the swan full brought (or, to de-Saxonise it a little, what the goose

conceived, that the swan achieved), and it may well be that the life, invention, and vigour shown by our popular speech, and the freedom with which it is shaped to the instant want of those who use it, are of the best omen for our having a swan at last. The part I have taken on myself is that of the humbler bird.

But it is affirmed that there is something innately vulgar in the Yankee dialect. M. Saint-Beuve says, with his usual neatness

'Le déshuis un pitois une ancienne langue qui a eu des malheurs ou encore une langue toute jeune et qui n'a pas fait fortune.'

The first part of his definition applies to a dialect like the Provençal the last to the Tuscan before Dante had lifted it into a classic and neither it seems to me, will quite fit a *pitais*, which is not properly a dialect but rather certain archaisms, proverbial phrases and modes of pronunciation, which maintain themselves among the uneducated side by side with the finished and universally accepted language. Norman French, for example, or Scotch down to the time of James VI. could hardly be called *pitais*, while I should be half inclined to name the Yankee a *lingo* rather than a dialect. It has retained a few words now fallen into disuse in the mother country like *to tarry to progress, flashy, fell*, and some others, it has changed the meaning of some, as in *freshet*, and it has clung to what I suspect to have been the broad Norman pronunciation of *e* (which Molière puts into the mouth of his rustics) in such words as *variant, perfect, astio* and the like. It maintains something of the French sound of *a* also in words like *chamber d'anger* (though the latter had certainly begun to take its present sound so early as 1636, when I find it sometimes spelt *dainger*). But in general it may be said that nothing can be found in it which does not still survive in some one or other of the English provincial dialects. There is, perhaps, a single exception in the verb *to cleave*. To *cleave* silk means to divide or ravel out a thread of silk with the point of a needle till it becomes *floss* (*À S. silejan, to cleave = divide*). This, I think, explains the "sleeveless errand" in "Irolus and Cressida" so inadequately, sometimes so ludicrously darkened by the commentators.

Is not a "sleeveless errand" one that cannot be unravelled, incomprehensible and therefore bootless?

I am not speaking now of Americanisms properly so called, that is, of words or phrases which have grown into use here either through necessity, invention, or accident such as a *carry*, a *one-horse affair*, a *prairie*, to *ramole*. Even these are fewer than is sometimes taken for granted. But I think some fair defence may be made against the charge of vulgarity. Properly speaking, vulgarity is in the thought, and not in the word or the way of pronouncing it. Modern French, the most polite of languages, is barbarously vulgar if compared with the Latin out of which it has been corrupted, or even with Italian. There is a wider gap, and one implying greater boorishness, between *ministerium* and *n'iet*, or *sapiens* and *achant*, than between *draw* and *drive* or *agry* and *against*, which last is plainly an arrant superlative. Our rustic *covrlet* is nearer its French original than the diminutive *covrlet* into which it has been ignorantly corrupted in politer speech. I obtained from three cultivated Englishmen at different times three diverse pronunciations of a single word,—*cucumber*, *coocumber*, and *cucumber*. Of these the first, which is Yankee also, comes nearest to the nasality of *concombe*. Lord Ossory assures us that Voltaire saw the best society in England, and Voltaire tells his countrymen that *handkerchief* was pronounced *hankercher*. I find it so spelt in Hakluyt and elsewhere. His enmity the Yankee still persists in, and as there is always a reason for such deviations from the sound as represented by the spelling, may we not suspect two sources of derivation, and find an ancestor for *kercher* in *couverture* rather than in *coursseche*? And what greater phonetic vagary (which Dryden, by the way, called *jegary*) in our *lingua justitia* than this *ker* for *courre*? I copy from the fly-leaves of my books, where I have noted them from time to time, a few examples of pronunciation and phrase which will show that the Yankee often has antiquity and very respectable literary authority on his side. My list might be largely increased by referring to glossaries, but to them every

one can go for himself, and I have gathered enough for my purpose.

I will take first those cases in which something like the French sound has been preserved in certain single letters and diphthongs. And this opens a curious question as to how long this Gallicism maintained itself in England. Sometimes a divergence in pronunciation has given us two words with different meanings, as in *genteel* and *jaunty*, which I find coming in toward the close of the seventeenth century, and wavering between *genteel* and *jaunty*. It is usual in America to drop the *u* in words ending in *our*,—a very proper change recommended by Howell two centuries ago, and carried out by him so far as his printers would allow. This and the corresponding changes in *music*, *musick*, and the like, which he also advocated, show that in his time the French accent indicated by the superfluous letters (for French had once nearly as strong an accent as Italian) had gone out of use. There is plenty of French accent down to the end of Elizabeth's reign. In Daniel we have *riches* and *counsel*, in Bishop Hall *comet*, *chapelain*, in Donne *picture*, *virtue*, *presence*, *mortel*, *merit*, *hainous*, *giant*, with many more, and Marston's satires are full of them. The two latter, however, are not to be relied on, as they may be suspected of Chaucerising. Herrick writes *baftime*. The tendency to throw the accent backward began early. But the incongruities are perplexing, and perhaps mark the period of transition. In Warner's "Albion's England" we have *creator* and *creature* side by side with the modern *creator* and *creature*. *E'nvy* and *envying* occur in Campion (1602), and yet *envy* survived Milton. In some cases we have gone back again nearer to the French, as in *revenue* for *reven'ue*. I had been so used to hearing *imbecile* pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, which is in accordance with the general tendency in such matters, that I was surprised to find *imbec'ile* in a verse of Wordsworth. The dictionaries all give it so. I asked a highly cultivated Englishman, and he declared for *imbec'el*. In general it may be assumed that accent will finally settle on the syllable dictated by greater ease and therefore quickness of utterance. *Blasphemous*, for

example, is more rapidly pronounced than *blasphem'ous*, to which our Yankee clings, following in this the usage of many of the older poets. *American* is easier than *Ameri'can*, and therefore the false quantity has carried the day, though the true one may be found in George Herbert, and even so late as Cowley.

To come back to the matter in hand. Our "uplandish man" retains the soft or thin sound of the *u* in some words, such as *rule*, *truth* (sometimes also pronounced *trüth*, not *truoth*), while he says *now* for *new*, and gives to *view* and *few* so indescribable a mixture of the two sounds with a slight nasal tincture that it may be called the Yankee shillboleth. Voltaire says that the English pronounce *true* as if it rhymed with *revere*, and this is the sound our rustics give to it. Spenser writes *dew* (*dew*) which can only be pronounced with the Yankee nasality. In *rule* the least sound of *a* precedes the *u*. I find *reule* in Peacock's "Repressor." He probably pronounced it *rayoölé*, as the old French word from which it is derived was very likely to be sounded at first, with a reminiscence of its original *regula*. Tindal has *rueler*, and the Coventry Plays have *preudent*. In the "Parliament of Hyrdes" I find *reule*. As for *now*, may it not claim some sanction in its derivation, whether from *nouveau* or *neuf*, the ancient sound of which may very well have been *noof*, as nearer *novus*? *Beef* would seem more like to have come from *buff* than from *beuf*, unless the two were mere varieties of spelling. The Saxon *few* may have caught enough from its French cousin *peu* to claim the benefit of the same doubt as to sound; and our slang phrase *a few* (as "I licked him a few") may well appeal to *un peu* for sense and authority. Nay, might not *lick* itself turn out to be the good old word *lam* in an English disguise, if the latter should claim descent as, perhaps, he fairly might, from the Latin *lambere*? The New England *ferce* for *fierce*, and *perce* for *pierce* (sometimes heard as *saivre* and *puirce*), are also Norman. For its antiquity I cite the rhyme of *verse* and *pierce* in Chapman and Donne, and in some commendatory verses by a Mr. Berkenhead before the poems of Francis Beaumont. Our *puirious*

for *perilous* is of the same kind, and is nearer Shakespeare's *parlous* than the modern pronunciation. One other Gallicism survives in our pronunciation. Perhaps I should rather call it a semi-Gallicism, for it is the result of a futile effort to reproduce a French sound with English lips. Thus for *joint*, *employ*, *royal*, we have *iynt*, *emply*, *ryle*, the last differing only from *riw* (*roit*) in a prolongation of the *y* sound. I find *royal* so pronounced in the "Mirror for Magistrates." In Walter de Bibbesworth I find *olizee* Englished by *gistes*. This, it is true, may have been pronounced *jeests*, but the pronunciation *jyistes* must have preceded the present spelling, which was no doubt adopted after the radical meaning was forgotten, as analogical with other words in *oi*. In the same way after Norman-French influence had softened the *l* out of *would* (we already find *wound* for *reut* in N.-F. poems), *should* followed the example, and then an *l* was foisted into *could*, where it does not belong, to satisfy the logic of the eye, which has affected the pronunciation and even the spelling of English more than is commonly supposed. I meet with *cyster* for *oyster* as early as the fourteenth century. I find *viage* in Bishop Hall and Middleton the dramatist, *bile* for *boil* in Donne and Chrononhotonthologos, *line* for *loin* in Hall, *ryall* and *chye* (for *choise*), *dystrye* for *destroy*, in the Coventry Plays. In Chapman's "All Fools" is the misprint of *employ* for *imply*, fairly inferring an identity of sound in the last syllable. Indeed, this pronunciation was habitual till after Pope, and Rogers tells us that the elegant Gray said *noise* for *noise* just as our rustics still do. Our *cornish* (which I find also in Herrick) remembers the French better than *cornice* does. While, clinging more closely to the Anglo-Saxon in dropping the *g* from the end of the present participle, the Yankee now and then pleases himself with an experiment in French nasality in words ending in *n*. It is not, so far as my experience goes, very common, though it may formerly have been more so. *Capt'ing*, for instance, I never heard save in jest, the habitual form being *kepp'n*. But at any rate it is no invention of ours. In that delightful old volume, "Ane Com-

pendious Buke of Godly and Spirituall Songs," in which I know not whether the piety itself or the simplicity of its expression be more charming, I find *burding*, *garding*, and *cousing*, and in the State Trials *uncerting* used by a gentleman. I confess that I like the *n* better than the *ng*.

Of Yankee preterites I find *risse* and *rice* for *rose* in Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton and Dryden, *clim* in Spenser, *chies* (*chose*) in Sir John Mandevill, *give* (*gave*) in the Coventry Plays, *shet* (*shut*) in Golding's Ovid, *het* in Chapman and in Weever's Epitaphs, *thriv* and *smit* in Drayton, *quit* in Ben Jonson and Henry More, and *pled* in the Paston Letters, nay, even in the fastidious Landor. *Rid* for *rode* was anciently common. So likewise was *see* for *saw*, but I find it in no writer of authority (except Golding), unless Chaucer's *vie* and Gower's *sigh* were, as I am inclined to think, so sounded. *Shew* is used by Hector Boece, Giles Fletcher, Drummond of Hawthornden, and in the Paston Letters. Similar strong preterites, like *new*, *threw*, and even *mew*, are not without example. I find *sew* for *sowed* in "Piers Ploughman." Indeed, the anomalies in English preterites are perplexing. We have probably transferred *flow* from *flaw* (as the preterite of which I have heard it) to *fly*, because we had another preterite in *fled*. Of weak preterites the Yankee retains *grawed*, *blowed*, for which he has good authority, and less often *knowed*. His *sot* is merely a broad sounding of *sat*, no more inelegant than the common *got* for *gat*, which he further degrades into *gut*. When he says *darst*, he uses a form as old as Chaucer.

The Yankee has retained something of the long sound of the *a* in such words as *axe*, *wax*, pronouncing them *exe*, *wex* (shortened from *aiæ*, *waia*). He also says *hev* and *hed* (*hive*, *hād*) for *have* and *had*. In most cases he follows an Anglo-Saxon usage. In *aiæ* for *axle* he certainly does. I find *wex* and *aisches* (*ashes*) in Pecock, and *exe* in the Paston Letters. Golding rhymes *wax* with *wexe* and spells *challenge* *chelenge*. Chaucer wrote *hendy*. Dryden rhymes *can* with *men*, as Mr. Biglow would. Alexander Gill, Milton's teacher, in his "Logonomia" cites *hes* for *hath* as pecu-

liar to Lincolnshire I find *huyth* in Collier's Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature under the date 1584 and Ford (Comwell) so wrote it. Sir Christopher Wren wrote *bileom*. Our *fact* is only the O.E. *fæct*. *Thaim* for *them* was common in the sixteenth century. We have an example of the same thing in the double form of the verb *thrash* *thrish*. While the New Englander cannot be brought to say *instead* for *intid* (commonly *stil* where not the list word in a sentence) he changes the *i* into *e* in *ied* for *iet* *tell* for *till* *hent* for *hinter* *riue* for *rins*. I find *ied* in the old interlude of Thicysles, *tell* in a letter of Draborne to Hanslowe and also I shudder to mention it in a letter of the great Duchess of Marlborough to herself. It occurs twice in a single verse of the Chester Play

' *tell* the day *ied* me *till* the beames blow

From the word *blo* (in another sense) is formed *bleath* which I heard again this summer after a long interval. Mr Wright explains it as meaning a blossom. With us a single blossom is a *blow* while *bleath* means the blossoming in general. A farmer would say that there was a good *bleath* on his fruit tree. The word retracts farther inland and away from the railways, year by year. Withers rhymes *hinder* with *skunder* and Shakespeare and Lowndes have *remch* for *remch*. In Gummer (Gurton) and Mirror for Magistrates is *seuce* for *since*. Marlborough's Duchess so writes it and Donne rhymes *seuce* with *Amours* and *patience*. Bishop Hall and Otway with *pretene* (chipmunk with *citizens* Dryden with *providence*. Indeed, why should not *itheme* take that form? Dryden's wife (an early daughter) has *till* for *till*. Margaret mother of Henry VII writes *seche* for *seek* and our *ef* finds authority in the old form *eff*.

E sometimes takes the place of *u* as *edge* *treke* *brech*. I find *fred* in the interlude of Jack Jugler *brech* in a citation by Collier from London Cries of the middle of the seventeenth century and *seche* for *rush* (fifteenth century) in the Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English

very valuable Volume of Vocabularies edited by Mr Wright. *Reue* is one of the Anglo-Saxon forms of the word in Posworth's A. S. Dictionary. Golding has *shet*. The Yankee always shortens the *u* in the ending *tute* making *ntu* *ntur* *picur* and so on. This was common also among the educated of the last generation. I am inclined to think it may have been once universal and I certainly think it more elegant than the vile *vencher* *nycher* *picur* that have taken its place sounding like the invention of a lexicographer to mitigate a sneer. Nash in his

Pierce Penniless has *centur* and so spells it and I meet it also in Spenser, Dryden Ben Jonson, Henrick and Prior. Spenser has *tertrise* which can be connected only from *toritur* and not from *torches*. Quilks rhymes *nature* with *creat*, and Dryden with *sature* which he doubtless pronounced according to its older form of *satur*. Quilks has also *toritur* and *mostur*. May Bokyn writes *keitur*. I find *pitur* in Elizabeth Walton's autograph will.

I shall now give some examples which cannot so easily be taken under my special head. Gill chafes the Eastern counties with *ker* for *is* and *tr* for *to*. The Yankee pronounces both *too* and *to* like *tu* (like the *too* in *tu h*) where they are not emphatic. When they are both become *tu*. In old spelling *tu* is the common (and indeed correct) form of *tu* which is only *tu* with the sense of *in addition*. I suspect that the sound of our *to* has caught something from the French *tu* and it is possible that the old *tu* is not a reduplication but a reminiscence of the feminine form of the same word (*toile*) is recently pronounced with the *i* not yet silenced. Gill gives a Northern origin to *gaun* for *gun* and *und* for *round* (*rubun*). Lowndes has *caund* but there is something too dreadful in suspecting Spenser (who localised in his pastorals) of having ever been guilty of *caun*. And yet some delicate mouths even now are careful to observe the Hibernicism of *eard* for *guard* and *seurl* for *girl*. Sir Philip Sidney (*credit poster*) wrote *furr* for *fur*. I would hardly have believed it had I not seen it in *fac-simile*. As some consolation, I find

judas in Lord Bacon and Donne, and Wither rhymes *far* with *cur*. The Yankee, who omits the final *d* in many words, as do the Scotch, makes up for it by adding one in *ground*. The purist does not feel the loss of the *d* sensibly in *lawn* and *yon*, from the former of which it has dropped again after a wrongful adoption (retained in *laundry*), while it properly belongs to the latter. But what shall we make of *git*, *it* and *is*? I find *is* and *git* in Warner's "Albion's England" *set* rhyming with *it* *admit* and *it* in Donne, with *it* in the

Revenge's Tragedy, Beaumont and Suckling with *it* in Dryden, and latest of all with *it* in Sir Hanbury Williams. Prior rhymes *fitting* and *begetting*. Worse is to come. Among others Donne rhymes *again* with *sin* and Quarles repeatedly with *in*. Ben for *bien*, of which our de u Whittier is so fond has the authority of Sackville, "Gammer Gurton (the work of a bishop), Chapman, Dryden and many more, though *bin* seems to have been the common form. Whittier's recanting the first syllable of *rom'ance* finds in accomph in Dryton among others, and though manifestly wrong is analogous with *Rom'ans*. Of other Yankeeisms, whether of form or pronunciation which I have met with I add a few at random. Peacock writes *souders* (*wags*, *soudovers*), and Chapman and (all *old*). This absorption of the *d* is common in various dialects especially in the Scottish. Peacock writes also *brende* and the authors of "Jack Jugler" and "Gammer Gurton *yende*". The Yankee includes "yen" in the same category, and says "hithin in yen for 'to and fro' (cf German *hins*)". Peacock and plenty more have *warstle*. Tindal has *aynste*,

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form), and Donne and Dryden make *great* rhyme with *set*. In the inscription on Caxton's tomb I find *end* for *end*, which the Yankee more often makes *end* still using familiarly the old phrase right and end for "continuously". His "suet (st right) along" in the same sense, which I thought peculiar to him, I find in Peacock. Tindal's *debyu* for *deputy* is so perfectly Yankee that I could almost fancy the brave

martyr to have been deacon of the First Parish at Jaalam Centre. "Jack Jugler" further gives us *playsent* and *sartayne*. Dryden rhymes *certain* with *parting* and Chapman and Ben Jonson use *certain*, as the Yankee always does, for *certainly*. The "Coventry Mysteries" have *occupid*, *masage*, *nateralle*, *maternal* (*maternal*), and *meracles*,—all excellent Yankeeisms. In the "Quatre fils, Aymon" (1504),¹ is *vertus* for *virtuous*. Thomas Fuller called *volume* *vollum*, I suspect, for he spells it *volumm*. However, *per contra*, Yankees habitually say *volume* for *column*. Indeed, to prove that our ancestors brought their pronunciation with them from the Old Country and have not wittingly debased their mother tongue, I need only to cite the words *scriptur*, *Israll*, *athists* and *cherfulness* from Governor Bradford's "History". So the good man wrote them, and so the good descendants of his fellow-exiles still pronounce them. Brimpton Guidon writes *shit* in a letter to Winthrop. *Pur-kind* (*pretend*) has crept like a serpent into the "Paradise of Dainty Devices", *pur-ride*, which is not so bad, is in Chaucer. These of course are universal vulgarisms, and not peculiar to the Yankee. Butler has a Yankee phrase, and pronunciation too, in "To which these *car'ings* on did tend". Langham or Lancham, who wrote an account of the festivities at Kenilworth in honour of Queen Bess, and who evidently tried to spell phonetically, makes *soveras* into *sovers*. Herrick writes *halloo* for *halloo*, and perhaps pronounced it (*horresco suspensus*) *hollis*, as Yankees do. Why not, when it comes from *hola*? I find *ffelushyppe* (fellowship) in the Coventry Plays. Spenser and his queen neither of

den has *des* for *does*, and his wife spells *nowe woue*. *Afraid* was once universal. Warner has *ey* for *eye*, a, nay, he also has *illy*, with which we were once ignorantly reproached by persons more familiar with Murray's Grammar than with English literature. And why not *illy*? Mr. Bartlett says it is "a word used by writers of

¹ Cited in Collier. (I give my authority where I do not quote from the original book.)

an inferior class, who do not seem to perceive that *ill* is itself an adverb, without the termination *ly*," and quotes Dr. Messer, President of Brown University, as asking triumphantly, "Why don't you say *welly*?" I should like to have had Dr. Messer answer his own question. It would be truer to say that it was used by people who still remembered that *ill* was an adjective, the shortened form of *evil*, out of which Shakespeare and the translators of the Bible ventured to make *evilly*. This slurred *evil* is "the dram of eale" in "Hamlet." I find *illy* in Warner. The objection to *illy* is not an etymological one, but simply that it is contrary to good usage,—a very sufficient reason. *Ill* as an adverb was at first a vulgarism, precisely like the rustic's when he says, "I was treated *bad*." May not the reason of this exceptional form be looked for in that tendency to dodge what is hard to pronounce, to which I have already alluded? If the letters were distinctly uttered, as they should be, it would take too much time to say *ill-ly*, *well-ly*, and it is to be observed that we have avoided *smally*¹ and *tally* in the same way, though we add *ish* to them without hesitation in *smallish* and *tallish*. We have, to be sure, *dully* and *fully*, but for the one we prefer *stupidly*, and the other (though this may have come from eliding the *y* before *as*) is giving way to *full*. The uneducated, whose utterance is slower, still make adverbs when they will by adding *like* to all manner of adjectives. We have had *big* charged upon us, because we use it where an Englishman would now use *great*. I fully admit that it were better to distinguish between them, allowing to *big* a certain contemptuous quality; but as for authority, I want none better than that of Jeremy Taylor, who, in his noble sermon "On the Return of Prayer," speaks of "Jesus, whose spirit was meek and gentle up to the greatness of the *biggest* example." As for our double negative, I shall waste no time in quoting instances of it, because it was once as universal in English as it still is in the neo-Latin languages, where it does not strike us as vulgar. I am not

sure that the loss of it is not to be regretted. But surely I shall admit the vulgarity of slurring or altogether eliding certain terminal consonants? I admit that a clear and sharp-cut enunciation is one of the crowning charms and elegancies of speech. Words so uttered are like coins fresh from the mint, compared with the worn and dingy drudges of long service,—I do not mean American coins, for those look less badly the more they lose of their original ugliness. No one is more painfully conscious than I of the contrast between the rattle-crack of an Englishman's *yes* and *no*, and the wet-fuse drawl of the same monosyllables in the mouths of my countrymen. But I do not find the dropping of final consonants disagreeable in Allan Ramsay or Burns, nor do I believe that our literary ancestors were sensible of that inelegance in the fusing them together of which we are conscious. How many educated men pronounce the *t* in *chestnut*? how many say *penitise* for *penitence*, as they should. When a Yankee skipper says that he is "boun" for Gloucester (not Gloucester, with the leave of the Universal Schoolmaster),¹ he but speaks like Chaucer or an old ballad-singer, though they would have pronounced it *boon*. This is one of the cases where the *d* is surreptitious, and has been added in compliment to the verb *bind*, with which it has nothing to do. If we consider the root of the word (though of course I grant that every race has a right to do what it will with what is so peculiarly its own as its speech), the *d* has no more right there than at the end of *gone*, where it is often put by children, who are our best guides to the sources of linguistic corruption, and the best teachers of its processes. Cromwell, minister of Henry VIII., writes *worle* for *world*. Chapman has *won* for *wind*, and *lawn* has rightfully displaced *laund*, though with no thought, I suspect, of etymology. Rogers tells us that Lady Bathurst sent him some letters written to William III. by Queen Mary, in which she addresses him as "*Dear Husband*." The old form *expoun*, which our farmers use, is more correct than the form with a barbarous *d* tacked on which has taken its place. Of the kind opposite to this, like

¹ The word occurs in a letter of Mary Boleyn, in Golding, and Warner. Milton also was fond of the word.

¹ Though I find Worcester in the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

our *gound* for *gown*, and the London cockney's *wind* for *wine*, I find *drown* for *drown* in the "Misfortunes of Arthur" (1584), and in Swift. And, by the way, whence came the long sound of *wind* which our poets still retain, and which survives in "winding" a horn, a totally different word from "winding" a kite-string? We say *behind* and *hinder* (comparative) and yet to *hinder*. Shakespeare pronounced *kind kind*, or what becomes of his play on that word and *kin* in "Hamlet"? Nay, did he not even (shall I date to hint it?) drop the final *d* as the Yankee still does? John Lilly plays in the same way on *kindred* and *kindness*.

But to come to some other ancient instances. Warner rhymes *bounds* with *crowns*, *grounds* with *towns*, *text* with *sex*, *worst* with *crust*, *interrupts* with *caps*; Drayton, *defects* with *sex*; Chapman, *amends* with *cleans*; Webster, *defects* with *checks*; Ben Jonson, *minds* with *combines*; Marston, *trust* and *obsequious*, *clothes* and *shows*; Dryden gives the same sound to *clothes* and has also *minds* with *designs*. (Of course, I do not affirm that their ears may not have told them that these were imperfect rhymes (though I am by no means sure even of that), but they surely would never have tolerated any such had they suspected the least vulgarity in them. Prior has the rhyme *first* and *trust*, but puts it into the mouth of a landlady. Swift has *stunted* and *burnt it*, an intentionally imperfect rhyme, no doubt, but which I cite as giving precisely the Yankee pronunciation of *burned*. Donne couples in unhallowed wedlock *after* and *matter*, thus seeming to give to both the true Yankee sound; and it is not uncommon to find *after* and *daughter*. Worse than all, in one of Dodsley's Old Plays we have *onions* rhyming with *minions*.—I have tears in my eyes while I record it. And yet what is viler than the universal *Misses* (*Mrs.*) for *Mistress*? This was once a vulgarism, and in "The Miseries of Inforced Marriage" the rhyme (printed as prose in Dodsley's Old Plays by Collier),

"To make my young *mistress*,
Delighting in *kisses*,"

is put into the mouth of the clown. Our

people say *Injun* for *Indian*. The tendency to make this change where *i* follows *d* is common. The Italian *giorno* and French *jour* from *diurnus* are familiar examples. And yet *Injun* is one of those deprivations which the taste challenges peremptorily, though it have the authority of Charles Cotton—who rhymes "*Indies*" with "*cringes*"—and four English lexicographers, beginning with Dr. Sheridan, bid us say *invidgeous*. Yet after all it is no worse than the debasement which all our terminations in *tion* and *tience* have undergone, which yet we hear with *resignashun* and *payshunee*, though it might have aroused both *impat-i-ence* and *indignati-on* in Shakespeare's time. When George Herbert tells us that if the sermon be dull,

"God takes a text and preacheth pati-ence,"

the prolongation of the word seems to convey some hint at the longanimity of the virtue. Consider what a poor curtail we have made of Ocean. There was something of his heave and expanse in *ocean*, and Fletcher knew how to use it when he wrote so fine a verse as the second of these, the best deep-sea verse I know,—

"In de-perate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean."

Oceanus was not then wholly shorn of his divine proportions, and our modern *oshun* sounds like the gush of small-beer in comparison. Some other contractions of ours have a vulgar air about them. *More'n* for *more than*, as one of the worst, may stand for a type of such. Yet our old dramatists are full of such obscurations (elisions they can hardly be called) of the *th*, making *whér* of *whether*, *whér* of *whither*, *hère* of *hither*, *brór* of *brother*, *smór* of *smother*, *mór* of *mother*, and so on. And dear Brer Rabbit, can I forget him? Indeed, it is this that explains the word *rare* (which has Dryden's support), and which we say of meat where an Englishman would use *underdone*. I do not believe, with the dictionaries, that it had ever anything to do with the Icelandic *hrar* (*raw*), as it plainly has not in *rare-ripe*, which means earlier ripe. President Lincoln said of a precocious boy that "he was a *rare-ripe*." And I do not believe it, for this reason, that the earliest form of the

word with us was, and the commoner now in the inland parts still is, so far as I can discover, *raredone*. Golding has "egs reere-rosted" which, whatever else it mean, cannot mean *raw-roasted*. I find *rather* as a monosyllable in Donne, and still better, as giving the sound, rhyming with *fair* in Warner. There is an epigram of Sir Thomas Browne in which the words *rather* than make a monosyllable:

"What furie is't to take Death's part
And rather than by Nature, die by Art."

The contraction *more n* I find in the old play "Fumms Troes," in a verse where the measure is so strongly accented as to leave it beyond doubt,

"A golden crown whose henn
More than half the world subdue."

It may be, however, that the contraction is in "th' orld." It is unmistakable in the "Second Maiden's Tragedy":

"It were but folly,
Dear soul, to boast of *more than* I can perform."

Is our *gin* for *given* more violent than *mar'l* for *marvel*, which was once common, and which I find as late as Herrick? Nay, Herrick has *gin* (spelling it *g'en*), too, as do the Scotch, who agree with us likewise in preferring *chimly* to *chimney*.

I will now leave pronunciation and turn to words or phrases which have been supposed peculiar to us, only pausing to pick up a single dropped stitch, in the pronunciation of the word *su'preme*, which I had thought native till I found it in the well-languaged Daniel. I will begin with a word of which I have never met with any example in any English writer of authority. We express the first stage of withering in a green plant suddenly cut down by the verb *to wilt*. It is, of course, own cousin of the German *welken*, but I have never come upon it in literary use, and my own books of reference give me faint help. Graff gives *welhen*, *marcescere*, and refers to *welk* (*weak*), and conjecturally to A.-S. *hwelan*. The A.-S. *wealtwian* (*to wither*) is nearer, but not so near as two words in the Icelandic, which perhaps put us on the track of its ancestry,—*velga*, *tepfacere* (and *velki*, with the derivative) meaning

contaminare. *Wilt*, at any rate, is a good word, filling, as it does, a sensible gap between drooping and withering, and the imaginative phrase "he wilted right down," like "he caved right in," is a true Americanism. *Wilt* occurs in English provincial glossaries, but is explained by *wither*, which with us it does not mean. We have a few words such as *cache*, *cohog*, *carry* (*portage*), *shoot* (*chute*), *timber* (*forest*), *bushwhack* (to pull a boat along by the bushes on the edge of a stream), *buckeye* (a picturesque word for the horse-chestnut); but how many can we be said to have fairly brought into the language, as Alexander Gill, who first mentions Americanisms, meant it when he said, "*Sed et ab Americanis nonnulla mutuamur ut MAI et CANOA*?" Very few, I suspect, and those mostly by borrowing from the French, German, Spanish, or Indian. "The Dipper" for the "Great Bear" strikes me as having a native air. *Boyns*, in the sense of *worthless*, is undoubtedly ours, but is, I more than suspect, a corruption of the French *bugasse* (from Low Latin *bugasea*), which travelled up the Mississippi from New Orleans, where it was used for the refuse of the sugar-cane. It is true, we have modified the meaning of some words. We use *fretful* in the sense of *flood*, for which I have not chanced upon any authority. Our New England cross between Ancient Pistol and Dugald Dalgetty, Captain Underhill, uses the word (1638) to mean a *current*, and I do not recollect it elsewhere in that sense. I therefore leave it with a ? for future explorers. *Creek* for *creek* I find in Captain John Smith and in the dedication of Fuller's "Holy Warre," and *run*, meaning a *small stream*, in Waymouth's "Voyage" (1605). *Humans* for *men*, which Mr. Bartlett includes in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," is Chapman's habitual phrase in his translation of Homer. I find it also in the old play of "The Hog hath lost his Pearl." *Dugs* for *andirons* is still current in New England, and in Walter de Biblesworth I find *chiens* glossed in the margin by *andirons*. *Gunning* for *shooting* is in Drayton. We

3 This was written twenty years ago, and now (1890) I cannot open an English journal without coming upon an Americanism.

once got credit for the poetical word *fall* for *autumn* but Mr Bartlett and the last edition of Webster's Dictionary refer us to Dryden. It is even older for I find it in Drayton and Bishop Hall has *autumn fill*. Middleton plays upon the word. 'Myst thou have a reasonable good *spring* for thou art like to have many dangerous foul *falls*.' Daniel does the same and Coleridge uses it as we do. Gray uses the archaism *picked* for *packed* and the word *mudge* (is our backwoodsmen do) for a smothered fire. Lord Herbert of Chichester (more properly perhaps than even Sidney the last *preux chevalier*) has the Emperor's folks just as a Yankee would say it. *Torn* for *land* with which we have hitherto been blackened I must resort upon the mother island for it appears so long ago as in

Allison's England. *Th* *h* in the sense of *stout* may claim Ben Jonson's warrant, and I find it also so lately as in Franklin's *Tucan*. *Cher* is also Jonson's word and I am inclined to prefer it to *cher* and *cher* because I think that I see a more natural origin for it in the French *jour* when it might come to mean a dry's work and thence a job then anywhere else.¹ *It* *ent* for *at* *ue* I thought a corruption of our own till I found it in the Chester Plays. I am now inclined to suspect it no corruption at all but only in the old and obsolete superlative *atonest*. *To propre* was flung in our teeth till Mr Pickering retorted with Shakespeare's 'doth progress down thy cheeks.' I confess that I was never satisfied with this answer because the accent was different and because the word might have reckoned a substitution quite as well as a verb. Mr Bartlett (in his dictionary above cited) adds a sure butter in a verse from Ford's *Broken Heart*. Here the word is clearly a verb but with the accent unhappily still on the first syllable. Mr Bartlett says that he cannot say whether the word was used in Bacon's time or not. It certainly was and with the accent we give to it. Ben Jonson in the 'Alchemist' has this verse,

Progress so from extreme unto extreme

and Sir Philip Sidney

Progressing, then from fair Lurias golden place.

Surely we may now sleep in peace, and our English cousins will forgive us since we have cleared ourselves from any suspicion of originality in the matter. Even after I had convinced myself that the chances were desperately against our having invented any of the *Americanisms* with which we are *faulced* and which we are in the habit of *roucing* there were one or two which had so prevaricatingly indigenous an accent as to stagger me a little. One of these was 'the biggest *thing out*.' Alas even this slender comfort is denied me. Old Gower has

'So harde an herte was none *oute*,

and

'Ther such merveil was none *oute*

He also by the way says a *sight* of flowers is naturally as our up country folk would say it. *Poor* for *lean thirds* for *doner* and *dry* for *thirsty* I find in Middleton's plays. *Dry* is also in Skelton and in the *World* (1754). In a note on Middleton Mr Dyce thinks it needful to explain the phrase *I can't tell* (universal in America) by the gloss *I could not say*. Middleton also uses *sneaked* which I had believed an Americanism till I saw it there. It is of course only another form of *snatch*, analogous to *theek* and *thatik* (cf the proper names Dekker and Thacher) *break* (*brack*) and *breach* *make* (still common with us) and *match*. *Fongon* for *occasional* *lv* (who is this long on?) occurs constantly in Gower and likewise in Middleton. *Cus* *why* is in Chaucer *Ravyn* (an English version of the French *leaven*) for *least* is employed by Grayton in his

Notions Notes on Don Quixote. I have never seen an instance of our New England word *emptin* in the same sense, nor can I divine its original. Grayton has *limchell*, also *shuts* for *shuffles* and the latter is used by Mrs Hutchinson in her *Life* of Colonel Hutchinson. Bishop Hall, and Purchas in his *Pilgrims* have *chest* for *chest* and it is certainly nearer *cista*, as well as to its form in the Teutonic languages, whence probably we got it. We retain the old sound from *cist*, but *chest* is as old

¹ The Rev A I Mayhew of Wadham College, Oxford, has convinced me that I was astray in this.

as Chaucer. Lovelace says *wropt* for *wrapt*. "Musicianer" I had always associated with the militia-masters of my boyhood, and too hastily concluded it an abomination of our own, but Mr. Wright calls it a Norfolk word, and I find it to be as old as 1642 by an extract in Collier. "Not worth the time of day" had passed with me for native till I saw it in Shakespeare's "Pericles." For *stick* (which is only a shorter sound of *sleek*, like *crick* and the now universal *britches* for *breeches*) I will only call Chapman and Jonson. "That's a sure card!" and "That's a stinger!" both sound like modern slang, but you will find the one in the old interlude of "Thersytes" (1537), and the other in Middleton. "Right here," a favourite phrase with our orators and with a certain class of our editors, turns up *passim* in the Chester and Coventry plays. Mr. Dickens found something very ludicrous in what he considered our neologism *right away*. But I find a phrase very like it, and which I would gladly suspect to be a misprint for it, in "Ganimer Gurton":

"Lyght it and bring it *tite away*."

But *tite* is the true word in this case. After all, what is it but another form of *straight-away*? *Cussedness*, meaning *wickedness*, *malignity*, and *cuss*, a sneaking, ill-natured fellow, in such phrases as "He done it out o' pure cussedness," and "He is a nat'ral cuss," have been commonly thought Yankeeisms. To vent certain contemptuously indignant moods they are admirable in their rough-and-ready way. But neither is our own. *Curydnesse*, in the same sense of malignant wickedness, occurs in the Coventry Plays, and *cuss* may perhaps claim to have come in with the Conqueror. At least the term is also French. Saint Simon uses it and confesses its usefulness. Speaking of the Abbé Dubois, he says, "Qui étoit en plein ce qu'un mauvais françois appelle un *sacré*, mais qui ne se peut guère exprimer autrement." "Not worth a cuss," though supported by "not worth a damn," may be a mere corruption, since "not worth a *cross*" is in "Piers Ploughman." "I don't see it" was the popular slang a year or two ago, and seemed to spring from the soil; but no, it is in Cibber's "Careless Husband." *Green*

sauce for *vegetables* I meet in Beaumont and Fletcher, Gayton, and elsewhere. Our rustic pronunciation *sahce* (for either the diphthong *au* was anciently pronounced *ah*, or else we have followed abundant analogy in changing it to the latter sound, as we have in *chance*, *dance*, and so many more) may be the older one, and at least gives some hint at its ancestor *salsa*. *Warn*, in the sense of *notify*, is, I believe, now peculiar to us, but Peacock so employs it. I find *primmer* (*primer*, as we pronounce it) in Beaumont and Fletcher, and a "square eater" too (compare our "square meal"), *heft* for *weight*, and "muchness" in the "Mirror for Magistrates," *bankhill* in Swift and Fielding, and as for *that* I might say *passim*. *To cotton* is, I rather think, an Americanism. The nearest approach to it I have found is *cotton together*, in Congreve's "Love for Love." *To cotton* or *cotten*, in another sense, is old and common. Our word means to *cling*, and its origin, possibly, is to be sought in another direction, perhaps in A.-S. *cwæd*, which means *mad*, *clay* (both proverbially clinging), or better yet, in the Icelandic *qvoda* (otherwise *kud*), meaning *resin* and *glue*, which are *kar* *έξοχήν*, sticky substances. *To spit cotton* is, I think, American, and also, perhaps, *to flav* for *to beat*. *To the halves* still survives among us, though apparently obsolete in England. It means either to let or to hire a piece of land, receiving half the profit in money or in kind (*partibus laere*). I mention it because in a note by some English editor, to which I have lost my reference, I have seen it wrongly explained. The editors of Nares cite Burton. *To put*, in the sense of *to go*, as *Put!* for *Begin!* would seem our own, and yet it is strictly analogous to the French *se mettre à la voie*, and the Italian *mettersi in via*. Indeed, Dante has a verse, "*To sarei* [for *mi sarei*] già messo per lo sentiero," which, but for the indignity, might be translated,

"I should, ere this, have *put* along the way."

I deprecate in advance any share in General Banks's notions of international law, but we may all take a just pride in his exuberant eloquence as something distinctively American. When he spoke a few

years ago of "letting the Union slide," even those who, for political purposes, reproached him with the sentiment, admired the indigenous virtue of his phrase. Yet I find "let the world slide" in Heywood's "Edward IV.," and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money," Valentine says,

"Will you go drink,
And let the world slide?"

So also in Sidney's "Arcadia,"

"Let his dominion slide."

In the one case it is put into the mouth of a clown, in the other, of a gentleman, and was evidently proverbial. It has even higher sanction, for Chaucer writes,

"Well nigh all other cures *let he slide*."

Mr. Bartlett gives "above one's bend" as an Americanism; but compare Hamlet's "to the top of my bent." In his tracks for immediately has acquired an American accent, and passes where he can for a native, but is an importation nevertheless; for what is he but the Latin *e vestigio*, or at best the Norman-French *en des pas*, both which have the same meaning? *Holfoot* (provincial also in England) I find in the old romance of "Tristan,"

"*Si s'en parti CHAUT PAS.*"

Like for *as* is never used in New England, but is universal in the South and West. It has on its side the authority of two kings (*ego sum rex Romanorum et supra grammaticam*), Henry VIII. and Charles I. This were ample, without throwing into the scale the scholar and poet Daniel. *Them* was used as a nominative by the majesty of Edward VI., by Sir P. Hoby, and by Lord Paget (in Froude's "History"). I have never seen any passage adduced where *guess* was used as the Yankee uses it. The word was familiar in the mouths of our ancestors, but with a different shade of meaning from that we have given it, which is something like *rather think*, though the Yankee implies a confident certainty by it when he says, "I guess I *du*!" There are two examples in Otway, one of which ("So in the struggle, I guess the note was lost") perhaps might serve our purpose, and Coleridge's

"I guess 'twas fearful there to see"

certainly comes very near. But I have a higher authority than either in Selden, who, in one of his notes to the "Polyolbion," writes, "The first inventor of them (I *guess* you dislike not the addition) was one Berthold Swartz." Here he must mean by it, "I take it for granted." Robert Greene, in his "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," makes Cloth-breeches say, "but I *gesse* your maistership never tried what true honour meant." In this case the word seems to be used with a meaning precisely like that which we give it. Another peculiarity almost as prominent is the beginning sentences, especially in answer to questions, with "well." Put before such a phrase as "How d'e do?" it is commonly short, and has the sound of *wul*, but in reply it is deliberative, and the various shades of meaning which can be conveyed by difference of intonation, and by prolonging or abbreviating, I should vainly attempt to describe. I have heard *oo-ahl*, *wohl*, *ahl*, *wul*, and something nearly approaching the sound of the *le* in *able*. Sometimes before "I" it dwindles to a mere *l*, "I *l* dunno." A friend of mine (why should I not please myself, though I displease him, by brightening my page with the initials of the most exquisite of humorists, J. H.?) told me that he once heard five "wells," like pioneers, precede the answer to an inquiry about the price of land. The first was the *wul*, in deference to custom; the second, the long, perpending *woahl*, with a falling inflection of the voice; the third, the same, but with the voice rising, as if in despair of a conclusion, into a plaintively nasal whine; the fourth, *vulh*, ending in the aspirate of a sigh; and then, fifth, came a short, sharp *wul*, showing that a conclusion had been reached. I have used this latter form in the "Biglow Papers," because, if enough nasality be added, it represents most nearly the average sound of what I may call the interjection.

A locution prevails in the Southern and Middle States which is so curious that, though never heard in New England, I will give a few lines to its discussion, the more readily because it is extinct elsewhere. I mean the use of *allow* in the sense of *affirm*, as "I allow that's a good horse." I find the word so used in 1558 by Anthony Jenkinson in Hakluyt: "Come they sowe

not, neither doe eate any bread, mocking the Christians for the same, and disabling our strength, saying we live by eating the toppe of a weede, and drinke a drinke made of the same, *allowing* their great devouring of flesh and drinke of milke to be the increase of their strength.' That is, they undervalued our strength and affirmed their own to be the result of a certain diet. In another passage of the same narrative the word has its more common meaning of approving or praising. 'The said king much *allowing* this declaration,' said Ducange quote. Bracton *sub voce* ADIUDICARE for the meaning 'to admit as proved, and the transition from this to 'affirm' is by no means violent. Izaak Walton has 'I beault *allows* waterfrogs to be good meat and here the word is equivalent to *affirms*. At the same time, when we consider some of the meanings of *allow* in old English, and of *allowen* in old French, and also remember that the verbs *prize* and *praise* are from one root, I think we must admit *allaudari*, to a share in the paternity of *allow*. The sentence from Hakluyt would read equally well, 'continuing our strength, and praising (or valuing) their great eating of flesh as the cause of their increase in strength.' After all if we confine ourselves to *allocate*, it may turn out that the word was somewhere and somewhen used for *to bet* analogously to *put up*, *put down*, *post* (cf. Spanish *apostar*), and the like. I hear boys in the street continually saying, 'I bet that's a good horse,' or what not, meaning by no means to risk anything beyond their opinion in the matter.

The word *improver*, in the sense of 'to occupy, make use of, employ,' as Dr Pickering defines it, he long ago proved to be no neologism. He would have done better I think, had he substituted *profit by* for *employ*. He cites Dr Franklin as saying that the word had never, so far as he knew, been used in New England before he left it in 1723, except in Dr. Mather's 'Remarkable Providences,' which he oddly calls a 'very old book.' Franklin, as Dr Pickering goes on to show, was mistaken. Mr. Bartlett in his 'Dictionary' merely abridges Pickering. Both of them should have confined the ap-

plication of the word to material things, its extension to which is all that is peculiar in the supposed American use of it. For surely 'Complete Letter Writers' have been 'improving' this opportunity 'tune out of mind.' I will illustrate the word a little further because Pickering cites no English authorities. Skelton has a passage in his 'Phyllip Sparowe' which I quote the rather as it contains also the word *allowed* and as it distinguishes *improver* from *employ*.

"His [(haucet's)] English well allowed
So is it is *improved*,
For as it is *employd*,
There is no English word

Here the meaning is to *profit by*. In Fuller's 'Holy Wre' (1647), we have 'The Egyptians standing on the firm ground were thereby enabled to *improve* and enforce their duty to the utmost.' Here the word might certainly mean to *make use of*. Mrs. Hutchinson (Life of Colonel H.) uses the word in the same way. 'And therefore did not *improve* his interest to engage the country in the quarrell.' Swift in one of his letters says, 'There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage, yet it is better *improved* than the people.' I find it also in 'Strength out of Weakness' (1652), and Plutarch's 'Morals' (1714) but I know of only one example of its use in the purely American sense, and that is 'a very good *improvement* for a mill' in the 'State Trials' (Speech of the Attorney-General in the Lady Hyscine 1681). In the sense of *employ*, I could cite a dozen old English authorities.

In running over the fly-leaves of those delightful folios for this reference, I find a note which reminds me of another word, for our abuse of which we have been deservedly ridiculed. I mean *lady*. It is true I might cite the example of the Italian *donna*¹ (*domina*), which has been treated in the same way by a whole nation, and not, as *lady* among us, by the uncultivated only. It perhaps grew into use in the half-democratic republics of Italy in the same way and for the same reasons as with

¹ *Dame*, in English, is a decayed gentlewoman of the same family.

us But I admit that our abuse of the word is villainous I know of an orator who once said in a public meeting where bonnets preponderated that the ladies were list at the cross and first at the tomb But similar sins were committed before our day and in the mother country In the

Harleian Miscellany (vol v p 455) I find this *tidy* is my servant the hedger's daughter torn In the State Trials I learn of a *gentle woman* that lives cook with such a one and I hear the Lord High Steward speaking of the wife of a water rat a *hignio* is a *gentle woman* From the same authority by the way I can state that our vile habit of chewing tobacco had the somewhat unsavoury example of I tus Ortes and I know by tradition from an eye witness that the elegant General Burgoyne partook of the same vice He well in one of his letters dated 26 August 1623 speaks thus of another institution which many have thought American They speak much of that boisterous Bishop of Halverstadt (for so they term him here) that having taken a plea whether there were two Monasteries of Nuns in Ulm he caused divers featherbeds to be ripped and all the feathers to be thrown in a great Hall whither the Nuns and Nuns were thrust naked with their bodies oiled and pitched and to tumble among the feathers Howell speaks as if the thing were new to him and I know not if the boisterous Bishop was the inventor of it but I find it practised in England before our Revolution

Before leaving the subject I will add a few comments made from time to time on the margin of Mr Bartlett's excellent Dictionary to which I am glad thus publicly to acknowledge my many obligations Avails is good old English and the *airs* of Sir Joshua Reynolds's porter are famous Verse from verse to and in connection with them the English vulgarnism different to The corrupt use of *to* in these cases as well as in the Yankee he lives to Nidem to home and others must be a very old one for in the one case it plainly arose from confounding the two French prepositions *a* (from Latin *ad* and *ab*) and in the other from translating the first of them I once

thought different to a modern vulgarism, and Mr Thackeray on my pointing it out to him in Henry Esmond confessed it to be an anachronism Mr Bartlett refers to the old writers quoted in Richardson's Dictionary for different to, though in my edition of that work all the examples are with *from* But I find *to* used invariably by Sir R Hawkins in Hakluyt *Banjo* is a negro corruption of O F *lanfore* *Band weed* can hardly be modern; for *wood bind* is old and radically right intertwining itself through *bindan* and *bindan* with classic stems *Bobolink* is this a contraction for Bob o Lincoln? I find *bololynes* in one of the poems attributed to Skelton where it may be rendered *giddy pate* a term very fit for the bird in his ecstasies *Cruel* for *great* is in Hakluyt *Howling alle* is in Nash's Piers Penniless *Curious* meaning *nice* occurs continually in old writers and is as old as Peccock's Repressor *Dragis* is O F *drauer* *Educational* is in Burke *Le* is only a form of *fice* *To fix* in the American sense I find used by the Commissioners of the United Colonies so early as 1675 their arms well *fixed* and fit for service *To take the fool in the hand* is German so is *to go under* *Gundilow* is old I find *gundelo* in Hakluyt and *gundello* in Booth's reprint of the folio Shakspeare of 1623 *Gonoff* is O L *gnoff* *Hap* is in Piers Ploughman (and other names *an heap*) and in Hakluyt (seeing such a *heap* of their enemies ready to devour them) *To liquer* is in the Puritan (call him in and liquor him a little) *To loaf* this I think is unquestionably German *Laufen* is pronounced *lofen* in some parts of Germany and I once heard one German student say to another, *Ich lauf* (loft) *hier bis du wiederkehrst* and he began accordingly to saunter up and down in short to *loaf* *To mull* Mr Bartlett says, means to soften to dispirit and quotes from Marguet — 'There has been a pretty considerable *mullin* going on among the doctors — where it surely cannot mean what he says it does We have always heard *mulling* used for *stirring bustling* sometimes in an underhand way It is a metaphor derived probably

from *mulling* wine, and the word itself must be a corruption of *mall*, from O.F. *mesler*. *Pair* of stairs is in Hakluyt. *To pull up stakes* is in Curwen's Journal, and therefore pre-Revolutionary. I think I have met with it earlier. *Raise*: under this word Mr. Bartlett omits "to raise a house," that is, the frame of a wooden one, and also the substantive formed from it, a *raisin*. *Retire for go to bed* is in Fielding's "Amelia." *Setting-pole* cannot be new, for I find "some set [the boats] with long poles" in Hakluyt. *Shoulder-hitter*: I find that *shoulder-striker* is old, though I have lost the reference to my authority. *Snag* is no new word, though perhaps the Western application of it is so; but I find in Gill the proverb, "A bird in the bag is worth two on the snag." Dryden has *swoop* and *to rights*. *Trail*: Hakluyt has "many wayes *triled* by the wilde beastes."

I subjoin a few phrases not in Mr. Bartlett's book which I have heard. *Bald-headed*: "to go it bald-headed"; in great haste, as where one rushes out without his hat. *Bogue*: "I don't git much done 'thout I *bogue* right in along 'th mv men." *Carry*: a *portage*. *Cat-nap*: a short doze. *Cat-tick*: a small stick. *Chowder-head*: a muddle-brain. *Cling-john*: a soft cake of rye. *Cocoa-nut*: the head. *Coohee*: applied to the people of certain settlements in Western Pennsylvania, from their use of the archaic form *Quo' he*. *Dunnow's I know*: the nearest your true Yankee ever comes to acknowledging ignorance. *Essence-pedler*: a skunk. *First-rate* and a *half*. *Fish-flakes*, for drying fish: O.E. *fleek* (*cratis*). *Gander-party*: a social gathering of men only. *Gawwicus*: a dolt. *Hawkins's whetstone*: rum; in derision of one Hawkins, a well-known temperance-lecturer. *Hyper*: to bustle: "I mus' *hyper* about an' git tea." *Keelertub*: one in which dishes are washed. ("And Greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot.") *Lap-tea*: where the guests are too many to sit at table. *Last of pea-time*: to be hard-up. *Lose-laid* (loose-laid): a weaver's term, and probably English; weak-willed. *Malahack*: to cut up hastily or awkwardly. *Moonglade*: a beautiful word: for the track of moonlight on the water. *Off-ox*:

an unmanageable, cross-grained fellow. *Old Driver*, *Old Splitfoot*: the Devil. *Onhitch*: to pull trigger (cf. Spanish *disparar*). *Popular*: conceited. *Rote*: sound of surf before a storm. *Rot-gut*: cheap whiskey; the word occurs in Heywood's "English Traveller" and Addison's "Drummer," for a poor kind of drink. *Seem*: it is habitual with the New-Englander to put this verb to strange uses, as, "I can't *seem* to be suited," "I couldn't *seem* to know him." *Sidehill*, for *hillside*. *State-house*: this seems an Americanism, whether invented or derived from the Dutch *Stadhuys*, I know not. *Strike* and *string*: from the game of nine-pins; to make a *strike* is to knock down all the pins with one ball, hence it has come to mean fortunate, successful. *Swampers*: men who break out roads for lumberers. *Tormented*: euphemism for damned, as, "not a tormented cent." *Virginia fence, to make a*: to walk like a drunken man.

It is always worth while to note down the erratic words or phrases which one meets with in any dialect. They may throw light on the meaning of other words, on the relationship of languages, or even on history itself. In so composite a language as ours they often supply a different form to express a different shade of meaning, as in *violet* and *fiddle*, *thrif* and *thread*, *smother* and *smoulder*, where the *I* has crept in by a false analogy with *would*. We have given back to England the excellent adjective *lengthy*, formed honestly like *earthy*, *drouthy*, and others, thus enabling their journalists to characterise our President's messages by a word civilly compromising between *long* and *tedious*, so as not to endanger the peace of the two countries by wounding our national sensitiveness to British criticism. Let me give two curious examples of the antiseptic property of dialects at which I have already glanced. Dante has *dindi* as a childish or low word for *danari* (money), and in Shropshire small Roman coins are still dug up which the peasants call *dinders*. This can hardly be a chance coincidence, but seems rather to carry the word back to the Roman soldiery. So our farmers say *chuk, chuk*, to their pigs, and *ciacco* is one of the Italian words

for *hog*. When a countryman tells us that he full *all of a heap* I cannot help thinking that he unconsciously points to an affinity between our word *tumble* and the Latin *tumulu* that is older than most others. I believe that words or even the mere intonation of them have an astonishing vitality and power of propagation by the root like the rudeness pest quick grass¹ while the application or combination of them may be new. It is in these last that my countrymen seem to me full of humour invention quickness of wit and that sense of utility and logic which needs only refining to become fancy and imagination. Prosuere American life is consuming its own aspects to a European life and here is it on the side of tradition and utterly orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity. I cannot help thinking that the ordinary talk of unlettered men among us is fuller of metaphor and of phrases that suggest lively images than that of any other people I have seen. Very many such will be found in Mr. Butler's book though his short list of proverbs at the end seem to me with one or two exceptions as un-American as possible. Most of them have no character at all but commonness and are quite too long tedious for working proverbs in which language always tries off its coat to it. As a Yankee would say. There are plenty that have a more native and puckerly flavour scudlings from the old stock often and yet new varieties. One hears such not seldom among us I asterners and the West would yield many more. Men enough to still rears from a blind *hog*. Cold as the north side of a Juno's grave-stone by twilight. Hungry is a given image. Poplar is a hen with one chicken. A hen's time and much.

Quicker n' crested lightning. There's sech a thing er lein in (our Yankee paraphrase of *under heaven*) hence the phrase *loam round* meaning a supererogatory activity like that of flies. Stings enough to skim his milk at both ends.

Hot as the Devil's kitchen. Hindy is a pocket in a shirt. He's a whole team and the dog under the wagon.

All deacons are good but there's odds in

deacons (to *deacon* *bernes* is to put the largest atop). So thievish they hev to take in their stone walls nights¹ may serve as specimens. I take my tea *barfoot* said a backwoodsman when asked if he would have cream and sugar (I find *barfoot* by the way in the Coventry Plays). A man speaking to me once of a very rocky clearing said. Stone's got a pretty heavy mortgage on that land and I overheard a guide in the woods say to his companions who were urging him to sing. Wal I *did* sing once but toons gut invented an the spilt my trade. Whoever has driven over a stream by a bridge made of *slabs* will feel the picturesque force of the epithet *slab bridged* applied to a flow of shaly character. Almost every county has some good die sinker in phrase, whose mintage passes into the currency of the whole neighbourhood. Such a one described the county jail (the one stone building where all the dwellings are of wood) as 'the house whose underpinnings come up to the eaves and called hell the place where they didn't take up their fires nights. I once asked a stage driver if the other side of a hill were as steep as the one we were climbing.

Steeper than lightning couldn't go down it thou't putting the shoe on! And this brings me back to the exaggeration of which I spoke before. To me there is something very taking in the negro so black that charcoal made a chalk mark on him and the wooden shingle painted so like marble that it sank in water as if its very consciousness or its vanity had been overpersuaded by the cunning of the painter. I heard a man in order to give a notion of some very cold weather say to another that a certain Joe who had been taking mercury, found a lump of quicksilver in each boot, when he went home to dinner. This power of rapidly dramatising a dry fact into flesh and blood and the vivid conception of Joe as a human thermometer strike me as showing a poetic sense that may be refined into faculty. At any rate there is humour here and not mere quickness of wit,—the deeper and not the shallower quality. The tendency of humour is always towards

¹ Which whether in that form, or under its changes *ritch* grass and *cock* grass, points us back to its original Saxon *quick*.

¹ And, by the way, the Yankee never says "o nights, but uses the older adverbial form analogous to the German *nachts*.

overplus of expression, while the very essence of wit is its logical precision. Captain Basil Hall denied that our people had any humour, deceived, perhaps, by their gravity of manner. But this very seriousness is often the outward sign of that humorous quality of the mind which delights in finding an element of identity in things seemingly the most incongruous, and then again in forcing an incongruity upon things identical. Perhaps Captain Hall had no humour himself, and if so he would never find it. Did he always feel the point of what was said to himself? I doubt it, because I happen to know a chance he once had given him in vain. The Captain was walking up and down the veranda of a country tavern in Massachusetts while the coach changed horses. A thunder-storm was going on, and, with that pleasant European air of indirect self-compliment in condescending to be surprised by American merit, which we find so conciliating, he said to a countryman lounging against the door, "Pretty heavy thunder you have here." The other, who had divined at a glance his feeling of generous concession to a new country, drawled gravely, "Waal, we *du*, considerin' the number of inhabitants." This, the more I analyse it, the more humorous does it seem. The same man was capable of *vice* also, when he would. He was a cabinet-maker, and was once employed to make some commandment-tables for the parish meeting-house. The parson, a very old man, annoyed him by looking into his workshop every morning, and cautioning him to be very sure to pick out "clear mahogany without any *knots* in it." At last, wearied out, he retorted one day: "Waal, Dr. B., I guess ef I was to leave the *nots* out o' some o' the c'mandments, 't 'ould soot you full ez well!"

If I had taken the pains to write down the proverbial or pithy phrases I have heard, or if I had sooner thought of noting the Yankeeisms I met with in my reading, I might have been able to do more justice to my theme. But I have done all I wished in respect to pronunciation, if I have proved that where we are vulgar, we have the countenance of very good company. For, as to the *jus et norma*

loquendi, I agree with Horace and those who have paraphrased or commented him, from Boileau to Gray. I think that a good rule for style is Galiani's definition of sublime oratory,—"l'art de tout dire sans être mis à la Bastille dans un pays où il est défendu de rien dire." I profess myself a fanatical purist, but with a hearty contempt for the speech-gilders who affect purism without any thorough, or even pedagogic, knowledge of the engendure, growth, and affinities of the noble language about whose *misalliances* they profess (like Dean Alford) to be so solicitous. If *they* had their way—! "Doch es sey," says Lessing, "dass jene gothische Höflichkeit eine unentbehrliche Tugend des heutigen Umganges ist. Soll sie darum unsere Schriften eben so schaal und falsch machen als unsern Umgang?" And Drayton was not far wrong in affirming that

"'Tis possible to climb,
To kindle, or to slake,
Although in Skelton's rhyme "

Cumberland in his Memoirs tells us that when, in the midst of Admiral Rodney's great sea-fight, Sir Charles Douglas said to him, "Behold, Sir George, the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus!" the Admiral answered, peevishly, "Damn the Greeks and damn the Trojans! I have other things to think of." After the battle was won, Rodney thus to Sir Charles, "Now, my dear friend, I am at the service of your Greeks and Trojans, and the whole of Homer's Iliad, or as much of it as you please!" I had some such feeling of the impertinence of our pseudo-classicality when I chose our homely dialect to work in. Should we be nothing, because somebody had contrived to be something (and that perhaps in a provincial dialect) ages ago? and to be nothing by our very attempt to be that something, which they had already been, and which therefore nobody could be again without being a bore? Is there no way left, then, I thought, of being natural, of being *naïf*, which means nothing more than native, of belonging to the age and country in which you are born? The Yankee, at least, is a new phenomenon; let us try to be *that*. It is perhaps a *pis*

aller, but is not *No Thoroughfare* written up everywhere else? In the literary world, things seemed to me very much as they were in the latter half of the last century. Pope, skimming the cream of good sense and expression wherever he could find it, had made, not exactly poetry, but an honest, saleable butter of worldly wisdom which pleasantly lubricated some of the drier morsels of life's daily bread, and, seeing this, scores of harmlessly insane people went on for the next fifty years coaxing his buttermilk with the regular up and down of the pentameter churn. And in our day do we not scent everywhere, and even carry away in our clothes against our will, that faint perfume of musk which Mr. Tennyson has left behind him, or worse, of Heine's *patchouli*? And might it not be possible to escape them by turning into one of our narrow New England lanes, shut in though it were by bleak stone walls on either hand, and where no better flowers were to be gathered than goldemod and hardhack?

Beside the advantage of getting out of the beaten track, our dialect offered others hardly inferior. As I was about to make an endeavour to state them, I remembered something that the clear-sighted Goethe had said about Hebel's "*Allenannische Gedichte*," which, making proper deduction for special reference to the book under review, expresses what I would have said far better than I could hope to do: "*Allen diesen innern guten Eigenschaften kommt die behagliche naive Sprache sehr zu statten. Man findet mehrere sinnlich bedeutende und wohlklingende Worte . . . von einem, zwei Buchstaben, Abkürzungen, Contractionen, viele kurze, leichte Sylben, neue Reime, welches, mehr als man glaubt, ein Vortheil für den Dichter ist. Diese Elemente werden durch glückliche Constructionen und lebhafte Formen zu einem Styl zusammengedrängt der zu diesem Zwecke vor unserer Buchersprache grosse Vorzüge hat.*" Of course I do not mean to imply that I have come near achieving any such success as the great critic here indicates, but I think the success is *there*, and to be plucked by some more fortunate hand.

Nevertheless, I was encouraged by the

approval of many whose opinions I valued. With a feeling too tender and grateful to be mixed with any vanity, I mention as one of these the late A. H. Clough, who more than any one of those I have known (no longer living), except Hawthorne, impressed me with the constant presence of that indefinable thing we call genius. He often suggested that I should try my hand at some Yankee Pastorals, which would admit of more sentiment and a higher tone without foregoing the advantage offered by the dialect. I have never completed anything of the kind, but, in this Second Series, both my remembrance of his counsel and the deeper feeling called up by the great interests at stake, led me to venture some passages nearer to what is called poetical than could have been admitted without incongruity into the former series. The time seemed calling to me, with the old poet, —

"Leave, then, your wonted prattle
The oaten reed forbear;
For I hear a sound of battle,
And trumpets rend the air!"

The only attempt I had ever made at anything like a pastoral (if that may be called an attempt which was the result almost of pure accident) was in "*The Courtin'*." While the introduction to the First Series was going through the press, I received word from the printer that there was a blank page left which must be filled. I sat down at once and improvised another fictitious "*notice of the press*," in which, because verse would fill up space more cheaply than prose, I inserted an extract from a supposed ballad of Mr. Biglow. I kept no copy of it, and the printer, as directed, cut it off when the gap was filled. Presently I began to receive letters asking for the rest of it, sometimes for the *balance* of it. I had none, but to answer such demands, I patched a conclusion upon it in a later edition. Those who had only the first continued to importune me. Afterward, being asked to write it out as an autograph for the Baltimore Sanitary Commission Fair, I added other verses, into some of which I infused a little more sentiment in a homely way, and after a fashion completed it by sketching in the

characters and making a connected story. Most likely I have spoiled it, but I shall put it at the end of this Introduction, to answer once for all those kindly importunings.

As I have seen extracts from what purported to be writings of Mr. Biglow, which were not genuine, I may properly take this opportunity to say, that the two volumes now published contain every line I ever printed under that pseudonyme, and that I have never, so far as I can remember, written an anonymous article (elsewhere than in the "North American Review" and the "Atlantic Monthly," during my editorship of it) except a review of Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," and, some twenty years ago, a sketch of the anti-slavery movement in America for an English journal.

A word more on pronunciation. I have endeavoured to express this so far as I could by the types, taking such pains as, I fear, may sometimes make the reading harder than need be. At the same time, by studying uniformity I have sometimes been obliged to sacrifice minute exactness. The emphasis often modifies the habitual sound. For example, *for* is commonly *fer* (a shorter sound than *fur* for *far*), but when emphatic it always becomes *for*, as "wut *for*!" So *too* is pronounced like *to* (as it was anciently spelt), and *to* like *tu* (the sound as in the *tu* of *touch*), but *too*, when emphatic, changes into *tue*, and *to*, sometimes, in similar cases, into *tue*, as, "I didn' hardly know wut *tue* du!" Where vowels come together, or one precedes another following an aspirate, the two melt together, as was common with the older poets who formed their versification on French or Italian models. Drayton is thoroughly Yankee when he says "I 'xpect," and Pope when he says, "t' inspire." *With* becomes sometimes *'ith*, *'ith*, or *'th*, or even disappears wholly where it comes before *the*, as, "I went along th' Square" (along with the Squire), the *are* sound being an archaism which I have noticed also in *choir*, like the old Scottish *quhair*.¹ (Herrick has, "Of

flowers ne'er sucked by th' theev'ng bee.") *Without* becomes *outhout* and *'thout*. *Afterwards* always retains its locative *s*, and is pronounced always *ahterwurds'*, with a strong accent on the last syllable. This oddity has some support in the erratic *forwards'* instead of *to'wards*, which we find in the poets and sometimes hear. The sound given to the first syllable of *to'wards*, I may remark, sustains the Yankee lengthening of the *o* in *to*. At the beginning of a sentence, *ahterwurds* has the accent on the first syllable; at the end of one, on the last; as, "uh'terwurds he tol' me," "he tol' me ah'terwurds'." The Yankee never makes a mistake in his aspirates. *U* changes in many words to *e*, always in *such*, *brush*, *tush*, *hush*, *rush*, *blush*, seldom in *much*, oftener in *trust* and *crust*, never in *mush*, *gust*, *bust*, *tumble*, or (?) *fluch*, in the latter case probably to avoid confusion with *flesh*. I have heard *flush* with the *h* sound, however. For the same reason, I suspect, never in *gush* (at least, I never heard it), because we have already one *gush* for *gush*. *A* and *i* short frequently become *e* short. *U* always becomes *o* in the prefix *un* (except *unto*), and *o* in return changes to *u* short in *uv* for *of*, and in some words beginning with *om*. *T* and *d*, *b* and *p*, *v* and *w*, remain intact. So much occurs to me in addition to what I said on this head in the preface to the former volume.

Of course in what I have said I wish to be understood as keeping in mind the difference between provincialisms properly so called and *slang*. *Slang* is always vulgar, because it is not a natural but an affected way of talking, and all mere tricks of speech or writing are offensive. I do not think that Mr. Biglow can be fairly charged with vulgarity, and I should have entirely failed in my design, if I had not made it appear that high and even refined sentiment may coexist with the shrewder and more comic elements of the Yankee character. I believe that what is essentially vulgar and mean-spirited in politics seldom has its source in the body of the people, but much rather among those who are made timid by their wealth or selfish by their love of power. A democracy can afford much better than an aristocracy to

¹ Greene in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* says, "to square it up and downe the streetes before his mistresse."

follow out its convictions, and is perhaps better qualified to build those convictions on plain principles of right and wrong, rather than on the shifting sands of expediency. I had always thought "Sam Slick" a libel on the Yankee character, and a complete falsification of Yankee modes of speech, though, for aught I know, it may be true in both respects so far as the British provinces are concerned. To me the dialect was native, was spoken all about me when a boy, at a time when an Irish day-labourer was as rare as an American one now. Since then I have made a study of it so far as opportunity allowed. But when I write in it, it is as in a mother tongue; and I am carried back far beyond any studies of it to long-ago noonings in my father's hay-fields, and to the talk of Sam and Job over their jug of *blackstrap* under the shadow of the ash-tree which still dapples the grass whence they have been gone so long.

But life is short, and prefaces should be. And so, my good friends, to whom this introductory epistle is addressed, farewell. Though some of you have remonstrated with me, I shall never write any more "Biglow Papers," however great the temptation,—great especially at the present time,—unless it be to complete the original plan of this Series by bringing out Mr. Sawin as an "original Union man." The very favour with which they have been received is a hindrance to me, by forcing on me a self-consciousness from which I was entirely free when I wrote the First Series. Moreover, I am no longer the same careless youth, with nothing to do but live to myself, my books, and my friends, that I was then. I always hated politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, and I am not likely to grow fonder of them, now that I have learned how rare it is to find a man who can keep principle clear from party and personal prejudice, or can conceive the possibility of another's doing so. I feel as if I could in some sort claim to be an *emeritus*, and I am sure that political satire will have full justice done it by that genuine and delightful humorist, the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby. I regret that I killed off Mr. Wilbur so soon, for he would have enabled me to

bring into this preface a number of learned quotations, which must now go a-begging, and also enabled me to dispersonalise myself into a vicarious egotism. He would have helped me likewise in clearing myself from a charge which I shall briefly touch on, because my friend Mr. Hughes has found it needful to defend me in his preface to one of the English editions of the "Biglow Papers." I thank Mr. Hughes heartily for his friendly care of my good name, and were his Preface accessible to my readers here (as I am glad it is not, for its partiality makes me blush), I should leave the matter where he left it. The charge is of profanity, brought in by persons who proclaimed African slavery of Divine institution, and is based (so far as I have heard) on two passages in the First Series—

"An' you've gut to git up airly,
Ef you want to take in God,"

and

"God'll send the bill to you,"

and on some Scriptural illustrations by Mr. Sawin.

Now, in the first place, I was writing under an assumed character, and must talk as the person would whose mouth-piece I made myself. Will any one familiar with the New England countryman venture to tell me that he does *not* speak of sacred things familiarly? that Biblical allusions (allusions, that is, to the single book with whose language, from his church-going habits, he is intimate) are *not* frequent on his lips? If so, he cannot have pursued his studies of the character on so many long-ago muster-fields and at so many cattle-shows as I. But I scorn any such line of defence, and will confess at once that one of the things I am proud of in my countrymen is (I am not speaking now of such persons as I have assumed Mr. Sawin to be) that they do not put their Maker away far from them, or interpret the fear of God into being afraid of Him. The Talmudists had conceived a deep truth when they said, that "all things were in the power of God, save the fear of God"; and when people stand in great dread of an invisible power, I suspect they mistake quite another

personage for the Deity. I might justify myself for the passages criticised by many parallel ones from Scripture, but I need not. The Reverend Homer Wilbur's notebooks supply me with three apposite quotations. The first is from a Father of the Roman Church, the second from a Father of the Anglican, and the third from a Father of Modern English poetry. The Puritan divines would furnish me with many more such. St. Bernard says, *Sapiens nummularius est Deus: nummum fictum non recipiet*; "A cunning money-changer is God: He will take in no base coin." Latimer says, "You shall perceive that God, by this example, shaketh us by the noses and taketh us by the ears." Familiar enough, both of them, one would say! But I should think Mr. Biglow had verily stolen the last of the two maligned passages from Dryden's "Don Sebastian," where I find

"And beg of Heaven to charge the bill on me!"

And there I leave the matter, being willing to believe that the Saint, the Martyr, and even the Poet, were as careful of God's honour as my critics are ever likely to be.

J. R. L.

THE COURTIN'

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still

Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' pecked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in --
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' little flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed wain f'om floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Am't modesten nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1,
'Clear grit an' human natui',
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dorr a furer slaughtier.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, driv'
'em,

Fast this one, an' then thet, by spells-
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'ril.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pain
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*!
She seemed to 've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scrapper, --
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jeik
Ez though she wished him furdier,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come disign-
in"

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin'
clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean jes' an' say *no*
Comes nateal to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other.
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister".
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how matters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

No. I

BIRD OF FREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., TO
MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

LETTER FROM THE REVEREND HOMIR
WILBUR, M.A., ENCLOSING THE
EPISTLE AFORESAID

JALALAM, 15th Nov., 1861.

It is not from any idle wish to obtrude my humble person with undue prominence upon the publick view that I resume my pen upon the present occasion. *Juniors ad labores.* But having been a main instrument in rescuing the talent of my young parishioner from being buried in the ground, by giving it such warrant with the world as could be derived from a name already widely known by several printed discourses (all of which I may be permitted without immodesty to state have been deemed worthy of preservation in the Library of Harvard College by my esteemed friend Mr. Sibley), it seemed becoming that I should not only testify to the genuineness of the following production, but call attention to it, the more as Mr. Biglow had so long been silent as to be in danger of absolute oblivion. I insinuate no claim to any share in the authorship (*vix ea nostra voco*) of the works already published by Mr. Biglow, but merely take to myself the credit of having fulfilled toward them the office of taster (*experto crede*), who, having first tried, could afterward bear witness (*credenzen* it was aptly named by the Germans), an office always arduous, and sometimes even dangerous, as in the case of those devoted persons who venture their lives in the deglutition of patent medicines (*dolus latet in generalibus*, there is deceit in the most of them) and thereafter are wonderfully preserved long enough to append their signatures to testimonials in the diurnal and hebdomadal prints. I say not this as covertly glance

ing at the authors of certain manuscripts which have been submitted to my literary judgment (though an epick in twenty-four books on the "Taking of Jericho" might, save for the prudent forethought of Mrs. Wilbur in secreting the same just as I had arrived beneath the walls and was beginning a catalogue of the various horns and their blowers, too ambitiously emulous in longanimity of Homer's list of ships, might, I say, have rendered frustrate any hope I could entertain *vacare Musis* for the small remainder of my days), but only the further to secure myself against any imputation of unseemly forthputting. I will barely subjoin, in this connexion, that, whereas Job was left to desire, in the soreness of his heart, that his adversary had written a book, as perchance misanthropically wishing to indite a review thereof, yet was not Satan allowed so far to tempt him as to send Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar each with an unprinted work in his wallet to be submitted to his censure. But of this enough. Were I in need of other excuse, I might add that I write by the express desire of Mr. Biglow himself, whose entire winter leisure is occupied, as he assures me, in answering demands for autographs, a labour exacting enough in itself, and egregiously so to him, who, being no ready penman, cannot sign so much as his name without strange contortions of the face (his nose, even, being essential to complete success) and painfully suppressed Saint-Vitus-dance of every muscle in his body. This, with his having been put in the Commission of the Peace by our excellent Governor (*O, si sic omnes!*) immediately on his accession to office, keeps him continually employed. *Haud inexpertus loquor*, having for many years written myself J. P., and being not seldom applied to for specimens of my chirography, a request to which I have sometimes over weakly assented, believing as I do that nothing written of set purpose can properly be called an autograph, but

only those unpremeditated sallies and lively runnings which betray the fireside Man instead of the hunted Notoriety doubling on his pursuers. But it is time that I should bethink me of St. Austin's prayer, *libera me a meipso*, if I would arrive at the matter in hand.

Moreover, I had yet another reason for taking up the pen myself. I am informed that the "Atlantic Monthly" is mainly indebted for its success to the contributions and editorial supervision of Dr. Holmes, whose excellent "Annals of America" occupy an honoured place upon my shelves. The journal itself I have never seen; but if this be so, it might seem that the recommendation of a brother-clergyman (though *far magis quam similis*) should carry a greater weight. I suppose that you have a department for historical lucubrations, and should be glad, if deemed desirable, to forward for publication my "Collections for the Antiquities of Jaalam," and my (now happily complete) pedigree of the Wilbur family from its *fons et origo*, the Wild Boar of Ardennes. Withdrawn from the active duties of my profession by the settlement of a colleague-pastor, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, formerly of Brutus Four-Corners, I might find time for further contributions to general literature on similar topicks. I have made large advances towards a completer genealogy of Mrs. Wilbur's family, the Pilcoxes, not, if I know myself, from any idle vanity, but with the sole desire of rendering myself useful in my day and generation. *Nulla dies sine linea*. I inclose a meteorological register, a list of the births, deaths, and marriages, and a few *memorabilia* of longevity in Jaalam East Parish for the last half-century. Though spared to the unusual period of more than eighty years, I find no diminution of my faculties or abatement of my natural vigour, except a scarcely sensible decay of memory and a necessity of recurring to younger eyesight or spectacles for the finer print in Cruden.

It would gratify me to make some further provision for declining years from the emoluments of my literary labours. I had intended to effect an insurance on my life, but was deterred therefrom by a circular from one of the offices, in which the sudden death of so large a proportion of the insured was set forth as an inducement, that it seemed to me little less than a tempting of Providence. *Neque in summa inopia levis esse senectus potest, ne capienti quidem.*

Thus far concerning Mr. Biglow; and so much seemed needful (*brevis esse laboro*) by way of preliminary, after a silence of fourteen years. He greatly fears lest he may in this essay have fallen below himself, well knowing that, if exercise be dangerous on a full stomach, no less so is writing on a full reputation. Beset as he has been on all sides, he could not refrain, and would only imprecate patience till he shall again have "got the hang" (as he calls it) of an accomplishment long disused. The letter of Mr. Sawin was received some time in last June, and others have followed which will in due season be submitted to the publick. How largely his statements are to be depended on, I more than merely dubitate. He was always distinguished for a tendency to exaggeration, - it might almost be qualified by a stronger term. *Fortiter mentire, aliquid habet*, seemed to be his favourite rule of rhetoric. That he is actually where he says he is the postmark would seem to confirm; that he was received with the publick demonstrations he describes would appear consonant with what we know of the habits of those regions; but further than this I venture not to decide. I have sometimes suspected a vein of humour in him which leads him to speak by contuaries; but since, in the unrestrained intercourse of private life, I have never observed in him any striking powers of invention, I am the more willing to put a certain qualified faith in the incidents and the details of life and manners which give to his

narratives some portion of the interest and entertainment which characterises a Century Sermon.

It may be expected of me that I should say something to justify myself with the world for a seeming inconsistency with my well-known principles in allowing my youngest son to raise a company for the war, a fact known to all through the medium of the publick prints. I did reason with the young man, but *expellas naturam furore, tamen usque recurrit*. Having myself been a chaplain in 1812, I could the less wonder that a man of war had sprung from my loins. It was, indeed, grievous to send my Benjamin, the child of my old age; but after the discomfiture of Manassas, I with my own hands did buckle on his armour, trusting in the great Comforter and Commander for strength according to my need. For truly the memory of a brave son dead in his shroud were a greater staff of my declining years than a living coward (if those may be said to have lived who carry all of themselves into the grave with them), though his days might be long in the land, and he should get much goods. It is not till our earthen vessels are broken that we find and truly possess the treasure that was laid up in them. *Migravi in animam meam*, I have sought refuge in my own soul; nor would I be shamed by the heathen comedian with his *Nequam illud verbum, bene vult, nisi bene facit*. During our dark days, I read constantly in the inspired book of Job, which I believe to contain more food to maintain the fibre of the soul for right living and high thinking than all pagan literature together, though I would by no means vilipend the study of the classicss. There I read that Job said in his despair, even as the fool saith in his heart there is no God,—"The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure" (Job xii. 6). But I sought farther till I found this Scripture also, which I would have those perpend who

have striven to turn our Israel aside to the worship of strange gods: "If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?" (Job xxxi. 13, 14). On this text I preached a discourse on the last day of Fasting and Humiliation with general acceptance, though there were not wanting one or two Laodiceans who said that I should have waited till the President announced his policy. But let us hope and pray, remembering this of Saint Gregory, *Vult Deus rogari, vult cogi, vult quiddam importunitate vinci*.

We had our first fall of snow on Friday last. Frosts have been unusually backward this fall. A singular circumstance occurred in this town on the 20th October, in the family of Deacon Pelatiah Tinkham. On the previous evening, a few moments before family prayers,

[The editors of the "Atlantic" find it necessary here to cut short the letter of their valued correspondent, which seemed calculated rather on the rates of longevity in Jaalam than for less favoured localities. They have every encouragement to hope that he will write again.]

With esteem and respect,
Your obedient servant,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

It's some consid'ble of a spell sence I hain't writ no letters,
An' ther' 's gret changes hez took place in all polit'cle metteis;
Some canderdates air dead an' gone, an' some hez ben defeated,
Which 'mounts to pooty much the same; fer it's ben proved repeated
A betch o' bread thet hain't riz once ain't goin' to rise agin,
An' it's jest money throwed away to put the emptins in:
But thet's wut folks wun't never larn; they dunno how to go,

Arter you want their room, no more 'n a bullet-headed beau;
Ther' 's ollers chaps a-hangin' roun' thet can't see peatime 's past,
Mis'ble as roosters in a rain, heads down an' tails half-mast:
It ain't disgraceful bein' beat, when a holl nation doos it,
But Chance is like an amberill,—it don't take twice to lose it.

I spose you're kin' o' cur'ous, now, to know why I hain't writ.
Wal, I've ben where a litt'ry taste don't somehow seem to git
Th' encouragement a feller 'd think, thet's used to pullic schools,
An' where sech things ez paper 'n' ink air clean agin the rules:
A kind o' vicyvarsy house, built drestle strong an' stout,
So's 't honest people can't get in, ner t'other sort git out,
An' with the winders so contrived, you'd prob'ly like the view
Better alookin' in than out, though it seems sing'lar, tu;
But then the landlord sets by ye, can't bear ye out o' sight,
And locks ye up ez reg'lar ez an outside door at night.

This world is awfle contrary: the rope may stretch your neck
Thet mchby kep' another chap frum waslin' off a wreck;
An' you may see the taters grow in one poor feller's patch,
So small no self-respectin' hen thet vallied time 'ould scratch,
So small the rot can't find 'em out, an' then agin, nex' door,
Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when they're 'most too fat to snore.
But groutin' ain't no kin' o' use; an' ef the fust throw fails,
Why, up an' try agin, thet's all,—the coppers ain't all tails,
Though I hev seen 'em when I thought they hedn't no more head

Than 'd saive a nussin' Brigadier thet
gits some ink to shed.

When I writ last, I'd ben turned loose
by that blamed nigger, Pomp,
Perlonier than a musquash, ef you'd took
an' dreened his swamp:

But I ain't o' the meechin' kind, thet sets
an' thinks fer weeks

The bottom 's out o' th' univaise coz their
own gillpot leaks.

I hed to cross bayous an' criks, (wat, it
did beat all natur'!)

U'pon a kin' o' corderoy, fust log, then
alligator;

Luck'ly, the critters warn't sharp-sot; I
gues, 'twuz overruled

They'd done thei' moum'n's marketin' an'
gut their hunger cooled;

Per missionaries to the Creeks an' run-
aways are viewed

By them an' folks ez sent express to be
their reg'lar food;

Wutever 'twuz, they lud an' snoozed ez
peacefully ez sinners,

Meck ez disgustin' deacons be at ordina-
tion dinners;

Ef any on 'em turned an' snapped, I let
'em kin' o' taste

My live-oak leg, an' so, ye see, ther'
warn't no giet o' waste;

Fer they found out in quicker time than
ef they'd ben to college

'Twarn't heartier foud than though 'twuz
made out o' the free o' knowledge.

But I tell *you* my other leg hed larned
wut pizon-nettle meant,

An' var'ous other usefle things, afore I
reached a settlement,

An' all o' me thet wuzn't sore an' sendin'
prickles thru me

Wuz jest the leg I patted with in lickin'
Monterzomy:

A useful limb it's ben to me, an' more of
a support

Than wut the othei hez ben,—coz I dror
my pension for't.

Wal, I gut in at last where folks wuz
civilised an' white,

Ez I diskivered to my cost afore 'twarn't
hardly night;

Fer 'z I wuz settin' in the bar a-takin'
sunthin' hot,

An' feelin' like a man agin, all over in
one spot,

A feller thet sot opperisite, arter a squint
at me,

Lep' up an' drawed his peacemaker, an',
"Dash it, Sir," suz he,

"I'm doubledashed ef you an't him thet
stole my yaller chettle,

'You're all the stranger thet's around,) so
now you've gut to settle;

It ain't no use to aigerify nei try to cut
up frisky,

I know ye ez I know the smell of ole
cham-lightuin' whiskey;

We're bi-abidin' folks down here, we'll
fix ye so's 't a bar

Wouldn't tech ye with a ten-foot pole;
(Jedge, you jest wain the tar;)

You'll think you'd better ha' gut among
a tribe o' Mongrel Tartars,

'fore we've done showin' how we raise
our Southun prize tar-martyrs;

A moultin' fallen cherubim, ef he should
see ye, 'd snicker,

'Thinkin' he warn't a suckemstance.
Come, gentlemun, ie' 's liquor;

An', Gin'ral, when you've mixed the drinks
an' chalked 'em up, tote roun'

An' see ef ther' 's a feather-bed' (thet's
borryable) in town.

We'll try ye fair, ole Grafted-Leg, an' ef
the tar wun't stick,

Th' ain't not a juror here but wut'll 'quit
ye double-quick."

To cut it short, I wun't say sweet, they
gi' me a good dip,

(They ain't *per'fessin'* Bahptists here,) then
give the bed a rip,—

The jury'd sot, an' quicker'n a flash
they hatched me out, a livin'

Extemp'ry mammoth turkey-chick fer a
Fejee Thanksgivin'.

Thet I felt some stuck up is wut it's
nat'ral to suppose,

When poppylai enthusiasm hed funnished
me sech clo'es;

(Ner 'tain't without edvantiges, this kin'
 o' suit, ye see,
 It's water-proof, an' water's wut I like
 kep' out o' me;)
 But nut content with thet, they took a
 kerridge from the fence
 An' rid me roun' to see the place, en
 tirely free 'f expense,
 With forty-leven new kines o' sarse with-
 out no charge acquainted me,
 Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed thet I
 wuz all their fahncy painted me;
 They treated me to all their eggs; (they
 keep 'em I should think,
 Fer sech ovations, pooty long, for they
 wuz mos' distinc';)
 They starred me thick 'z the Milky-Way
 with indiscrim'nit cherity,
 Fer wut we call reception eggs air sun-
 thin' of a rarity;
 Green ones is plentifulf enough, skurce
 with a nigger's getherin',
 But your dead-ripe ones ranges high fer
 treatin' Nothun bretherin;
 A spotted, ringstreakeder child the'
 warn't in Uncle Sam's
 Holl farm,—a cross of striped pig an'
 one o' Jacob's lambs;
 'Twuz Dannil in the lions' den, now an'
 enlarged edition,
 An' everythin' fust-rate o' 'ts kind; the'
 warn't no impersition.
 P'ople's impulsiver down here than wut
 our folks to home be,
 An' kin' o' go it 'ith a resh in raisin'
 Hail Columby:
 Thet's so: an' they swarmed out like
 bees, for your real Southun men's
 Time isn't o' much more account than
 an ole settin' hen's;
 (They jest work semioccasionally, or else
 don't work at all,
 An' so their time an' 'tention both air at
 saci'ty's call.)
 Talk about hospatality! wut Nothun
 town d'ye know
 Would take a totle stranger up an' treat
 him gratis so?
 You'd better b'lieve ther' 's nothin' like
 this spendin' days an' nights

Along 'ith a dependent race fer civerlisin'
 whites.

But this wuz all prelim'nary; it's so
 Gran' Jurors here
 Fin' a true bill, a hendier way than ourn,
 an' nut so dear;
 So arter this they sentenced me, to make
 all tight 'n' snug,
 Afore a reg'lar court o' law, to ten years
 in the Jug.

I didn't make no gret defence: you don't
 feel much like speakin',
 When, ef you let your clamshells gape, a
 quart o' tar will leak in:

I *her* hearn tell o' winged words, but
 pint o' fact it tellers

The spoutin' gift to hev your words *tu*
 thick sot on with feathers,

An' Choate ner Webster wouldn't ha'
 made an At kin' o' speech

Astide a Southun chestnut horse shaper
 'n a baby's screech.

Two year ago they ketched the thief, 'n'
 seein' I wuz innocent,

They jest uncorked an' le' me run, an' in
 my stid the sinner sent

To see how *he* liked poik 'n' pone
 flavoured with wa'nut saplin',

An' nary social priv'ledge but a one-hoss,
 starn-wheel chaplin.

When I come out, the folks behaved
 mos' gen'manly an' harnsome;

They 'lowed it wouldn't be more 'n
 right, ef I should cuss 'n' darn
 some:

The Cunnle be apologized; suz he, "I'll
 du wut's right,

I'll give ye settisfaction now by shootin'
 ye at sight,

An' give the nigger (when he's caught),
 to pay him fer his trickin'

In gittin' the wrong man took up, a most
 II fired lickin',—

It's jest the way with all on 'em, the in-
 consistent critters,

They're 'most enough to make a man
 blasphemise his mornin' bitters;

I'll be your frien' thru thick an' thin an'
 in all kines o' weathers,

An' all you'll hev to pay fer's jest the
waste o' tar an' feathers:
A lady owned the bed, ye see, a widder,
tu, Miss Shennon;
It wuz her mite; we would ha' took
another, ef ther'd ben one:
We don't make *no* charge for the ride an'
all the other fixins.
Lc' 's liquor; Gin'ral, you can chalk our
friend for all the mixins."
A meetin' then wuz called, where they
"RESOLVED, That we respec'
B. S. Esquire for quallerties o' heart an'
intellect'
Peculiar to Columby's sile, an' not to no
one else's,
Thet makes Européan tyrans scringe in
all their gilded pel'ces,
An' doos gret honour to our race an'
Southun institootions":
(I give ye jest the substance o' the leadin'
resolootions:)
"RESOLVED, That we revere in him a
soger 'thout a flor,
A martyr to the princerples o' libbaty an'
lor:
RESOLVED, That other nations all, ef sot
'longside o' us,
For vartoo, larnin', chivverlry, ain't no-
ways wuth a cuss."
They gut up a subscription, tu, but no
gret come o' *thet*;
I 'xpect in cairin' of it roun' they took a
leaky hat;
Though Southun genclmun ain't slow at
puttin' down their name,
(When they can write,) fer in the eend it
comes to jes' the same,
Because, ye see, 't's the fashion here to
sign an' not to think
A critter 'd be so sordid ez to ax 'em for
the chink:
I didn't call but jest on one, an' *he* drewd
toothpick on me,
An' reckoned he warn't goin' to stan' no
sech doggauned econ'my;
So nothin' more wuz realised, 'ceptin'
the good-will shown,
Than ef 't had ben from fust to last a
reg'lar Cotton Loan.

It's a good way, though, come to think,
coz ye enjy the sense
O' lendin' lib'rally to the Lord, an' nary
red o' 'xpense:
Sence then I've gut my name up for a
gin'rous-hearted man
By jes' subscribin' right an' left on this
high-minded plan;
I've gin away my thousans so to every
Southun sort
O' missions, colleges, an' sech, ner ain't
no poorer for't.
I warn't so bad off, arter all; I needn't
hardly mention
That Guv'ment owed me quite a pile for
my arrears o' pension,—
I mean the poor, weak thing we *had*: we
run a new one now,
Thet strings a feller with a claim up ta
the nighes' bough,
An' *pretises* the rights o' man, purtects
down-trodden debtors,
Ner wun't hev creditors about ascrougin'
o' their betters:
Jeff's gut the last idees ther' is, poscrip',
fourteenth edition,
He knows it takes some enterprise to run
an oppersition;
Ourn's the fust thru-by-daylight train,
with all ou'doors for deepot;
Yourn goes so slow you'd think 'twuz
drawed by a las' cent'ry tea-
pot;—
Wal, I gut all on't paid in gold afore
our State peeced,
An' done wal, for Confed'rit bonds warn't
jest the cheese I needed:
Nut but wut they're ez *good ez* gold, but
then it's hard a-breakin' on 'em,
An' ignorant folks is ollers sot an' wun't
git used to takin' on 'em;
They're wuth ez much ez wut they wuz
afore ole Mem'nger signed 'em,
An' go off middlin' wal for drinks, when
ther' 's a knife behind 'em;
We *du* miss silver, jes' fer thet an' ridin'
in a bus,
Now we've shook off the desputs thet
wuz suckin' at our pus;

An' it's *because* the South's so rich; 'twuz
 nat'ral to expect
 Supplies o' change wuz jes' the things we
 shouldn't recollect;
 We'd ough' to ha' thought aforehan',
 though, o' that good rule o'
 Crockett's,
 For 't's tiresome cairin' cotton-bales an'
 niggers in your pockets,
 Ner 'tain't quite hendy to pass off one o'
 your six-foot Guineas
 An' git your halves an' quarters back in
 gals an' pickaninnies:
 Wal, 'tain't quite all a feller'd ax, but
 then ther's this to say,
 It's on'y jest among ourselves thet we
 expect to pay;
 Our system would ha' caird us thru in
 any Bible cent'y,
 'fore this onscripterl plan come up o'
 books by double entry;
 We go the patriarkle here out o' all sight
 an' hearin',
 For Jacob warn't a suckemstance to Jeff
 the financierin';
He never 'd thought o' borryin' from
 Esau like all nater
 An' then cornfiscatin' all 'debts to sech a
 small pertater;
 There's p'litickie econ'my, now, com-
 bined 'ith morril beauty
 Thet saycrifices privit ends (your in'my's,
 tu) to dooty!
 Wy, Jeff 'd ha' gin him five an' won
 his eye-teeth 'fore he knowed
 it,
 An', stid o' wastin' pottage, he'd ha' eat
 it up an' owed it.
 But I wuz goin' on to say how I come
 here to dwell;—
 'Nough said, thet, arter lookin' roun', I
 liked the place so wal,
 Where niggers doos a double good, with
 us atop to stiddy 'em,
 By bein' proofs o' prophecy an' suckleatin'
 medium,
 Where a man's sunthin' coz he's white,
 an' whiskey's cheap ez fleas,
 An' the financial pollercy jes' sooted my
 idees,

Thet I friz down right where I wuz,
 merried the Widder Shennon,
 (Her thirds wuz part in cotton-land, part
 in the curse o' Canaan,)
 An' here I be ez lively ez a chipmunk on
 a wall,
 With nothin' to feel riled about much
 later 'n Eddam's fall.
 Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we made
 an even trade:
 She gut an overseer, an' I a fem'ly ready-
 made,
 The youngest on 'em's 'mos' growed up,
 rugged an' spry ez weazles,
 So's 't ther' 's no resk o' doctors' bills fer
 hoopin'-cough an' measles.
 Our farm's at Turkey-Buzzard Roost,
 Little Big Boosy River,
 Wal located in all respex,—fer 'tain't the
 chills 'n fever
 Thet makes my writin' seem to squim;
 a Southuner'd allow I'd
 Some call to shake, for I've jest hed to
 meller a new cowhide.
 Miss S. is all 'f a lady; th' ain't no better
 on Big Boosy
 Ner one with more accomplishmunt
 'twixt here an' Tuscaloosy;
 She's an F. F., the tallest kind, an'
 prouder 'n the Gran' Turk,
 An' never hed a relative thet done a
 stroke o' work;
 Itern ain't a scrimpin' fem'ly sech ez *you*
 git up Down East,
 Th' ain't a growed member on't but owes
 his thousuns et the least:
 She *is* some old; but then agin ther' 's
 drawbacks in my sheer:
 Wut's left o' me ain't more'n enough
 to make a Brigadier:
 Wust is, thet she hez tantrums; she's
 like Seth Moody's gun
 (I him thet wuz nicknamed frum his limp
 Ole Dot an' Kerry One);
 He'd left her loaded up a spell, an' hed
 to git her clear,
 So he onhitched, — Jeerusalem! the
 middle o' last year

Wuz right nex' door compared to where
 she kicked the crittur tu
 (Though *jest* where he brought up wuz
 wut no human never knew);
 His brother Asaph picked her up an'
 tied her to a tree,
 An' then she kicked an hour 'n' a half
 afore she'd let it be:
 Wal, Miss S. *doos* hev cuttins-up an'
 pourins-out o' vials,
 But then she hez her widder's thirds, an'
 all on us hez trials.
 My objec', though, in writin' now warn't
 to allude to sech,
 But to another suckemstance more delly-
 kit to tech,—
 I want that you should grad'lly break
 my merriage to Jerushy,
 An' there's a heap of argymunts thet's
 emple to indooce ye:
 Fust place, State's Prison,—wal, it's true
 it warn't fer crime, o' course,
 But then it's *jest* the same fer her in
 gittin' a divorce;
 Nex' place, my State's secedin' out hez
 leg'lly lef' me free
 To merry any one I please, pervidin' it's
 a she;
 Fin'lly, I never wun't come back, she
 needn't hev no fear on't,
 But then it's wal to fix things right fer
 fear Miss S. should hear on't;
 Lastly, I've gut religion South, an'
 Rushy she's a pagan
 Thet sets by th' graven imiges o' the gret
 Nothun Dagon;
 (Now I hain't seen one in six munts, for,
 sence our Treashry Loan,
 Though yaller boys is thick enough,
 eagles hez kind o' flown;)
 An' ef J wants a stronger pint than them
 thet I hev stated,
 Wy, she's an aliun in'my now, an' I've
 been confiscated,—
 For sence we've entered on th' estate o'
 the late nayshnul eagle,
 She hain't no kin' o' right but jes' wut I
 allow ez legle:
 Wut *doos* Secedin' mean, ef 'tain't thet
 nat'rul rights hez riz, 'n'

Thet wut is mine's my own, but wut's
 another man's ain't hisn? '
 Besides, I couldn't do no else; Miss S.
 suz she to me,
 "You've sheered my bed," [thet's when
 I paid my interduction fee
 To Southun rites], "an' kep' your sheer,"
 [wal, I allow it sticked
 So's 't I wuz most six weeks in jail afore
 I gut me picked,]
 "Ner never paid no demmiges; but thet
 wun't do no harm,
 Pervidin' thet you'll ondertake to over-
 see the farm;
 (My eldes' boy he's so took up, wut
 with the Ringtail Rangers
 An' settin' in the Jestice-Court for wel-
 comin' o' strangers");
 [He sot on *me*]; "an' so, ef you'll *jest*
 ondertake the care
 Upon a mod'rit sellery, we'll up an' call
 it square;
 But ef you *can't* conclude," suz she, an'
 give a kin' o' grin,
 "Wy, the Gran' Jyrymen, I 'xpect, 'll
 hev to set agin."
 That's the way metters stood at fust;
 now wut wuz I to du,
 But jes' to make the best on't an' off
 coat an' buckle tu?
 Ther' ain't a livin' man thet finkls an
 income necessarier
 Than me,—bimeby I'll tell ye how I
 fin'lly come to merry her.
 She hed another motive, tu: I mention
 of it here
 T' encourage lads thet's growin' up to
 study 'n' persevere,
 An' show 'em how much better 't pays to
 mind their winter-schoolin'
 Than to go off on benders 'n' sech, an'
 waste their time in foolin';
 Ef 'twarn't for studyin' evenins, why, I
 never 'd ha' ben here
 An orn'ment o' society, in my appropriat
 spear:
 She wanted somebody, ye sec, o' taste
 an' cultivation,

To talk along o' preachers when they
 sto't to the plantation;
 For folks in Dixie th't read an' rite, on-
 less it is by jarks,
 Is skurce ez wut they wuz among th'
 origenle patriarchs;
 To fit a feller f' wut they call the soshle
 higherarchy,
 All thet you've gut to know is jes' beyond
 an evrage darky;
 Schoolin' 's wut they can't seem to stan',
 they're tu consarned high-pressure,
 An' knowin' t' much might spile a boy
 for bein' a Secesher.
 We hain't no settled preachin' here, ner
 ministeril taxes;
 The min'ster's only settlement 's the
 carpet-bag he packs his
 Razor an' soap-brush intu, with his
 hymbook an' his Bible,---
 But they *du* preach, I swan to man, it's
 puf'kly indescrib'le!
 They go it like an Ericsson's ten-hoss-
 power coleric ingine,
 An' make Ole Split-Foot winch an'
 squirm, for all he's used to singein';
 Hawkins's whetstone ain't a pinch o'
 primin' to the innards
 To hearin' on 'em put fice grace t' a lot
 o' tough old sinhards!
 But I must eend this letter now: 'fore
 long I'll send a fresh un;
 I've lots o' things to write about, per-
 ticklerly Seceshun:
 I'm called off now to mission-work, to
 let a leetle law in
 To Cynthy's hide: an' so, till death,
 Yourn,

BIRD OF FREDUM SAWIN.

NO. II

MASON AND SLIDELL:

A YANKEE IDYLL

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
 MONTHLY

JAALAM, 6th Jan., 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—I was highly gratified
 by the insertion of a portion of my letter

in the last number of your valuable and
 entertaining Miscellany, though in a type
 which rendered its substance inaccessible
 even to the beautiful new spectacles pre-
 sented to me by a Committee of the
 Parish on New Year's Day. I trust that
 I was able to bear your very considerable
 abridgment of my lucubrations with a
 spirit becoming a Christian. My third
 granddaughter, Rebekah, aged fourteen
 years, and whom I have trained to read
 slowly and with proper emphasis (a prac-
 tice too much neglected in our modern
 systems of education), read aloud to me
 the excellent essay upon "Old Age," the
 authour of which I cannot help suspecting
 to be a young man who has never yet
 known what it was to have snow (*canities
 morosa*) upon his own roof. *Dissolve
 frigus, large super fœo ligna reponens*, is
 a rule for the young, whose wood-pile is
 yet abundant for such cheerful lenitives.
 A good life behind him is the best thing
 to keep an old man's shoulders from
 shivering at every breath of sorrow or
 ill-fortune. But methinks it were easier
 for an old man to feel the disadvantages
 of youth than the advantages of age. Of
 these latter I reckon one of the chiefest
 to be this: that we attach a less inordi-
 nate value to our own productions, and,
 distrusting daily more and more our
 own wisdom (with the conceit whereof at
 twenty we wrap ourselves away from
 knowledge as with a garment), do recon-
 cile ourselves with the wisdom of God.
 I could have wished, indeed, that room
 might have been made for the residue of
 the anecdote relating to Deacon Tink-
 ham, which would not only have gratified
 a natural curiosity on the part of the
 publick (as I have reason to know from
 several letters of inquiry already received),
 but would also, as I think, have largely
 increased the circulation of your Magazine
 in this town. *Nihil humani alienum*,
 there is a curiosity about the affairs of our
 neighbours which is not only pardonable,
 but even commendable. But I shall
 abide a more fitting season.

As touching the following literary effort of Esquire Biglow, much might be profitably said on the topick of Idyllick and Pastoral Poetry, and concerning the proper distinctions to be made between them, from Theocritus, the inventor of the former, to Collins, the latest authour I know of who has emulated the classicks in the latter style. But in the time of a Civil War worthy a Milton to defend and a Lucan to sing, it may be reasonably doubted whether the publick, never too studious of serious instruction, might not consider other objects more deserving of present attention: Concerning the title of Idyll, which Mr. Biglow has adopted at my suggestion, it may not be improper to animadvert, that the name properly signifies a poem somewhat rustick in phrase (for, though the learned are not agreed as to the particular dialect employed by Theocritus, they are unanimous both as to its rusticity and its capacity of rising now and then to the level of more elevated sentiments and expressions), while it is also descriptive of real scenery and manners. Yet it must be admitted that the production now in question (which here and there bears perhaps too plainly the marks of my correcting hand) does partake of the nature of a Pastoral, inasmuch as the interlocutors therein are purely imaginary beings, and the whole is little better than *καρνοῦ σκιάς ὄναρ*. The plot was, as I believe, suggested by the "Twa Briggs" of Robert Burns, a Scottish poet of the last century, as that found its prototype in the "Mutual Complaint of Plainstanes and Causey" by Fergusson, though the metre of this latter be different by a foot in each verse. Perhaps the Two Dogs of Cervantes gave the first hint. I reminded my talented young parishioner and friend that Concord Bridge had long since yielded to the edacious tooth of Time. But he answered me to this effect: that there was no greater mistake of an authour than to suppose the reader had no fancy of his own; that, if once

that faculty was to be called into activity, it were *better* to be in for the whole sheep than the shoulder; and that he knew Concord like a book,—an expression questionable in propriety, since there are few things with which he is not more familiar than with the printed page. In proof of what he affirmed, he showed me some verses which with others he had stricken out as too much delaying the action, but which I communicate in this place because they rightly define "punkin-seed" (which Mr. Bartlett would have a kind of perch,—a creature to which I have found a rod or pole not to be so easily equivalent in our inland waters as in the books of arithmetic), and because it conveys an eulogium on the worthy son of an excellent father, with whose acquaintance (*eh'u, fugaces anni!*) I was formerly honoured.

"But nowadays the Bridge ain't wut they show,
So much ez Em'son, Hawthorne, an' Thoreau.
I know the village, though; was sent there once
A-schoolin', 'cause to home I played the dunce;
An' I've ben sence a-visitin' the Judge,
Whose garding whispers with the river's edge,
Where I've sot mornin's lazy as the bream,
Whose on'y business is to head up-stream,
(We call 'em punkin-seed,) or else in chat
Along 'th the Judge, who covers with his hat
More wit an' gumption an' shrewd Yankee sense
Than there is mosses on an ole stone fence."

Concerning the subject-matter of the verses, I have not the leisure at present to write so fully as I could wish, my time being occupied with the preparation of a discourse for the forthcoming bi-centenary celebration of the first settlement of Jaalam East Parish. It may gratify the publick interest to mention the circumstance, that my investigations to this end have enabled me to verify the fact (of

much historick importance, and hitherto hotly debated) that Shearjashub Tarbox was the first child of white parentage born in this town, being named in his father's will under date August 7th, or 9th, 1662. It is well known that those who advocate the claims of Mehetable Goings are unable to find any trace of her existence prior to October of that year. As respects the settlement of the Mason and Slidell question, Mr. Biglow has not incorrectly stated the popular sentiment, so far as I can judge by its expression in this locality. For myself, I feel more sorrow than resentment: for I am old enough to have heard those talk of England who still, even after the unhappy estrangement, could not unschool their lips from calling her the Mother-Country. But England has insisted on ripping up old wounds, and has undone the healing work of fifty years; for nations do not reason, they only feel, and the *spretæ injuria formæ* rankles in their minds as bitterly as in that of a woman. And because this is so, I feel the more satisfaction that our Government has acted (as all Governments should, standing as they do between the people and their passions) as if it had arrived at years of discretion. There are three short and simple words, the hardest of all to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. Those words are, *I was wrong*; and I am proud that, while England played the boy, our rulers had strength enough from the People below and wisdom enough from God above to quit themselves like men.

The sore points on both sides have been skillfully exasperated by interested and unscrupulous persons, who saw in a war between the two countries the only hope of profitable return for their investment in Confederate stock, whether political or financial. The always supercilious, often insulting, and sometimes even brutal

tone of British journals and publick men has certainly not tended to soothe whatever resentment might exist in America.

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,

But why did you kick me down stairs?"

We have no reason to complain that England, as a necessary consequence of her clubs, has become a great society for the minding of other people's business, and we can smile good-naturedly when she lectures other nations on the sins of arrogance and conceit; but we may justly consider it a breach of the political *convenances* which are expected to regulate the intercourse of one well-bred government with another, when men holding places in the ministry allow themselves to dictate our domestic policy, to instruct us in our duty, and to stigmatise as unholy a war for the rescue of whatever a high-minded people should hold most vital and most sacred. Was it in good taste, that I may use the mildest term, for Earl Russell to expound our own Constitution to President Lincoln, or to make a new and fallacious application of an old phrase for our benefit, and tell us that the Rebels were fighting for independence and we for empire? As if all wars for independence were by nature just and deserving of sympathy, and all wars for empire ignoble and worthy only of reprobation, or as if these easy phrases in any way characterised this terrible struggle,—terrible not so truly in any superficial sense, as from the essential and deadly enmity of the principles that underlie it. His Lordship's bit of borrowed rhetoric would justify Smith O'Brien, Nana Sahib, and the Maori chieftains, while it would condemn nearly every war in which England has ever been engaged. Was it so very presumptuous in us to think that it would be decorous in English statesmen if they spared time enough to acquire some kind of knowledge, though of the most elementary kind, in regard to this

country and the questions at issue here, before they pronounced so off-hand a judgment? Or is political information expected to come Dogberry-fashion in England, like reading and writing, by nature?

And now all respectable England is wondering at our irritability, and sees a quite satisfactory explanation of it in our national vanity. *Suave mari magno*, it is pleasant, sitting in the easy-chairs of Downing Street, to sprinkle pepper on the raw wounds of a kindred people struggling for life, and philosophical to find in self-conceit the cause of our instinctive resentment. Surely we were of all nations the least liable to any temptation of vanity at a time when the gravest anxiety and the keenest sorrow were never absent from our hearts. Nor is conceit the exclusive attribute of any one nation. The earliest of English travellers, Sir John Mandeville, took a less provincial view of the matter when he said, "For fro what partie of the erthe that men duellen, other above or beneath, it semethe always to hem that duellen that they gon more righte than any other folke." The English have always had their fair share of this amiable quality. We may say of them still, as the authour of the "Lettres Cabalistiques" said of them more than a century ago, "*Ces derniers disent naturellement qu'il n'y a qu'eux qui soient estimables.*" And, as he also says, "*J'aimerois presque autant tomber entre les mains d'un Inquisiteur que d'un Anglois qui me fait sentir sans cesse combien il s'estime plus que moi, et qui ne daigne me parler que pour injurier ma Nation et pour m'ennuyer du récit des grandes qualitez de la sienne.*" Of this Bull we may safely say with Horace, *habet Janum in cornu*. What we felt to be especially insulting was the quiet assumption that the descendants of men who left the Old World for the sake of principle, and who had made the wilderness into a New World patterned after an Idea, could not possibly be

susceptible of a generous or lofty sentiment, could have no feeling of nationality deeper than that of a tradesman for his shop. One would have thought, in listening to England, that we were presumptuous in fancying that we were a nation at all, or had any other principle of union than that of booths at a fair, where there is no higher notion of government than the constable, or better image of God than that stamped upon the current coin.

It is time for Englishmen to consider whether there was nothing in the spirit of their press and of their leading public men calculated to rouse a just indignation, and to cause a permanent estrangement on the part of any nation capable of self-respect, and sensitively jealous, as ours then was, of foreign interference. Was there nothing in the indecent haste with which belligerent rights were conceded to the Rebels, nothing in the abrupt tone assumed in the Tient case, nothing in the fitting out of Confederate privateers, that might stir the blood of a people already overcharged with doubt, suspicion, and terrible responsibility? The laity in any country do not stop to consider points of law, but they have an instinctive perception of the *animus* that actuates the policy of a foreign nation; and in our own case they remembered that the British authorities in Canada did not wait till diplomacy could send home to England for her slow official tinder-box to fire the "Caroline." Add to this, what every sensible American knew, that the moral support of England was equal to an army of two hundred thousand men to the Rebels, while it insured us another year or two of exhausting war. It was not so much the spite of her words (though the time might have been more tastefully chosen) as the actual power for evil in them that we felt as a deadly wrong. Perhaps the most immediate and efficient cause of mere irritation was the sudden and unaccountable change of manner on the other side of the water.

Only six months before, the Prince of Wales had come over to call us cousins ; and everywhere it was nothing but "our American brethren," that great offshoot of British institutions in the New World, so almost identical with them in laws, language, and literature,—this last of the alliterative compliments being so bitterly true, that perhaps it will not be retracted even now. To this outburst of long-repressed affection we responded with genuine warmth, if with something of the awkwardness of a poor relation bewildered with the sudden tightening of the ties of consanguinity when it is rumoured that he has come into a large estate. Then came the Rebellion, and, *presto!* a flaw in our titles was discovered, the plate we were promised at the family table is flung at our head, and we were again the scum of creation, intolerably vulgar, at once cowardly and overbearing,—no relations of theirs, after all, but a dreggy hybrid of the basest bloods of Europe. Panurge was not quicker to call Friar John his *former* friend. I cannot help thinking of Walter Mapes's jingling paraphrase of Petronius,—

"Dummodo sim splendidis vestibis ornatu-
tus,
Et multa familia sim circumvallatus,
Prudens sum et sapiens et morigeratus,
Et tuus nepos sum et tu meus cognatus,"—

which I may freely render thus :—

So long as I was prosperous, I'd dinners
by the dozen,
Was well bred, witty, virtuous, and every-
body's cousin ;
If luck should turn, as well she may, her
fancy is so flexible,
Will virtue, cousinship, and all return with
her from exile ?

There was nothing in all this to exasperate a philosopher, much to make him smile rather ; but the earth's surface is not chiefly inhabited by philosophers, and I revive the recollection of it now in perfect good-humour, merely by way

of suggesting to our *ci-devant* British cousins, that it would have been easier for them to hold their tongues than for us to keep our tempers under the circumstances.

The English Cabinet made a blunder, unquestionably, in taking it so hastily for granted that the United States had fallen forever from their position as a first-rate power, and it was natural that they should vent a little of their vexation on the people whose inexplicable obstinacy in maintaining freedom and order, and in resisting degradation, was likely to convict them of their mistake. But if bearing a grudge be the sure mark of a small mind in the individual, can it be a proof of high spirit in a nation ? If the result of the present estrangement between the two countries shall be to make us more independent of British twaddle (*Indomito nec divaferens stipendia Taurro*), so much the better ; but if it is to make us insensible to the value of British opinion in matters where it gives us the judgment of an impartial and cultivated outsider, if we are to shut ourselves out from the advantages of English culture, the loss will be ours, and not theirs. Because the door of the old homestead has been once slammed in our faces, shall we in a huff reject all future advances of conciliation, and cut ourselves foolishly off from any share in the humanising influences of the place, with its ineffable riches of association, its heirlooms of immemorial culture, its historic monuments, ours no less than theirs, its noble gallery of ancestral portraits ? We have only to succeed, and England will not only respect, but, for the first time, begin to understand us. And let us not, in our justifiable indignation at wanton insult, forget that England is not the England only of snobs who dread the democracy they do not comprehend, but the England of history, of heroes, statesmen, and poets, whose names are dear, and their influence as salutary to us as to her.

Let us strengthen the hands of those in authority over us, and curb our own tongues, remembering that General Wait commonly proves in the end more than a match for General Headlong, and that the Good Book ascribes safety to a multitude, indeed, but not to a mob, of counsellours. Let us remember and perpend the words of Paulus Emilius to the people of Rome; that, "if they judged they could manage the war to more advantage by any other, he would willingly yield up his charge; but if they confided in him, *they were not to make themselves his colleagues in his office, or raise reports, or criticise his actions, but, without talking, supply him with means and assistance necessary to the carrying on of the war; for, if they proposed to command their own commander, they would render this expedition more ridiculous than the former.*" (*Vide Plutarchum in Vita P. E.*) Let us also not forget what the same excellent authour says concerning Perseus's fear of spending money, and not permit the covetousness of Brother Jonathan to be the good fortune of Jefferson Davis. For my own part, till I am ready to admit the Commander-in-Chief to my pulpit, I shall abstain from planning his battles. If courage be the sword, yet is patience the armour of a nation; and in our desire for peace, let us never be willing to surrender the Constitution bequeathed us by fathers at least as wise as ourselves (even with Jefferson Davis to help us), and, with those degenerate Romans, *tuta et presentia quam cetera et periculosa malle.*

And not only should we bridle our own tongues, but the pens of others, which are swift to convey useful intelligence to the enemy. This is no new inconvenience; for, under date, 3d June, 1745, General Pepperell wrote thus to Governor Shirley from Louisbourg: "What your Excellency observes of the *army's being made acquainted with any plans proposed, until ready to be put*

in execution, has always been disagreeable to me, and I have given many cautions relating to it. But when your Excellency considers that *our Council of War consists of more than twenty members*, I am persuaded you will think it *impossible for me to hinder it*, if any of them will persist in communicating to inferior officers and soldiers what ought to be kept secret. I am informed that the Boston newspapers are filled with paragraphs from private letters relating to the expedition. Will your Excellency permit me to say I think it may be of ill consequence? Would it not be convenient, if your Excellency should forbid the Printers' inserting such news?" Verily, if *tempora mutantur*, we may question the *et nos mutantur in illis*; and if tongues be leaky, it will need all hands at the pumps to save the Ship of State. Our history dotes and repeats itself. If Sassycus (rather than Alcibiades) find a parallel in Beaugard, so Weakwash, as he is called by the brave Lieutenant Lion Gardiner, need not seek far among our own Sachems for his anti-type.

With respect,

Your ob^d humble serv^t,

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

I LOVE to start out arter night's begun,
An' all the chores about the farm are
done,
The critters milked an' foddered, gates
shet fast,
Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer, supper
past,
'An' Nancy darnin' by her ker'sene
lamp,—
I love, I say, to start upon a tramp,
To shake the kinkles out o' back an' legs,
An' kind o' rack my life off from the
dregs
Thet's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch
Of folks thet foller in one rut toc much:
Hard work is good an' wholesome, past
all doubt;

But 'tain't so, ef the mind gits tuckered
out.
Now, bein' born in Middlesex, you
know,
There's certin spots where I like best to
go :
The Concord road, for instance, (I, for
one,
Most gin'lly ollers call it *John Bull's
Run*,)
The field o' Lexin'ton where England
tried
The fastest colours thet she ever dyed,
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when
he came,
Found was the bee-line track to heaven
an' fame,
Ez all roads be by natur', ef your soul
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so 's to save
the toll.

'They're 'most too fur away, take too
much time
To visit often, ef it ain't in rhyme ;
But the 's a walk thet's hendier, a sight,
An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's
night,—
I mean the round whale's-back o'
Prospect Hill.
I love to l'iter there while night grows
still,
An' in the 'twinklin' villages about,
Fust here, then there, the well-saved
lights goes out,
An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false
alarms,
Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy
farms,
Where some wise rooster (men act jest
thet way)
Stands to't thet moon-rise is the break o'
day :
(So Mister Seward sticks a three-months'
pin
Where the war 'd oughto eend, then
tries agin ;
My gran'ther's rule was safer'n 'tis to
crow :
Don't never prophesy—unless ye know.)
I love to muse there till it kind o' seems

Ez ef the world went eddyin' off in
dreams ;
The northwest wind thet twitches at my
baird
Blows out o' sturdier days not easy
scared,
An' the same moon thet this December
shines
Starts out the tents an' booths o' Put-
nam's lines ;
The rail-fence posts, across the hill thet
runs,
Turn ghosts o' sogers should'r in' ghosts
o' guns ;
Ez wheels the sentry, glints a flash o'
light,
Along the firlock won at Conrad Fight,
An', 'twixt the silences, now fuu, now
nigh,
Rings the sharp challenge, hums the low
reply.

Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long sence,
Mixin' the puffet with the present tense,
I heerd two voices som'ers in the air,
Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell
where :
Voices I call 'em : 'twas a kind o' sough
Like pine-trees thet the wind 's ageth'r in'
through ;
An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind a
spell,
Then some misdoubted, couldn't fairly
tell,
Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold an
eel,
I knowed, an' didn't,—fin'lly seemed to
feel
'Twas Concord Bridge a talkin' off to kill
With the Stone Spike thet's druv thru
Bunker's Hill ;
Whether 'twas so, or ef I on'y dreamed,
I couldn't say ; I tell it ez it seemed.

THE BRIDGE

Wal, neighbour, tell us wut's turned up
thet's new ?
You're younger'n I be,—nigher Boston,
tu :

An' down to Boston, ef you take their
showin',
Wut they don't know ain't hardly wuth
the knowin'.
There's *sunthin'* goin' on, I know : las'
night
The British sogers killed in our gret
fight
(Nigh fifty year they hedn't stirred nor
spoke)
Made sech a coil you'd thought a dam
hed broke :
Why, one he up an' beat a revellee
With his own crossbones on a holler
tree,
Till all the graveyards swarmed out like
a hive
With faces I hain't seen sence Seventy-
five.
Wut *is* the news? 'Tain't good, or
they'd be cheerin'.
Speak slow an' clear, for I'm some hard
o' hearin'.

THE MONIMENT

I don't know hardly ef it's good or
bad,—

THE BRIDGE

At wust, it can't be wus than wut we've
had.

THE MONIMENT

You know them envys thet the Rebbles
sent,
An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the
'Trent?

THE BRIDGE

Wut ! they ha'n't hanged 'em? Then
their wits is gone !
Thet's the sure way to make a goose a
swan !

THE MONIMENT

No : England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee,
Faw, Fum !*
(Ez though she hedn't fools enough to
home,)
So they've returned 'em—

THE BRIDGE

Hev they? Wal, by heaven,
Thet's the wust news I've heerd sence
Seventy-seven !
By George, I meant to say, though I
declare
It's 'most enough to make a deacorf
swear.

THE MONIMENT

Now don't go off half-cock : folks never
gains
By usin' pepper-sarse instid o' brains.
Come, neighbour, you don't understan'—

THE BRIDGE

How? Hey?
Not understan'? Why, wu's to hender,
pray?
Must I go huntin' round to find a chap
To tell me when my face hez hed a slap?

THE MONIMENT

See here : the British they found out a
flaw
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the law :
(They *make* all laws, you know, an' so,
o' course,
It's nateral they should understan' their
force :)
He'd oughto ha' took the vessel into
port,
An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar court ;
She was a mail-ship, an' a steamer, tu,
An' thet, they say, hez changed the pint
o' view,
Coz the old practice, bein' meant for
sails,
Ef tried upon a steamer, kind o' fails ;
You *may* take out despatches, but you
musn't
Take nary man—

THE BRIDGE

You mean to say, you dusn't !
Changed pint o' view ! No, no,—it's
overboard
With law an' gospel, when their ox is
gored !

I tell ye, England's law, on sea an' land,

Hez ollers ben, "*I've gut the heaviest hand.*"

Take nary man? Fine preachin' from *her* lips!

Why, she hez taken hunderds from our ships,

An' would agin, an' swear she had a right to,

Ef we warn't strong enough to be perlite to.

Of all the sarse thet I can call to mind, England *does* make the most onpleasant kind :

It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint ;

Wut's good's all English, all thet isn't ain't ;

Wut profits her is ollers right an' just, An' ef you don't read Scriptur so, you must ;

She's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks

There ain't no light in Natur when she winks ;

Hain't she the Ten Comman'ments in her pus ?

Could the world stir 'thout she went, tu, ez nus ?

She ain't like other mortals, thet's a fact :

She never stopped the habus-corpus act, Nor specie payments, nor she never yet Cut down the int'rest on her public debt ; *She* don't put down rebellions, lets 'em breed,

An' 's ollers willin' Ireland should secede ;

She's all thet's honest, honnable, an' fair, An' when the vartoots died they made her heir.

THE MONUMENT

Wal, wal, two wrongs don't never make a right ;

Ef we're mistaken, own up, an' don't fight :

For gracious' sake, ha'n't we enough to du

'thout gettin' up a fight with England, tu ?

She thinks we're rabble-rid—

THE BRIDGE

An' so we can't

Distinguish 'twixt *You oughtn't* an' *You sha'n't* !

She jedges by herself ; she's no idear How 't stiddies folks to give 'em their fair sheer :

The odds 'twixt her an' us is plain's a steeple, —

Her People's turned to Mob, our Mob's turned People.

THE MONUMENT

She's riled jes' now—

THE BRIDGE

Plain proof her cause ain't strong,— The one thet fust gits mad 's 'most ollers wrong.

Why, sence she helped in lickin' Nap the Fust,

An' pricked a bubble jest agoin' to bust, With Rooshy, Prooshy, Austy, all assistin',

Th' ain't nut a face but wut she's shook her fist in,

Ez though she done it all, an' ten times more,

An' nothin' never hed gut done afore, Nor never could agin, 'thout she wuz spliced

On to one eend an' gin th' old airth a hoist.

She *is* some punkins, thet I wun't deny, (For ain't she some related to you 'n' I ?) But there's a few small intrists here below Outside the counter o' John Bull an' Co. An' though they can't conceit how 't should be so,

I guess the Loid druv down Creation's spiles

'thout no *gret* helpin from the British Isles,

An' could contrive to keep things pooty stiff

Ef they withdrawn from business in a
miff;
I ha'n't no patience with sech swellin'
fellers ez
Think God can't forge 'thout them to
blow the bellerses.

THE MONIMENT

You're ollers quick to set your back
aridge,
Though 't suits a tom-cat more'n a sober
bridge;
Don't you git het: they thought the thing
was planned;
They'll cool off when they come to
understand.

THE BRIDGE

Ef *thee's* wut you expect, you'll *hev* to
wait:
Folks never understand the folks they
hate:
She'll fin' some other grievance jest ez
good,
'fore the month's out, to git misunder-
stood.
England cool off! She'll do it, ef she
sees
She's run her head into a swarm o' bees.
I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spose:
I hev thought England was the best thet
goes;
Remember (no, you can't), when *I* was
reared,
God save the King was all the tune you
heerd;
But it's enough to turn Wachuset roun'
This stumpin' fellers when you think
they're down.

THE MONIMENT

But, neighbour, ef they prove their claim
at law,
The best way is to settle, an' not jaw.
An' don't le' 's mutter 'bout the awfle
bricks
We'll give 'em, ef we ketch 'em in a fix:
That 'ere's most frequently the kin' o'
talk

Of critters can't be kicked to toe the
chalk;
Your "You'll see *nex* time!" an' "Look
out bumby!"
'Most ollers ends in eatin' umble-pic.
'Twun't pay to scringe to England: will
it pay
To fear thet meaner bully, old "They'll
say"?"
Suppose they *du* say: words are drefle
bores,
But they ain't quite so bad ez seventy-
fours.
Wut England wants is jest a wedge to fit
Where it 'll help to widen out our split:
She's found her wedge, an' 'tain't for us
to come
An' lend the beetle thet's to drive it home.
For growed-up folks like us 'twould be
a scandle,
When we git sarsed, to fly right off the
handle.
England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks us
blind:
Ef she can't change her skin, she can her
mind;
An' we shall see her change it double-
quick,
Soon ez we've proved thet we're a-goin'
to lick.
She an' Columby's gut to be fas' friends:
For the world prospers by their privit
ends:
'Twould put the clock back all o' fifty
years
Ef they should fall together by the ears.

THE BRIDGE

I 'gree to thet; she's nigh us to wut
Fiance is;
But then she'll hev to make the fust
advances;
We've gut pride, tu, an' gut it by good
rights,
An' ketch *me* stoopin' to pick up the mites
O' condescension she'll be lettin' fall
When she finds out we ain't dead arter all!
I tell ye wut, it takes more 'n one good
week
Afore *my* nose forgits it's hed a tweak.

THE MONUMENT

She'll come out right bumbby, thet I'll
engage,
Soon ez she gits to seein' we're of age;
This talkin' down o' hers ain't wuth a
fuss;
It's nat'ral ez nut likin' 'tis to us;
Ef we're agoin' to prove we *be* growed-up,
'Twun't be by barkin' like a tarrier pup,
But turnin' to an' makin' things ez good
Ez wut we're ollers braggin' that we
could;
We're boun' to be good friends, an' so
we'd oughto,
In spite of all the fools both sides the
water.

THE BRIDGE

I b'lieve thet's so; but hearken in your
ear,—
I'm older 'n you,—Peace wun't keep house
with Fear:
Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut
to du
Is jes' to show you're up to fightin', tu.
I recollect how sailors' rights was won,
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin'
gun:
Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up thet he
Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea;
You'd thought he held by Gran'ther
Adam's will,
An' ef you knuckle down, *he*'ll think so
still.
Better thet all our ships an' all their crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless
ooze,
Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's moni-
ment,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards
crave:
Give *me* the peace of dead men or of
brave!

THE MONUMENT

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious Fourth:
You'd oughto larned 'fore this wut talk
wuz worth.

It ain't *our* nose thet gits put out o' jint;
It's England thet gives up her dearest
pint.

We've gut, I tell ye now, enough to du
In our own foun'ly fight, afore we're thru.
I hoped, las' spring, jest arter Sumter's
shame,

When every flag-staff flapped its tethered
flame,

An' all the people, startled from their
doubt,

Come must'rin' to the flag with sech a
shout,—

I hoped to see things settled 'fore this fall,
The Rebbles lickel, Jeff Davis hanged,
an' all;

Then come Bull Run, an' *wince* then I've
ben waitin'

Like boys in Jennooary thaw for skatin',
Nothin' to du but watch my shadder's
trace

Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun' my
base,

With daylight's flood an' cbb: it's gittin'
slow,

An' I 'most think we'd better let 'em go.
I tell ye wut, this war's a-goin' to cost—

THE BRIDGE

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money lost;
Taxes milks dry, but, neighbour, you'll
allow

'Thet havin' things onsettled kills the cow:
We've gut to fix this thing for good an'
all;

It's no use buildin' wut's a-goin' to fall.
I'm older 'n you, an' I've seen things an'
men,

An' *my* experence,—tell ye wut it's ben:
Folks thet worked thorough was the ones
thet thriv,

But bad' work follers ye ez long's ye live;
You can't git red on't; jest ez sure ez sin,
It's ollers askin' to be done agin:

Ef we should part, it wouldn't be a week
'Fore your soft-soddered pence would
spring aleak.

We've turned our cuffs up, but, to put her
thru,

We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu;
'Twun't du to think thet killin' ain't
perlite,—

You've gut to be in airnest, ef you fight;
Why, two thirds o' the Rebbles 'ould cut
dirt,

Ef they once thought thet Guv'ment
meant to hurt;

An' I *du* wish our Gin'rails hed in mind
The folks in front more than the folks
behind;

You wun't do much ont: you think it's
God,

An' not constitoots, thet holds the rod;
We want some more o' Gideon's sword,
I judge,

For proclamations ha'n't no gret o' edge;
There's nothin' for a cancer but the knife,
Unless you set by 't more than by your
life.

I've seen hard times; I see a war begun
Thet folks thet love their bellies never 'd
won;

Pharo's lean kine hung on for seven long
year;

But when 'twas done, we didn't count it
dear.

Why, law an' order, honour, civil right,
Ef they *ain't* wuth it, wut *is* wuth a fight?
I'm older 'n you: the plough, the axe, the
mill,

All kin's o' labour an' all kin's o' skill,
Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,
Ef 'twarn't for thet slow critter,
'stablished law;

Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes whiz,
A screw 's gut loose in everythin' there is:
Good buttresses once settled, don't you
fret

An' stir 'em; take a bridge's word for
thet!

Young folks are smart, but all ain't good
thet's new;

I guess the gran'ters they knowed
sunthin', tu.

THE MONUMENT

Amen to thet! build sure in the begin-

An' then don't never tech the under-
pinnin':

Th' older a guv'ment is, the better 't
suits;

New ones hunt folks's corns out like
new boots:

Change jes' for change, is like them big
hotels

Where they shift plates, an' let ye live on
smells.

THE BRIDGE

Wal, don't give up afore the ship goes
down:

It's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't
drown;

An' God wun't leave us yit to sink or
swim,

Ef we don't fail to du wut's right by
Him.

This land o' oun, I tell ye, 's gut to be
A better country than man ever see.

I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry
Thet seems to say, "Break forth an'
prophesy!"

O strange New World, thet yit wast
never young,

Whose youth from thee by gripin' need
was wrung,

Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose
baby-bed

Was prowled oun' by the 'Injun's
cracklin' tread,

An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an'
want's an' pains,

Nussed by stern men with empires in
their brains,

Who saw in vision their young Ishmel
strain

With each hard hand a vassal ocean's
mane,

Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret
events

To pitch new States ez Old-World men
pitch tents,

Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's
plan

Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was
drawed in

Against the poorest child of Adam's
kin,—
'The grave's not dug where traitor hands
shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse
away!
I see—

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,
So thet I lost old Concord's last remark :
I listened long, but all I seemed to hear
Was dead leaves gossipin' on some birch-
trees near ;
But ez they hedn't no gret things to say,
An' sed 'em often, I come right away,
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass the
time,
I put some thoughts thet bothered me in
rhyme ;
I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em on,
But here they be—it's

JONATHAN TO JOHN

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John, -
Your cousin, tu, John Bull !
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess
We know it now," sez he,
" The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me ! "

You wonder why we're hot, John ?
Your mark wuz on the guns,
The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
Our brothers an' our sons :
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess
There's human blood," sez he,
" By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
Though 't may surprise J. B.
More'n it would you an' me."

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
On *your* front-parlour stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,

" Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'Twould kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me ! "

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails ?
" *J. B.*" was on his shirts, John,
Unless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,
" Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
For ganders with J. B.,
No more'n with you or me ! "

When your rights was our wrongs,
John,
You didn't stop for fuss,—
Britanny's trident prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law for us.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,
Though physic 's good," sez he,
" It doesn't foller thet he can swaller
Prescriptions signed *'J. B.,'*
Put up by you an' me ! "

We own the ocean, tu, John :
You mus'n' take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It's jest your own back-yard.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,
Ef *ther's* his claim," sez he,
" The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
To bust up friend J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me ! "

Why talk so drefle big, John,
Of honour when it meant
You didn't care a fig, John,
But jest for *ten per cent* ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess
He's like the rest," sez he :
" When all is done, it's number one
Thet's nearest to J. B.,
Ez wal ez t' you an' me ! "

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 'twas right ;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess
We've a hard row," sez he,

"To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
It is a fact," sez he,

"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef 'twarn't for law," sez he,
"There 'd be one shindy from here to
Indy;

An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 'tain't 'twint you an'
me!")

We know we've got a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 'twould win applause,
John,

Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,

"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
There's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal 'z in you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*"
John,

An' "*All men up!*" say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now which is your idee?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
John preaches wal," sez he:
"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love, or hate, John?
It's you thet's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men forgive," sez he,
"But not forgit; an' some time yit
Thet tuth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.

"Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
God's price is high," sez he;
"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn, like you an' me!"

NO. III

BIRD OF FREDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,
TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

With the following Letter from the
REVEREND HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JALAM, 7th Feb., 1862.

RESPECTED FRIENDS,—If I know myself,—and surely a man can hardly be supposed to have over-passed the limit of fourscore years without attaining to some proficiency in that most useful branch of learning (*e cælo descendit*, says the pagan poet),—I have no great smack of that weakness which would press upon the publick attention any matter pertaining to my private affairs. But since the following letter of Mr. Sawin contains not only a direct allusion to myself, but that in connection with a topick of interest to all those engaged in the publick ministrations of the sanctuary, I may be pardoned for touching briefly thereupon. Mr. Sawin was never a stated attendant upon my preaching,—never, as I believe, even an occasional one, since the erection of the new house (where we now worship) in 1845. He did, indeed, for a time, supply a not un-

acceptable bass in the choir ; but, whether on some umbrage (*omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*) taken against the bass-viol, then, and till his decease in 1850 (*et. 77.*) under the charge of Mr. Asaph Perley, or, as was reported by others, on account of an imminent subscription for a new bell, he thenceforth absented himself from all outward and visible communion. Yet he seems to have preserved (*allâ mente repostum*), as it were, in the pickle of a mind soured by prejudice, a lasting *scunner*, as he would call it, against our staid and decent form of worship ; for I would rather in that wise interpret his fling, than suppose that any chance tares sown by my pulpit discourses should survive so long, while good seed too often fails to root itself. I humbly trust that I have no personal feeling in the matter ; though I know that, if we sound any man deep enough, our lead shall bring up the mud of human nature at last. The Bretons believe in an evil spirit which they call *ar c'houskerik*, whose office it is to make the congregation drowsy ; and though I have never had reason to think that he was specially busy among my flock, yet have I seen enough to make me sometimes regret the hinged seats of the ancient meeting-house, whose lively clatter, not unwillingly intensified by boys beyond eyeshot of the tithing-man, served at intervals as a wholesome *réveil*. It is true, I have numbered among my parishioners some who are proof against the prophylactick fennel, nay, whose gift of somnolence rivalled that of the Cretan Rip Van Winkle, Epimenides, and who, nevertheless, complained not so much of the substance as of the length of my (by them unheard) discourses. Some ingenious persons of a philosophick turn have assured us that our pulpits were set too high, and that the soporifick tendency increased with the ratio of the angle in which the hearer's eye was constrained to seek the preacher. This were a curious topick for investigation. There can be

no doubt that some sermons are pitched too high, and I remember many struggles with the drowsy fiend in my youth. Happy Saint Anthony of Padua, whose finny acolytes, however they might profit, could never murmur ! *Quare fremuerunt gentes ?* Who is he that can twice a week be inspired, or has eloquence (*ut ita dicam*) always on tap ? A good man, and, next to David, a sacred poet (himself, haply, not inexpert of evil in this particular), has said,--

“The worst speak something good : if all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.”

There are one or two other points in Mr. Sawin's letter which I would also briefly animadvert upon. And first, concerning the claim he sets up to a certain superiority of blood and lineage in the people of our Southern States, now unhappily in rebellion against lawful authority and their own better interests. There is a sort of opinions, anachronisms at once and anachorisms, foreign both to the age and the country, that maintain a feeble and buzzing existence, scarce to be called life, like winter flies, which in mild weather crawl out from obscure nooks and crannies to expatiate in the sun, and sometimes acquire vigour enough to disturb with their enforced familiarity the studious hours of the scholar. One of the most stupid and pertinacious of these is the theory that the Southern States were settled by a class of emigrants from the Old World socially superior to those who founded the institutions of New England. The Virginians especially lay claim to this generosity of lineage, which were of no possible account, were it not for the fact that such superstitions are sometimes not without their effect on the course of human affairs. The early adventurers to Massachusetts at least paid their passages ; no felons were ever shipped thither ; and though it be true that many deboshed younger brothers of what are called good families may have

sought refuge in Virginia, it is equally certain that a great part of the early deportations thither were the sweepings of the London streets and the leavings of the London stews. It was this my Lord Bacon had in mind when he wrote: "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant." That certain names are found there is nothing to the purpose, for, even had an *alias* been beyond the invention of the knaves of that generation, it is known that servants were often called by their masters' names, as slaves are now. On what the heralds call the spindle side, some, at least, of the oldest Virginian families are descended from matrons who were exported and sold for so many hogsheads of tobacco the head. So notorious was this, that it became one of the jokes of contemporary playwrights, not only that men bankrupt in purse and character were "food for the Plantations" (and this before the settlement of New England), but also that any drab would suffice to wive such pitiful adventurers. "Never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia," says Middleton in one of his comedies. The mule is apt to forget all but the equine side of his pedigree. How early the counterfeit nobility of the Old Dominion became a topick of ridicule in the Mother-Country may be learned from a play of Mrs. Behn's, founded on the Rebellion of Bacon: for even these kennels of literature may yield a fact or two to pay the raking. Mrs. Flirt, the keeper of a Virginia ordinary, calls herself the daughter of a baronet, "undone in the late rebellion,"—her father having in truth been a tailor,—and three of the Council, assuming to themselves an equal splendour of origin, are shown to have been, one "a broken exciseman who came over a poor servant," another a tinker transported for theft, and the third "a common pickpocket often flogged at the cart's tail." The ancestry of South Carolina will as little pass muster

at the Herald's Visitation, though I hold them to have been more reputable, inasmuch as many of them were honest tradesmen and artisans, in some measure exiles for conscience' sake, who would have smiled at the high-flying nonsense of their descendants. Some of the more respectable were Jews. The absurdity of supposing a population of eight millions all sprung from gentle loins in the course of a century and a half is too manifest for confutation. But of what use to discuss the matter? An expert genealogist will provide any solvent man with a *genus et proavos* to order. My Lord Burleigh used to say, with Aristotle and the Emperor Frederick II. to back him, that "nobility was ancient riches," whence also the Spanish were wont to call their nobles *ricos hombres*, and the aristocracy of America are the descendants of those who first became wealthy, by whatever means. Petroleum will in this wise be the source of much good blood among our posterity. The aristocracy of the South, such as it is, has the shallowest of all foundations, for it is only skin-deep,—the most odious of all, for, while affecting to despise trade, it traces its origin to a successful traffick in men, women, and children, and still draws its chief revenues thence. And though, as Doctor Chamberlayne consolingly says in his "Present State of England," "to become a Merchant of Foreign Commerce, without serving any Apprentisage, hath been allowed no disparagement to a Gentleman born, especially to a younger Brother," yet I conceive that he would hardly have made a like exception in favour of the particular trade in question. Oddly enough this trade reverses the ordinary standards of social respectability no less than of morals, for the retail and domestick is as creditable as the wholesale and foreign is degrading to him who follows it. Are our morals, then, no better than *mores* after all? I do not believe that such aristocracy as exists at the South (for I hold with Marius, *fortis-*

simum quemque generosissimum) will be found an element of anything like persistent strength in war,—thinking the saying of Lord Bacon (whom one quaintly called *inductionis dominus et Verulamii*) as true as it is pithy, that “the more gentlemen, ever the lower books of subsidies.” It is odd enough as an historical precedent, that, while the fathers of New England were laying deep in religion, education, and freedom the basis of a polity which has substantially outlasted any then existing, the first work of the founders of Virginia, as may be seen in Wingfield’s “Memorial,” was conspiracy and rebellion,—odder yet, as showing the changes which are wrought by circumstance, that the first insurrection in South Carolina was against the aristocratical scheme of the Proprietary Government. I do not find that the cuticular aristocracy of the South has added anything to the refinements of civilisation except the carrying of bowie-knives and the chewing of tobacco,—a high-toned Southern gentleman being commonly not only *quadramanous* but *quidruminant*.

I confess that the present letter of Mr. Sawin increases my doubts as to the sincerity of the convictions which he professes, and I am inclined to think that the triumph of the legitimate Government, sure sooner or later to take place, will find him and a large majority of his newly adopted fellow-citizens (who hold with Dædalus, the primal sinner-on-the-fence, that *medium tenere tutissimum*) original Union men. The criticisms towards the close of his letter on certain of our failings are worthy to be seriously perpended; for he is not, as I think, without a spice of vulgar shrewdness. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*: there is no reckoning without your host. As to the good-nature in us which he seems to gird at, while I would not consecrate a chapel, as they have not scrupled to do in France, to *Nôtre Dame de la Haine* (Our Lady of Hate), yet I cannot forget that the cor-

ruption of good-nature is the generation of laxity of principle. Good-nature is our national characteristick; and though it be, perhaps, nothing more than a culpable weakness or cowardice, when it leads us to put up tamely with manifold impositions and breaches of implied contracts, (as too frequently in our public conveyances,) it becomes a positive crime when it leads us to look unresentfully on speculation, and to regard treason to the best Government that ever existed as something with which a gentleman may shake hands without soiling his fingers. I do not think the gallows-tree the most profitable member of our *Spectra*; but, since it continues to be planted, I would fain see a Northern limb ingrafted on it, that it may bear some other fruit than loyal Tennesseans.

A relick has recently been discovered on the east bank of Bushy Brook in North Jaalam, which I conceive to be an inscription in Runick characters relating to the early expedition of the Northmen to this continent. I shall make fuller investigations, and communicate the result in due season.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

P.S.—I inclose a year’s subscription from Deacon Tinkham.

I HED it on my min’ las’ time, when I
to write ye started,
To tech the leadin’ featur’s o’ my gittin’
me convarted;
But, ez my letters hez to go clearn roun’
by way o’ Cuby,
’Twun’t seem no staler now than then,
by th’ time it gits where you
be.
You know up North, though secs an’
things air plenty ez you please,
Ther’ warn’t nut one on ’em thet come
jes’ squire with my idees:
They all on ’em wuz too much mixed
with Covenants o’ Works,

An' would hev answered jest ez wal for
 Afrikins an' Turks,
 Fer wher's a Christian's privilege an'
 his rewards ensuin',
 Ef 'tain't perfessin' right an' eend 'thout
 nary need o' doin' ?
 I dessay they suit workin'-folks thet ain't
 . noways pertic'lar,
 But nut your Southun gen'leman thet
 keeps his parpendic'lar ;
 I don't blame nary man thet casts his lot
 along o' *his* folks,
 But ef you cal'late to save *me*, 't must be
 with folks thet *is* folks ;
 Cov'nants o' works go 'ginst my grain,
 but down here I've found out
 The true fus'-fem'ly A1 plan,— hefe's
 how it come about.
 When I fus' sot up with Miss S., sez she
 to me, sez she,
 " Without you git religion, Sir, the thing
 can't never be ;
 Nut but wut I respect," sez she, " your
 intellectle part,
 But you wun't noways du for me athout
 a change o' heart :
 Nothun religion works wal North, but it's
 ez soft ez spruce,
 Compared to ourn, for keepin' sound,"
 sez she, " upon the goose ;
 A day's experunce'd prove to ye, ez
 easy 'z pull a trigger,
 It takes the Southun pint o' view to raise
 ten bales a nigger ;
 You'll fin' thet human natur', South,
 ain't wholesome more'n skin-deep,
 An' once't a darkie's took with it, he
 wun't be wuth his keep."
 " How *shell* I git it, Ma'am ?" sez I.
 " Attend the nex' camp-meetin',"
 Sez she, " an' it 'll come to yc ez cheap
 ez onbleached sheetin'."
 Wal, so I went along an' hearn most an
 impressive sarmon
 About besprinklin' Afriky with fourth-
 proof dew o' H armon :
 He didn't put no weaknin' in, but gin it
 tu us hot,
 'Z ef he an' Satan 'd ben two bulls in one
 five-acre lot :

I don't purtend to foller him, but give ye
 jes' the heads ;
 For pulpit ellerkence, you know, 'most
 ollers kin' o' spreads.
 Ham's seed wuz gin to us in chairge, an'
 shouldn't we be li'ble
 In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back
 their priv'lege in the Bible ?
 The cusses an' the promesses make one
 gret chain, an' ef
 You shake one link out here, one there,
 how much on't ud be lef' ?
 All things wuz gin to man for 's use, his
 sarvice, an' delight ;
 An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew words
 thet mean a Man mean White ?
 Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all its
 proudest' featur's
 To think 'twuz wrote for black an'
 brown an' 'lasses-coloured creaturs,
 Thet couldn' read it, ef they would, nor
 ain't by lor allowed to,
 But ough' to take wut we think suits
 their natur's, an' be proud to ?
 Warn't it more profit'able to bring your
 raw materil thru
 Where you can work it into grace an'
 into cotton, tu,
 Than sendin' missionaries out where
 fevers might defeat 'em,
 An' ef the butcher didn' call, their
 p'rishioners might eat 'em ?
 An' then, agin, wut airthly use ? Nor
 'twarn't our fault, in so fur
 Ez Yankee skippers would keep on atotin'
 on 'em over.
 'T improved the whites by savin' 'em
 from ary need o' workin',
 An' kep' the blacks from bein' lost thru
 idleness an' shirkin' ;
 We took to 'em ez nat'ral ez a barn-owl
 doos to mice,
 An' hed our hull time on our hands to
 keep us out o' vice ;
 It made us feel ez pop'lar ez a hen doos
 with one chicken,
 An' fill our place in Natur's scale by
 givin' 'em a lickin' :
 For why should Cæsar git his dues more
 'n Juno, Pomp, an' Cuffy ?

It's justifyin' Ham to spare a nigger
 when he's stuffy.
 Where 'd their soles go tu, like to know,
 ef we should let 'em ketch
 Frecknowledgism an' Fourierism an'
 Speritoolism an' sech?
 When Satan sets himself to work to raise
 his very bes' muss,
 He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views
 relatin' to Ones'mus.
 You'd ough' to seen, though, how his
 facs an' argymunce an' figgers
 Drawed tears o' real conviction from a
 lot o' pen'tent niggers!
 It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where
 you're shet up in a pew,
 Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears, an'
 bilin' to be thru;
 Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a kag
 o' sunthin' in it,
 Where you could go, ef you wuz dry, an'
 damp ye in a minute;
 An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther'
 wuzn't no occasion
 To lose the thread, because, ye see, he
 bellered like ail Bashan.
 It's dry work follerin' argymunce an' so,
 'twix' this an' thet,
 I felt conviction weighin' down somehow
 inside my hat;
 It growed an' growed like Jonah's gourd,
 a kin' o' whirlin' ketched me,
 Ontil I fin'ly clean gin out an' owned up
 thet he'd fetched me;
 An' when nine tenths o' th' perrish took
 to tumblin' roun' an' hollerin',
 I didn' fin' no gret in th' way o' turnin'
 tu an' follerin'.
 Soon ez Miss S. sec thet, sez she,
 "Thet's wut I call wuth seein'!
 Thet's actin' like a reas'nable an' in-
 tellectle bein'!"
 An' so we fin'ly made it up, concluded
 to hitch hosses,
 An' here I be'n my ellermunt among
 creation's bosses;
 Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o' blanks,
 Fortin at last hez sent a prize,
 An' chose me for a shinin' light o'
 missionary entaprise.

This leads me to another pint on which
 I've changed my plan
 O' thinkin' so's't I might become a
 straight-out Southun man.
 Miss S. (her maiden name wuz Higgs, o'
 the fus' fem'ly here)
 On her Ma's side's all Juggernot, on
 Pa's all Cavileer,
 An' sence I've merried into her an' stept
 into her shoes,
 It ain't more'n nateral thet I should
 modderfy my views:
 I've ben a-readin' in Delbow ontill I've
 fairly gut
 So 'nlightened thet I'd full ez lives ha'
 ben a Dook ez nut;
 An' when we've laid ye all out still, an'
 Jeff hez gut his crown,
 An' comes to pick his nobles out, *wun't*
 this child be in town!
 We'll hev an Age o' Chivverly surpassin'
 Mister Burke's,
 Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an' nary
 white man works:
 Our system's sech, the thing 'll root ez
 easy ez a tater;
 For while your lords in furrin parts ain't
 nowadays marked by natur',
 Nor sot apart from ornery folks in
 featur's nor in figgers,
 Ef ourn 'll keep thein facs washed, you'll
 know 'em from thein niggers.
 Ain't *sech* things wuth secedin' for, an'
 gittin' red o' you
 Thet waller in your low ideas, an' will
 tell all is blue?
 Fact is, we *air* a diff'rent race, an' I, for
 one, don't see,
 Sech havin' ollers ben the case, how w'
 ever *did* agree.
 It's sunthin' thet you lab'rin'-folks up
 North hed ough' to think on,
 Thet Higgses can't bemean themselves
 to rulin' by a Lincoln,—
 Thet men, (an' guv'nors, tu,) thet hez
 sech Normal names ez Pickens,
 Accustomed to no kin' o' work, 'thout 'tis
 to givin' lickins,
 Can't masure votes with folks thet get
 their livins from their farms,

An' prob'ly think thet Law 's ez good ez
 hevin' coats o' aims.
 Sence I've ben here, I've hired a chap to
 look about for me
 To git me a transplantable an' thrifty
 fem'ly-tree,
 An' he tells *me* the Sawins is ez much o'
 Normal blood
 Ez Pickens an' the rest on 'em, an' older
 'n Noah's flood.
 Your Normal schools wun't turn ye into
 Normals, for it's clear,
 Ef edlykatin' done the thing, they'd be
 some skurcer here.
 Pickenses, Boggsses, Pettusses, Magoffins,
 Letchers, Polks, ---
 Where can you scare up names like
 them among your mudsill folks?
 Ther's nothin' to compare with 'em,
 you'd fin', ef you should glance,
 Among the tip-top femerlics in 'Englan',
 not in France :
 I've hearn frum 'sponsible men whose
 word wuz full ez good's their
 note,
 Men thet can run their face for drinks,
 an' keep a Sunday coat,
 That they wuz all on 'em come down,
 an' come down pooty fur,
 From folks thet, 'thout their crowns wuz
 on, ou' doors wouldn't never stir,
 Nor thet ther' warn't a Southun man but
 wut wuz *priny fashy*
 O' the bes' blood in Europe, yis, an'
 Afriky an' A-hy :
 Sech bein' the case, is't likely we should
 bend like cotton wickin',
 Or set down under anythin' so low-lived
 ez a lickin' ?
 More 'n this, --- hain't we the literatoor an'
 science, tu, by gorry ?
 Hain't we them intellectle twins, them
 giants, Simms an' Maury,
 Each with full twice the ushle brains, like
 nothin' thet I know,
 'thout 'twuz a double-headed calf I see
 once to a show ?
 For all thet, I warn't jest at fust in favour
 o' seccedin' ;

I wuz for layin' low a spell to find out
 where 'twuz leadin',
 For hevin' South-Carliny try her hand at
 seprinationin',
 She takin' resks an' findin' funds, an' we
 co-operationin', ---
 I mean a kin' o' hangin' roun' an' settin'
 on the fence,
 Till Prov'dunce pinte how to jump an'
 save the most expense ;
 I recollected thet 'ere mine o' lead to
 Shiraz Centre
 Thet bust up Jabez Pettibone, an' didn't
 want to ventur'
 'Fore I wuz sartin wut come out ud pay
 for wut went in,
 For swappin' silver off for lead ain't the
 sure way to win ;
 (An', fact, it *does* look now ez though---
 but folks must live an' larn---
 We should git lead, an' more 'n we want,
 out o' the Old Consarn ;)
 But when I see a man so wise an' honest
 ez Buchanan
 A-lettin' us hev all the forts an' all the
 arms an' cannon,
 Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right an' you
 wuz nat'lly wrong,
 Coz you wuz lab'rin'-folks an' we wuz
 wut they call *hong-long*,
 An' coz there warn't no fight in ye more 'n
 in a mashed potater,
 While two o' *us* can't skurecly meet but
 wut we fight by natur',
 An' th' ain't a bar-room here would pay
 for openin' on't a night,
 Without it giv the priverlege o' bein'
 shot at sight,
 Which proves we're Natur's noblemen;
 with whom it don't surprise
 The British aristoxty should feel boun' to
 sympathise, ---
 Seein' all this, an' seein', tu, the thing
 wuz strikin' roots
 While Uncle Sam sot still in hopes thet
 some one 'd bring his boots,
 I thought th' ole Union's hoops wuz off,
 an' let myself be sucked in
 To rise a peg an' jine the crowd thet
 went for reconstructin', ---

That is to hev the padnership under th'
 ole name continner
 Jest ez it wuz, we drorrin' pay, you
 findin' bone an' sinner,—
 On'y to put it in the bond, an' enter 't in
 the journals,
 Thet you're the nat'ral rank an' file, an'
 we the nat'ral kurnels.

Now this I thought a fees'ble plan, thet
 'ud work smooth ez grease,
 Suitin' the Nineteenth Century an' Upper
 Ten idees,
 An' there I meant to stick, an' so did
 most o' th' leaders, tu,
 Coz we all thought the chance wuz good
 o' puttin' on it thru;
 But Jeff he hit upon a way o' helpin' on
 us forrard
 By bein' unannergous,—a trick you ain't
 quite up to, Norrard.
 A Baldin hain't no more 'f a chance with
 them new apple-corsers
 Than folks's oppersition views agiust the
 Kingtail Roarers;
 They'll take 'em out on him 'bout east,
 —one canter on a rail
 Makes a man feel unannergous ez Jonah
 in the whale;
 * Or ef he's a slow-moulded cuss thet can't
 seem quite t' 'gree,
 He gits the noose by tellergraph upon
 the nighes' tree:
 Their mission-work with Afrikins hez
 put 'em up, thet's sartin,
 To all the mos' across-lot ways o' preachin'
 an' convartin';
 I'll bet my hat th' ain't nary priest, nor
 all on 'em together,
 Thet cairs conviction to the min' like
 Reveren' Taranfeather;
 Why, he sot up with me one night, an'
 laboured to sech purpose,
 Thet (ez an owl by daylight 'mongst a
 flock o' teasin' chirpers
 Sees clearer 'n mud the wickedness o'
 catin' little birds)
 I see my error an' agreed to shen it arter-
 wuds;

An' I should say, (to jedge our folks by
 facts in my possession,)
 Thet three's Unannergous where one's a
 'Riginal Session;
 So it's a thing you fellers North may
 safely bet your chink on,
 Thet we're all water-proofed agin th'
 usurpin' reign o' Lincoln.

Jeff's *some*. He's got another plan thet
 hez pertic'lar merits,
 In givin' things a cheerfle look an' stiff-
 nin' loose-hung sperits;
 For while your million papers, wut with
 lyin' an' discussin',
 Keep folks's tempers all on eend-a-fumin'
 an' a-fussin',
 A-wondrin' this an' guessin' thet, an'
 dreadin' every night
 The breechin' o' the Univar'se 'll break
 afore it's light,
 Our papers don't pertend to print on'y
 wut Guv'ment choose,
 An' thet insures us all to git the very best
 o' noose:
 Jeff hez it of all sorts an' kines, an' sarves
 it out ez wanted,
 So's 't every man gits wut he likes an'
 nobody ain't scanted;
 Sometimes it's vict'ries (they're 'bout all
 ther' is that's cheap down here,)
 Sometimes it's France an' England on
 the jump to interfere.
 Fact is, the less the people know o' wut
 ther' is a-doin',
 The hendier 'tis for Guv'ment, sence it
 henders trouble brewin';
 An' noose is like a shinplaster,—it's good,
 ef you believe it,
 Or, wut's all same, the other man thet's
 goin' to receive it:
 Ef you've a son in th' army, wy, it's
 comfortin' to hear
 He'll hev no gretter resk to run than
 seein' th' in'my's rear,
 Coz, ef an F. F. looks at 'em, they ollers
 break an' run,
 Or wilt right down ez debtors will thet
 stumble on a dun,

(An' this, ef an'thin', proves the wuth o'
proper fem'ly pride,
Fer sech mean shucks ez creditors are all
on Lincoln's side);
Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no
more 'n a Belgin rifle,
An' read thet it's at par on 'Change, it
makes me feel deli'fse;
It's cheerin', tu, where every man mus'
fortify his bed,
To hear thet Freedom's the one thing our
darkies mos'ly dread,
An' thet experunce, time 'n' agin, to
Dixie's Land hez shown
Ther' 's nothin' like a powder-cask fer a
stiddy corner-stone;
Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt is
sellin' by the ounce
For its own weight in Treash'ry-bons,
(ef bought in small amounts,)
When even whiskey's gittin' skurce an'
sugar can't be found,
To know thet all the ellernments o' luxury
abound?
An' don't it glorify sal'-pork, to come to
understand
It's wut the Richmon' editors call fatness
o' the land!
Nex' thing to knowin' you're well off is
nut to know when y' ain't;
An' ef Jeff says all 's goin' wal, who'll
ventur' t' say it ain't?

This cairn the Constitutooshun roun' ez
Jeff doos in his hat
Is hendier a dresse sight, an' comes more
kin' o' pat.
I tell ye wut, my judgment is you're
pooty sure to fail,
Ez long 'z the head keeps turnin' back
for counsel to the tail:
Th' advantages of our consarn for bein'
prompt air gret,
While, 'long o' Congress, you can't strike,
'f you git an iron het;
They bother roun' with argoooin', an'
var'ous sorts o' foolin',
To make sure ef it's leg'lyly het, an' all
the while it's coolin',

So's 't when you come to strike, it ain't
no gret to wish ye j'y on,
An' hurts the hammer 'z much or more
ez wut it doos the iron,
Jeff don't allow no jawin'-sprees for three
months at a stretch,
Knowin' the ears long speeches suits air
mostly made to metch;
He jes' ropes in your tongucy chaps an'
reg'lar ten-inch bores
An' lets 'em play at Congress, ef they'll
du it with closed doors;
So they ain't no more bothersome than
ef we'd took an' sunk 'em,
An' yit enj'y th' exclusive right to one
another's Buncombe
'thout doin' nobody no hurt, an' 'thout
its costin' nothin',
Their pay bein' jes' Confedrit funds, they
lin'lin' keep an' clothin';
They taste the sweets o' public life, an'
plan their little jobs,
An' suck the Treash'ry, (no gret harm,
for it's ez dry ez cobs,)
An' go thru all the motions jest ez safe
ez in a prison,
An' hev their business to themselves,
while Buregard hez hisn:
Ez long 'z he gives the Hessians fits,
committees can't make bother
'bout whether 't's done the legle way or
whether 't's done the tother.
An' I tell you you've gut to larn thet War
ain't one long teeter
Betwixt *I wan' to an' 'Twinn' du*, de-
batin' like a skeetur
Afore he lights,—all is, to give the other
side a millin',
An' arter thet's done, th' ain't no resk
but wut the lor 'll be willin';
No metter wut the guv'ment is, ez nigh
ez I can hit it,
A lickin' 's constitooshunal, pervidin' *We*
don't git it.
Jeff don't stan' dilly-dallyin', afore he
takes a fort,
(With no one in,) to git the leave o' the
nex' Soopreme Court,
Nor don't want forty-'leven weeks o'
jawin' an' expoundin',

To prove a nigger hez a right to save
him, ef he's drownin' ;
Whereas ole Abe 'ud sink afore he'd let
a darkie boost him,
Ef Taney shouldn't come along an' hedn't
interdooced him.
It ain't your twenty millions thet 'll ever
block Jeff's game,
But one Man thet wun't let 'em jog jest
ez he's takin' aim :
Your numbers they may strengthen ye or
weaken ye, ez 't heppens
They're willin' to be helpin' hands or
wuss'n-nothin' cap'ns.

I've chose my side, an' 'tain't no odds
ef I wuz drawed with magnets,
Or ef I thought it prudent to jine the
nighes' bagnets ;
I've made my ch'ice, an' ciphered out,
from all I see an' heard,
Th' ole Constitutooshun never'd git her
decks for action cleared,
Long 'z you elect for Congressmen poor
shots thet want to go
Coz they can't seem to git their grub no
otherways than so,
An' let your bes' men stay to home coz
they wun't show ez talkers,
Nor can't be hired to fool ye an' sof-
soap ye at a caucus,—
Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more 'n ye do
by folks's merits,
Ez though experunce thriv by change o'
sile, like corn an' kerrits,—
Long 'z you allow a critter's "claims"
coz, spite o' shoves an' tip-
pins,
He's kep' his private pan jest where
'twould ketch mos' public drip-
pins,—
Long 'z A.'ll turn tu an' grin' B.'s exe
ef B.'ll help him grin' hisn,
(An' thet's the main idee by which your
leadin' men hev risen,)—
Long 'z you let *ary* exe be groun', 'less
'tis to cut the weasan'
O' sneaks thet dunno till they're told
wut is an' wut ain't Treason,—

Long 'z ye give out commissions to a lot
o' peddlin' drones
Thet trade in whiskey with their men an'
skin 'em to their bones,—
Long 'z ye sift out "safe" cander-
dates thet no one ain't afeard
on
Coz they're so thund'r'in' eminent for
bein' never heard on,
An' hain't no record, ez it's called, for
folks to pick a hole in,
Ez ef it hurt a man to hev a body with
a soul in,
An' it wuz ostentashun to be showin'
on't about,
When half his feller-citizens contrive to
du without,—
Long 'z you suppose your votes can turn
biled kebbage into brain,
An' ary man thet's pop'lar 's fit to drive a
lightnin'-train,—
Long 'z you believe democracy means *I'm*
ez good ez you be,
An' that a feller from the rinks can't be
a knave or booby,—
Long 'z Congress seems purvided, like
yer street-cars an' yer 'busses,
With ollers room for jes' one more o'
your spiled-in-bakin' cusses,
Dough 'thout the emptins of a soul, an'
yit with means about 'em
(Like essence-peddlers¹) thet 'll make
folks long to be without 'em,
Jes heavy 'nough to turn a scale thet's
doubtful the wrong way,
An' make their nat'ral arsenal o' bein'
nasty pay,—
Long 'z them things last, (an' I don't see
no gret signs of improvin',)
I sha'n't up stakes, not hardly yit, nor
'twouldn't pay for movin' ;
For, 'fore you lick us, it'll be the long'st
day ever *you* see.
Yourn, (ez I 'xpec' to be nex' spring.)
B., MARKISS O' BIG BOOSY.

¹ A rustic euphemism for the American variety
of the *Mephitis*. H. W.

No. IV

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS IN
SECRET SESSION*Conjecturally reported by H. BIGLOW*TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JAALAM, 10th March, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,— My leisure has been so entirely occupied with the hitherto fruitless endeavour to decypher the Runick inscription whose fortunate discovery I mentioned in my last communication, that I have not found time to discuss, as I had intended, the great problem of what we are to do with slavery,—a topick on which the publick mind in this place is at present more than ever agitated. What my wishes and hopes are I need not say, but for safe conclusions I do not conceive that we are yet in possession of facts enough on which to bottom them with certainty. Acknowledging the hand of Providence, as I do, in all events, I am sometimes inclined to think that they are wiser than we, and am willing to wait till we have made this continent once more a place where freemen can live in security and honour, before assuming any further responsibility. This is the view taken by my neighbour Habakkuk Sloansure, Esq., the president of our bank, whose opinion in the practical affairs of life has great weight with me, as I have generally found it to be justified by the event, and whose counsel, had I followed it, would have saved me from an unfortunate investment of a considerable part of the painful economies of half a century in the Northwest-Passage Tunnel. After a somewhat animated discussion with this gentleman, a few days since, I expanded, on the *audi alteram partem* principle, something which he happened to say by way of illustration, into the following fable.

FESTINA LENTE

Once on a time there was a pool
Fringed all about with flag-leaves cool
And spotted with cow-lilies garish,
Of frogs and pouts the ancient parish.
Alders the creaking redwings sink on,
Tussocks that house blithe Bob o' Lincoln
Hedged round the unassailed seclusion,
Where muskrats piled their cells Car-
thusian ;

And many a moss-embroidered log,
The watering-place of summer frog,
Slept and decayed with patient skill,
As watering-places sometimes will.

Now in this Abbey of Ticleme,
Which realised the fairest dream
That ever dozing bull-frog had,
Sunned on a half-sunk lily-pad,
There rose a party with a mission
To mend the polliwogs' condition,
Who notified the selectmen
To call a meeting there and then.
"Some kind of steps," they said, "are
needed ;

They don't come on so fast as we did :
Let's dock their tails ; if that don't make
'em

Frogs by brevet, the Old One take 'em !
That boy, that came the other day
To dig some flag-root down this way,
His jack-knife left, and 'tis a sign
That Heaven approves of our design :
'Twere wicked not to urge the step on,
When Providence has sent the weapon."

Old croakers, deacons of the mire,
That led the deep batrachian choir,
Uk! Uk! Caronk! with bass that might
Have left Lablache's out of sight,
Shook nobby heads, and said, "No go!
You'd better let 'em try to grow :
Old Doctor Time is slow, but still
He does know how to make a pill."

But vain was all their hoarsest bass,
Their old experience out of place,
And spite of croaking and entreating,
The vote was carried in marsh-meeting.

"Lord knows," protest the polliwogs,
"We're anxious to be grown-up frogs ;

But don't push in to do the work
Of Nature till she prove a shirk;
'Tis not by jumps that she advances,
But wins her way by circumstances:
Pray, wait awhile, until you know
We're so contrived as not to grow;
Let Nature take her own direction,
And she'll absorb our imperfection;
You mightn't like 'em to appear with,
But we must have the things to steer with."

"No," piped the party of reform,
"All great results are ta'en by storm;
Fate holds her best gifts till we show
We've strength to make her let them go;
The Providence that works in history,
And seems to some folks such a mystery,
Does not creep slowly on *incog.*,
But moves by jumps, a mighty frog;
No more reject the Age's chrisim,
Your queues are an anachronism;
No more the Future's promise mock,
But lay your tails upon the block,
Thankful that we the means have voted
To have you thus to frogs promoted."

The thing was done, the tails were
cropped,
And home each philotadpole hopped,
In faith rewarded to exolt,
And wait the beautiful result.
Too soon it came; our pool, so long
The theme of patriot bull-frog's song,
Next day was reeking, fit to smother,
With heads and tails that missed each
other,—
Here snoutless tails, there tailless snouts;
The only gainers were the pouts.

MORAL.

From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text;
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the Evil in its nature.

I think that nothing will ever give
permanent peace and security to this
continent but the extirpation of Slavery
therefrom, and that the occasion is nigh;
but I would do nothing hastily or vindic-
tively, nor presume to jog the elbow of

Providence. No desperate measures for
me till we are sure that all others are
hopeless,—*flectere si nequeo SUPEROS,*
Acheronta movebo. To make Emancipa-
tion a reform instead of a revolution is
worth a little patience, that we may have
the Border States first, and then the
non-slaveholders of the Cotton States,
with us in principle,—a consummation
that seems to be nearer than many
imagine. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum,* is
not to be taken in a literal sense by
statesmen, whose problem is to get justice
done with as little jar as possible to exist-
ing order, which has at least so much of
heaven in it that it is not chaos. Our
first duty toward our enslaved brother is
to educate him, whether he be white or
black. The first need of the free black
is to elevate himself according to the
standard of this material generation. So
soon as the Ethiopian goes in his chariot,
he will find not only Apostles, but Chief
Priests and Scribes and Pharisees willing
to ride with him.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

I rejoice in the President's late Message,
which at last proclaims the Government
on the side of freedom, justice, and sound
policy.

As I write, comes the news of our
disaster at Hampton Roads. I do not
understand the supineness which, after
fair warning, leaves wood to an unequal
conflict with iron. It is not enough
merely to have the right on our side, if
we stick to the old flint-lock of tradition.
I have observed in my parochial experi-
ence (*haud ignarus mali*) that the Devil
is prompt to adopt the latest inventions
of destructive warfare, and may thus take
even such a three-decker as Bishop Butler
at an advantage. It is curious, that, as
gunpowder made armour useless on shore,
so armour is having its revenge by baffling
its old enemy at sea; and that, while gun-
powder robbed land warfare of nearly all
its picturesqueness to give even greater

stateliness and sublimity to a sea-fight, armour bids fair to degrade the latter into a squabble between two iron-shelled turtles.

Yours, with esteem and respect,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

P.S.— I had wellnigh forgotten to say that the object of this letter is to enclose a communication from the gifted pen of Mr. Biglow.

I SENT you a message, my friends, t'other day,

To tell you I'd nothin' pertickler to say: 'twuz the day our new nation gut kin' o' stillborn,

So 'twuz my pleasant dooty t' acknowledge the corn,

An' I see clearly then, ef I didn't before, Thet the *ausur* in inauguration means *bore*.

I needn't tell *you* that my message wuz written

To diffuse correc' notions in France an' Gret Britten,

An' agin to impress on the poppylar mind

The comfort an' wisdom o' goin' it blind.—

To say thet I didn't abate not a hooter O' my faith in a happy an' glorious futur',

Ez rich in each soshle an' p'litickle blessin'

Ez them thet we now hed the joy o' possessin',

With a people united, an' longin' to die For wut *we* call their country, without askin' why,

An' all the gret things we concluded to slope for

Ez much within reach now ez ever—to hope for.

We've gut all the elllements, this very hour,

Thet make up a fus'-class, self-governin' power:

We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag; an' ef this

Ain't to be inderpendunt, why, wut on airth is?

An' nothin' now henders our takin' our station

Ez the freest, enlightenedest, civerlised nation,

Built up on our bran'-new politickle thesis

Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to tumble to pieces,—

I say nothin' henders our takin' our place

Ez the very fus'-best o' the whole human race,

A spittin' tobacker ez proud ez you please

On Victory's bes' carpets, or loafin' at ease

In the Tool'ries front-parlour, discussin' affairs

With our heels on the backs o' Napoleon's new chairs,

An' princes a-mixin' our cocktails an' slings,—

Excep', wal, excep' jest a very few things,

Sech ez navies an' armies an' wherewith to pay,

An' gittin' our sogers to run t'other way,

An' not be too over-pertickler in tryin' To hunt up the very las' ditches to die in.

Ther' are critters so base thet they want it explained

Jes' wut is the totle amount thet we've guined,

Ez ef we could maysure stupenjious events

By the low Yankee stan'ard o' dollars an' cents:

They seem to forgit, thet, sence last year revolved,

We've succeeded in gittin' seceshed an' dissolved,

An' thet no one can't hope to git thru dissolootion

'thout some kin' o' strain on the best Constitution.

Who asks for a prospec' more flettrin'
 an' bright,
 When from here clean to Texas it's all
 one free fight?
 Hain't we rescued from Seward the gret
 leadin' featur
 Thet makes it wuth while to be reasonin'
 creaturs?
 Hain't we saved Habus Coppers, im-
 proved it in fact,
 By suspendin' the Unionists 'stid o' the
 Act?
 Ain't the laws free to all? Where on
 airth else d'ye see
 Every freeman improvin' his own rope
 an' tree?
 Ain't our piety sech (in our speeches an'
 messages)
 Ez t' astonish ourselves in the bes'-com-
 posed pessiges,
 An' to make folks thet knowed us in th'
 ole state o' things
 Think convarsion ez easy ez drinkin'
 gin-slings?
 It's ne'ssary to take a good confident
 tone
 With the public; but here, jest amongst
 us, I own
 Things look blacker 'n thunder. Ther' 's
 no use denyin'
 We're clean out o' money, an' 'most out
 o' lyin';
 Two things a young nation can't mennage
 without,
 Ef she wants to look wal at her fust
 comin' out;
 For the fust supplies physickle strength,
 while the second
 Gives a morril edvantage thet's hard to
 be reckoned:
 For this latter I'm willin' to du wut I
 can;
 For the former you'll hev to consult on a
 plan,--
 Though our *fust* want (an' this pint I
 want your best views on)
 Is plausible paper to print I.O.U.s on.
 Some gennlemen think it would cure all
 our cankers

In the way o' finance, ef we jes' hanged
 the bankers;
 An' I own the proposle 'ud square with
 my views,
 Ef their lives wuzn't all thet we'd left
 'em to lose.
 Some say thet more confidence might be
 inspired,
 Ef we voted our cities an' towns to be
 fied,—
 A plan thet 'ud suddenly tax our endur-
 ance,
 Coz 'twould be our own bills we should
 git for th' insurance;
 But cinders, no metter how sacred we
 think 'em,
 Mightn't strike furrin minds ez good
 sources of income,
 Nor the people, perhaps, woulnd't like
 the claw
 O' bein' all turned into paytriots by
 law.
 Some want we should buy all the cotton
 an' burn it,
 On a pledge, when we've gut thru the
 war, to return it,—
 Then to take the proceeds an' hold *them*
 ez security
 For an issue o' bonds to be met at
 maturity
 With an issue o' notes to be paid in hard
 cash
 On the fus' Monday follerin' the 'tarnal
 Allsmash:
 This hez a safe air, an', once hold o' the
 gold,
 'ud leave our vile plunderers out in the
 cold,
 An' *might* temp' John Bull, ef it warn't
 for the dip he
 Once gut from the banks o' my own
 Massissippi.
 Some think we could make, by arrangin'
 the figgers,
 A hendy homie - currency out of our
 niggers;
 But it wun't du to lean much on ary sech
 staff,
 For they're gittin' tu current a'ready, by
 half.

One gennleman says, ef we lef' our loan
 out
 Where Floyd could git hold on't *he'd*
 take it, no doubt;
 But 'tain't jes' the takin, though 't hez a
 good look,
 We mus' git sunthin' out on it arter it's
 took,
 An' we need now more 'n ever, with
 sorrer I own,
 Thet some one another should let us a
 loan,
 Sence a soger wun't fight, *an'* jes' while
 he draws his
 Pay down on the nail, for the best of all
 causes,
 'thout askin' to know wut the quarrel's
 about,—
 An' once come to thet, why, our game is
 played out.
 It's ez true ez though I shouldn't never
 hev said it,
 Thet a hitch hez took place in our system
 o' credit;
 I swear it's all right in my speeches an'
 messiges,
 But ther' 's idees afloat, ez ther' is about
 sessiges:
 Folks wun't take a bond ez a basis to
 trade on,
 Without nosin' round to find out wut it's
 made on,
 An' the thought more an' more thru the
 public min' crosses
 Thet our Treshry hez gut 'mos' too many
 dead hoses.
 Wut's called credit, you see, is some like
 a balloon,
 Thet looks while it's up 'most ez harn-
 some 'z a moon,
 But once git a leak in't, an' wut looked
 so grand
 Caves righ' down in a jiffy ez flat ez your
 hand.
 Now the world is a drefle mean place,
 for our sins,
 Where ther' ollus is critters about with
 long pins
 A-prickin' the bubbles we've blowed with
 sech care,

An' provin' ther' 's nothin' inside but
 bad air:
 They're all Stuart Millses, poor-white
 trash, an' sneaks,
 Without no more chivverly 'n Choctaws
 or Creeks,
 Who think a real gennleman's promise
 to pay
 Is meant to be took in trade's ornery
 way:
 Them fellers an' I couldn' never agree;
 They're 'the nateral foes o' the Southun
 Idce;
 I'd gladly take all of our other resks on
 me
 To be red o' this low-lived politikle
 'con'my!

Now a dastardly notion is gittin' about
 Thet our bladder is bust an' the gas
 oozin' out,
 An' unless we can mennage in some way
 to stop it,
 Why, the thing 's a gone coon, an' we
 might ez wal drop it.
 Brag works wal at fust, but it ain't jes'
 the thing
 For a stiddy invessment the shiners to
 bring,
 An' votin' we're prosp'rous a hundred
 times over
 Wun't change bein' starved into livin' in
 clover.
 Manassas done sunthin' tow'ards drawin'
 the wool
 O'er the green, antislavery eyes o' John
 Bull:
 Oh, *warn't* it a godsend, jes' when sech
 tight fixes
 Wuz crowdin' us mourners, to throw
 double-sixes!
 I wuz tempted to think, an' it wuzn't no
 wonder,
 Ther' wuz reelly a Providence,—over or
 under,—
 When, all packed for Nashville, I fust
 ascertained
 From the papers up North wut a victory
 we'd gained.

'twuz the time for diffusin' correc' views
abroad
Of our union an' strength an' relyin' on
God;
An', fact, when I'd gut thru my fust big
surprise,
I much ez half b'lieved in my own tallest
lies,
An' conveyed the idee thet the whole
Southun popperlace
Wuz Spartans all on the keen jump for
Thermopperlies,
Thet set on the Lincolnites' bombs till
they bust,
An' fight for the priv'lege o' dyin' the
fust;
But Roanoke, Bufort, Millspring, an' the
rest
Of our recent starn-foremost successes
out West,
Hain't left us a foot for our swellin' to
stand on,
We've showed *too* much o' wut Buregard
calls *abandon*,
For all our Thermopperlies (an' it's a
marcy
We hain't hed no more) hev ben clean
vicy-vaissy,
An' wut Spartans wuz lef' when the
battle wuz done
Wuz them thet wuz too unambitious to
run.

Oh, ef we hed on'y jes' gut Reecogni-
tion,
Things now would ha' ben in a different
position!
You'd ha' hed all you wanted: the paper
blockade
Smashed up into toothpicks; unlimited
trade
In the one thing thet's needfle, till niggers,
I swow,
Hed ben thicker 'n provisiona' shin-
plasters now;
Quinine by the ton 'ginst the shakes when
they seize ye;
Nice paper to coin into C. S. A. specie;
The voice of the driver'd be heerd in
our land,

An' the univarse scringe, ef we lifted our
hand:
Wouldn't *thet* be some like a fulfillin'
the prophecies,
With all the fus' fem'lies in all the fust
offices?
'twuz a beautiful dream, an' all sorer is
idle,—
But ef Lincoln *would* ha' hanged Mason
an' Slidell!
For wouldn't the Yankees hev found
they'd ketched Tartars,
Ef they'd raised two sech critters as them
into martyrs?
Mason *wuz* F. F. V., though a cheap
carl to win on,
But t'other was jes' New York trash to
begin on;
They ain't o' no good in Európean
pellices,
But think wut a help they'd ha' ben on
their gallowses!
They'd ha' felt they wuz truly fulfillin'
their mission,
An', oh, how dog-cheap we'd ha' gut
Reecognition!

But somehow another, wutever we've
tried,
Though the the'ry's fust-rate, the facts
wun't coincide:
Facts are contrary 'z mules, an' ez hard
in the mouth,
An' they allus hev showed a mean spite
to the South.
Sech bein' the case, we hed best look about
For some kin' o' way to slip *our* necks
out:
Le' 's vote our las' dollar, ef one can be
found,
(An', at any rate, votin' it hez a good
sound,)—
Le' 's swear thet to arms all our people
is flyin',
(The critters can't read, an' wun't know
how we're lyin',)—
Thet Toombs is advancin' to sack Cin-
cinnater,
With a rovin' commission to pillage an'
slahter,—

Thet we've throwed to the winds all
 regard for wut's lawfle,
 An' gone in for sunthin' promiscu'sly
 awfle
 Ye see, hitherto, it's our own knaves an'
 fools
 Thet we've used, (those for whetstones,
 an' t'othcis ez tools,)
 An' now our las' chance is in puttin' to
 test
 The same kin' o' cattle up North an' out
 West, —
 Your Belmonts, Vallandighams, Woodses,
 in sech,
 Poor shots thet ye couldn't persuade us
 to tech,
 Not in oinety times, though we're willin'
 to feed em
 With a nod now an' then, when we
 happen to need 'em;
 Why, for my part, I d ruther shike hands
 with a nigger
 Than with cusses that load in' don't
 darst dror a tigger.
 They're the wust wooden nutmegs the
 Yankees peddoore.
 Shaky everywheres else, an' jes' sound
 on the goose,
 They ain't wuth a cuss, an' I set nothin'
 by 'em,
 But we're in sech a fix thet I s'pose we
 mus' try em.
 I— But, Gennlemen, here's a despatch
 jes' come in
 Which shows thet the tide's begun
 turnin' agin',
 Giet Cornfeddit success! ('lumbus
 evacuated!'
 I mus' run down an' hev the thing
 properly stated,
 An' show wut a triumph it is, an' how
 lucky
 To fin'ly git red o' thet cussed Ken-
 tucky,—
 An' how, sence Fort Donelson, winnin'
 the day
 Consists in triumphantly gattin' away.

No. V

SPEECH OF HONOURABLE PRE-
 SERVED DOE IN SECRET
 CAUCUS

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
 MONTHLY

JALAM, 12th April, 1862

GENTLEMEN,—As I cannot but hope
 that the ultimate, if not speedy, success
 of the national aims is now sufficiently
 ascertained, sure as I am of the righteous-
 ness of our cause and its consequent claim
 on the blessing of God, (for I would not
 show a faith inferior to that of the Pagan
 historian with his *Facile evenit quod Divi
 cordi est*) it seems to me a suitable occa-
 sion to withdraw our minds a moment
 from the confusing din of battle to
 objects of peaceful and permanent in-
 terest. Let us not neglect the monu-
 ments of preterite history because what
 shall be history is so diligently making
 under our eyes. *Cras incens iterabimus
 agnos*; to-morrow will be time enough
 for that stormy sea, to-day let me en-
 gage the attention of your readers with
 the Rumick inscription to whose fortunate
 discovery I have heretofore alluded.
 Well may we say with the poet, *Mulla
 renascuntur qua jam cecidere*. And I
 would premise, that, although I can no
 longer resist the evidence of my own
 senses from the stone before me to the
 ante Columbian discovery of this con-
 tinent by the Northmen, *gens inlytis-
 sima*, as they are called in a Palermitan
 inscription, written fortunately in a less
 debatable character than that which I
 am about to decipher, yet I would by no
 means be understood as wishing to vil-
 pend the merits of the great Genoese,
 whose name will never be forgotten so
 long as the inspiring strains of "Hail
 Columbia" shall continue to be heard.
 Though he must be stripped also of
 whatever praise may belong to the ex-
 periment of the egg, which I find pro-

verbially attributed by Castilian authors to a certain Juanito or Jack, (perhaps an offshoot of our giant-killing mythus,) his name will still remain one of the most illustrious of modern times. But the impartial historian owes a duty likewise to obscure merit, and my solicitude to render a tardy justice is perhaps quickened by my having known those who, had their own field of labour been less secluded, might have found a readier acceptance with the reading publick. I could give an example, but I forbear: *forsitan nostris ex ossibus oritur ultor.*

Touching Runick inscriptions, I find that they may be classed under three general heads: 1°. Those which are understood by the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and Professor Rafn, their Secretary; 2°. Those which are comprehensible only by Mr. Rafn; and 3°. Those which neither the Society, Mr. Rafn, nor anybody else can be said in any definite sense to understand, and which accordingly offer peculiar temptations to enucleating sagacity. These last are naturally deemed the most valuable by intelligent antiquaries, and to this class the stone now in my possession fortunately belongs. Such give a picturesque variety to ancient events, because susceptible oftentimes of as many interpretations as there are individual archaeologists; and since facts are only the pulp in which the Idea or event-seed is softly imbedded till it ripen, it is of little consequence what colour or flavour we attribute to them, provided it be agreeable. Availing myself of the obliging assistance of Mr. Arphaxad Bowers, an ingenious photographick artist, whose house-on-wheels has now stood for three years on our Meeting-House Green, with the somewhat contradictory inscription,—“*our motto is onward,*”—I have sent accurate copies of my treasure to many learned men and societies, both native and European. I may hereafter communicate their different and (*me judice*) equally erroneous solutions. I solicit

also, Messrs. Editors, your own acceptance of the copy herewith enclosed. I need only premise further, that the stone itself is a goodly block of metamorphick sandstone, and that the Runes resemble very nearly the ornithichnites or fossil bird-tracks of Dr. Hitchcock, but with less regularity or apparent design than is displayed by those remarkable geological monuments. These are rather the *non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum*. Resolved to leave no door open to cavil, I first of all attempted the elucidation of this remarkable example of lithick literature by the ordinary modes, but with no adequate return for my labour. I then considered myself amply justified in resorting to that heroick treatment the felicity of which, as applied by the great Bentley to Milton, had long ago enlisted my admiration. Indeed, I had already made up my mind, that, in case good fortune should throw any such invaluable record in my way, I would proceed with it in the following simple and satisfactory method. After a cursory examination, merely sufficing for an approximative estimate of its length, I would write down a hypothetical inscription based upon antecedent probabilities, and then proceed to extract from the characters engraven on the stone a meaning as nearly as possible conformed to this *a priori* product of my own ingenuity. The result more than justified my hopes, inasmuch as the two inscriptions were made without any great violence to tally in all essential particulars. I then proceeded, not without some anxiety, to my second test, which was, to read the Runick letters diagonally, and again with the same success. With an excitement pardonable under the circumstances, yet tempered with thankful humility, I now applied my last and severest trial, my *experimentum crucis*. I turned the stone, now doubly precious in my eyes, with scrupulous exactness upside down. The physical exertion so far displaced my spectacles as to derange for a

moment the focus of vision. I confess that it was with some tremulousness that I readjusted them upon my nose, and prepared my mind to bear with calmness any disappointment that might ensue. But, *O albo dies notanda lapillo!* what was my delight to find that the change of position had effected none in the sense of the writing, even by so much as a single letter! I was now, and justly, as I think, satisfied of the conscientious exactness of my interpretation. It is as follows:—

HERE

BJARNA GRIMOLFSSON

FIRST DRANK CLOUD-BROTHER
THROUGH CHILD-OF-LAND-AND-
WATER :

that is, drew smoke through a reed stem. In other words, we have here a record of the first smoking of the herb *Nicotiana Tabacum* by an European on this continent. The probable results of this discovery are so vast as to baffle conjecture. If it be objected, that the smoking of a pipe would hardly justify the setting up of a memorial stone, I answer, that even now the Moquis Indian, ere he takes his first whiff, bows reverently toward the four quarters of the sky in succession, and that the loftiest monuments have been reared to perpetuate fame, which is the dream of the shadow of smoke. The *Saga*, it will be remembered, leaves this Bjarna to a fate something like that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on board a sinking ship in the "wormy sea," having generously given up his place in the boat to a certain Icelander. It is doubly pleasant, therefore, to meet with this proof that the brave old man arrived safely in Vinland, and that his declining years were cheered by the respectful attentions of the dusky denizens of our then uninvaded forest. Most of all was I gratified, however, in thus linking forever the name of my native town with one of the most momentous occurrences of modern times. Hitherto Jaalam,

though in soil, climate, and geographical position as highly qualified to be the theatre of remarkable historical incidents as any spot on the earth's surface, has been, if I may say it without seeming to question the wisdom of Providence, almost maliciously neglected, as it might appear, by occurrences of world-wide interest in want of a situation. And in matters of this nature it must be confessed that adequate events are as necessary as the *valer's savor* to record them. Jaalam stood always modestly ready, but circumstances made no fitting response to her generous intentions. Now, however, she assumes her place on the historick roll. I have hitherto been a zealous opponent of the Circean herb, but I shall now reexamine the question without bias.

I am aware that the Rev. Jonas Tutchel, in a recent communication to the "Bogus Four Corners Weekly Meridian," has endeavoured to show that this is the sepulchral inscription of Thorwald Eriksson, who, as is well known, was slain in Vinland by the natives. But I think he has been misled by a preconceived theory, and cannot but feel that he has thus made an ungracious return for my allowing him to inspect the stone with the aid of my own glasses (he having by accident left his at home) and in my own study. The heathen ancients might have instructed this Christian minister in the rites of hospitality; but much is to be pardoned to the spirit of self-love. He must indeed be ingenious who can make out the words *hér hollir* from any characters in the inscription in question, which, whatever else it may be, is certainly not mortuary. And even should the reverend gentleman succeed in persuading some fantastical wits of the soundness of his views, I do not see what useful end he will have gained. For if the English Courts of Law hold the testimony of gravestones from the burial-grounds of Protestant dissenters to be questionable, even where

it is essential in proving a descent, I cannot conceive that the epitaphial assertions of heathens should be esteemed of more authority by any man of orthodox sentiments.

At this moment, happening to cast my eyes upon the stone, whose characters a transverse light from my southern window brings out with singular distinctness, another interpretation has occurred to me, promising even more interesting results. I hasten to close my letter in order to follow at once the clue thus providentially suggested.

I inclose, as usual, a contribution from Mr. Biglow, and remain,

Gentlemen, with esteem and respect,
Your Obedient Humble Servant,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

I THANK ye, my frien's, for the warmth
o' your greetin' ;
Ther' 's few aithly blessin's but wut's
vain an' fleetin' ;
But ef ther' is one thet hain't *no* cracks
an' flaws,
An' is wuth goin' in for, it's pop'lar
applause ;
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez
rockets,
An' I feel it—wal, down to the eend o'
my pockets.
Jes' lovin' the people is Canaan in view,
But it's Canran paid quarterly t' hev 'em
love you ;
It's a blessin' thet's breakin' out ollus in
fresh spots ;
It's a-follerin' Moses 'thout losin' the
flesh-pots.
But, Gennlemen, 'scuse me, I ain't sech
a raw cus
Ez to go luggin' ellersence into a caucus,—
Thet is, into one where the call com-
prehen's
Nut the People in person, but on'y their
frien's ;
I'm so kin' o' used to convincin' the
masses
Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-governin'
asses,

I forgut thet *we're* all o' the sort thet
pull wires
An' arrange for the public their wants
an' desires,
An' thet wut we hed met for wus jes' to
agree
Wut the People's opinion, in futur'
should be.

Now, to come to the nub, we've ben all
disappointed,
An' our leadin' idees are a kind o'
dis-jointed,
Though, sui ez the nateral man could
discern,
Things ough' to ha' took most an
opposite turn
But The'y is jes' like a train on the rail,
Thet, weather or no, puts hei thru
without fail,
While Fac' 's the ole stage thet gits
sloughed in the cuts,
An' hez to allow for youi darned efs an'
buts,
An' so, nut intendin' no pers'nal reflec-
tions,
They don't—don't nut allus, thet is,—
make connections ;
Sometimes, when it really doos seem
thet they'd oughter
Combine jest ez kindly ez new rum an'
water,
Both 'll be jest ez sot in their ways ez a
bagnet,
Ez otherwise-minded ez th' eends of a
magnet,
An' folks like you 'n' me, thet ain't ept
to be sold,
Git somehow or 'nother left out in the
cold.
I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret of a
row,
Jeff D. would ha' ben where A. Lincoln
is now,
With Taney to say 'twuz all legle an'
fair,
An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to swear
Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed into
the ditch

By the fault o' the North in misplacin'
the switch.
Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Buchanan to nuss 'em ;
But the People—they wouldn't be Mexicans, cuss 'em !
Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upshot, 'z you may say,
Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean away?
An' doosn't the right primy-fashy include
The bein' entitled to nut be subdued ?
The fact is, we'd gone for the Union so stroug,
When Union meant South ollus right an' North wrong,
Thet the People gut fooled into thinkin' it might
Worry on middlin' wal with the North in the right.
We might ha' ben now jest ez prosp'rous ez France,
Where p'litikle enterprise hez a fair chance,
An' the People is heppy an' proud et this hour,
Long ez they hev the votes, to let Nap hev the power;
But *our* folks they went an' believed wut we'd told 'em,
An', the flag once insulted, no mortle could hold 'em.
'Twuz pervokin' jest when we wuz cert'in to win.—
An' I, for one, wun't trust the masses agin :
For a People thet knows much ain't fit to be free
In the self-cockin', back-action style o' J. D.

I can't believe now but wut half on't is lies ;
For who'd thought the North wuz agoin' to rise,
Or take the pervokin'est kin' of a stump, 'thout 'twuz sunthin' ez pressin' ez Gabr'el's las' trump ?
Or who'd ha' supposed, arter *seck* swell an' bluster

'bout the lick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters they'd muster,
Raised by hand on briled lightnin', ez op'lent 'z you please
In a primitive furrest o' femmily-trees,—
Who'd ha' thought thet them Southuners ever 'ud show
Starns with pedigrees to 'em like theirn to the foe,
Or, when the vamosin' come, ever to find
Nat'ral masters in front an' mean white folks behind ?
By ginger, ef I'd ha' known half I know now,
When I wuz to Congress, I wouldn't, I swow,
Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded an' sarsy,
'thout *some* show o' wut you may call vicy-varsy.
To be sure, we wuz under a contrac' jes' then
To be drefle forbearin' towards Southun men ;
We hed to go sheers in preservin' the bellance :
An' ez they seemed to feel they wuz wastin' their tellents
'thout some un to kick, 'twarn't more 'n proper, you know,
Each should funnish his part ; an' sence they found the toe,
An' we wuzn't cherubs—wal, we found the buffer,
For fear thet the Compromise System should suffer.

I wun't say the plan hedn't onpleasant features,—
For men are perverse an' onreasonin' creaturs,
An' forgit thet in this life 'tain't likely to heppen
Their own privit fancy should ollus be cappen,—
But it worked jest ez smooth ez the key of a safe,
An' the gret Union bearin's played free from all chafe.

They warn't hard to suit, ef they hed
 their own way,
 An' we (thet is, some on us) made the
 thing pay :
 'twuz a fair give-an'-take out of Uncle
 Sam's heap ;
 Ef they took wut warn't theirn, wut we
 give come ez cheap ;
 The elect gut the offices down to tide-
 waiter,
 The people took skinnin' ez mild ez a
 tater,
 Seemed to choose who they wanted tu,
 footed the bills,
 An' felt kind o' 'z though they wuz
 havin' their wills,
 Which kep' 'em ez harmless an' cherfic
 ez crickets,
 While all we invested wuz names on the
 tickets :
 Wal, ther' 's nothin', for folks fond o'
 lib'ral consumption
 Free o' charge, like democ'acy tempered
 with gunption !
 Now warn't thet a system wuth pains in
 presarvin',
 Where the people found jints an' their
 frien's done the carvin',---
 Where the many done all o' their thinkin'
 by proxy,
 An' were proud on't ez long ez 'twuz
 christened Democ'cy,---
 Where the few let us sap all o' Freedom's
 foundations,
 Ef you call it reformin' with prudence
 an' patience,
 An' were willin' Jeff's snake-egg should
 hetch with the rest,
 Ef you wuz "Constitootional" over the
 nest ?
 But it's all out o' kilter, ('twuz too good
 to last,)
 An' all jes' by J. D.'s perceedin' too fast ;
 Ef he'd on'y hung on for a month or two
 more,
 We'd ha' gut things fixed nicer'n they
 hed ben before :
 Afore he drawed off an' lef' all in con-
 fusion,

We wuz safely entrenched in the ole
 Constitootion,
 With an outlyin', heavy-gun, casemated
 fort
 To rake all assailants,—I mean th' S. J.
 Court.
 Now I never 'll acknowledge (nut ef you
 should skin me)
 'twuz wise to abandon sech works to the
 in'my,
 An' let him fin' out thet wut scared him
 so long,
 Our whole line of argymnts, lookin' so
 strong,
 All our Scriptur an' law, every the'ry an'
 fac',
 Wuz Quaker-guns daubed with Pro-
 slavery black.
 Why, ef the Republicans ever should
 git
 Andy Johnson or some one to lend 'em
 the wit
 An' the spunk jes' to mount Constitootion
 an' Court
 With Columbiad guns, your real ekle-
 rights sort,
 Or drill out the spike from the ole
 Declaration
 Thet can kerry a solid shot clearn roun'
 creation,
 We'd better take maysures for shettin' up
 shop,
 An' put off our stock by a vendoo or
 swop.
 But they wun't never dare tu ; you'll see
 'em in Edom
 'fore they ventur' to go where their doc-
 trines 'ud lead 'em :
 They've ben takin' our princerples up ez
 we dropt 'em,
 An' thought it wuz terrible 'cute to adopt
 'em ;
 But they'll fin' out 'fore long thet their
 hope's ben deceivin' 'em,
 An' thet princerples ain't o' no good, ef
 you b'lieve in 'em ;
 It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to use,
 Where they'd ough' to be easy 'z an ole
 pair o' shoes.

If *we* say 'n our pletform thet all men are
 brothers,
 We don't mean thet some folks ain't more
 so 'n some others ;
 An' it's wal understood thet we make a
 selection,
 An' thet brotherhood kin' o' subsides
 arter 'lection.
 The fust thing for sound politicians to
 larn is,
 'Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o'
 harness,
 Mus' be kep' in the abstract,—for, come
 to apply it,
 You're ept to hurt some folks's interists
 by it.
 Wal, these 'ere Republicans (some on
 'em) ccts
 Ez though ginerol mexims 'ud suit speshle
 facts ;
 An' there's where we'll nick 'em, there's
 where they'll be lost :
 For applyin' your princerple 's wut makes
 it cost,
 An' folks don't want Fourth o' July t'
 interfere
 With the business-consarns o' the rest o'
 the year,
 No more 'n they want Sunday to pry an'
 to peek
 Into wut they are doin' the rest o' the
 week.
 A ginooine statesman should be on his
 guard,
 Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em
 tu hard ;
 For, ez sure ez he does, he'll be blartin'
 'em out
 'thout regardin' the natur' o' man more 'n
 a spout,
 Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick
 out a flaw
 In a party whose leaders are loose in the
 jaw :
 An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint
 Thet we'd better nut air our perceedin's
 in print,
 Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your
 arm

Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, du
 us harm ;
 For when you've done all your real
 meanin' to smother,
 The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin'
 or 'nother.
 Jeff'son prob'ly meant wal with his " born
 free an' ekle,"
 But it's turned out a real crooked stick
 in the sekle ;
 It's taken full eighty-odd year—don't you
 see ?—
 From the pop'lar belief to root out thet
 idee,
 An', arter all, suckers on't keep buddin'
 forth
 In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o' the
 North.
 No, never say nothin' without you're
 compelled tu,
 An' then don't say nothin' thet you can
 be held tu,
 Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin'
 loose
 For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary
 use.
 You know I'm a feller thet keeps a
 skinned eye
 On the leetle events thet go skurryin'
 by,
 Coz it's of'ner by them than by gret ones
 you'll see
 Wut the p'litickle weather is likely to
 be.
 Now I don't think the South 's more 'n
 begun to be licked,
 But I *du* think, ez Jeff says, the wind-
 bag 's gut pricked ;
 It'll blow for a spell an' keep puffin' an'
 wheezin',
 The tighter our army an' navy keep
 squeezin',—
 For they can't help spread-eaglein' long
 'z ther' 's a mouth
 To blow Enfield's Speaker thru lef' at
 the South.
 But it's high time for us to be settin' our
 faces
 Towards reconstructin' the national basis,

With an eye to beginnin' agin on the jolly
tucks

We used to chuk up hind the back-door
o' politics;

An' the fus' thing's to save wut of Slav'ry
ther' 's lef'

After this (I mus' call it) imprudence o'
Jeff.

For a real good Abuse, with its roots fun
an' wick,

Is the kin' o' thing I like to hev on my
side;

A Scriptur' name makes it ez sweet ez a
rose,

An' it's tougher the older in' uglier it
grows—

(I ain't speakin' now o' the righteousness
of it,

But the p'ltickle purchase it gives an the
profit)

Things look pooty squally, it must be
allowed,

An' I don't see much signs of a bow in
the cloud

Ther' 's too many Democratic—leaders
wut's wuss

I het go for the Un on 'thout canin' a
cuss

Ef it helps ary party thet wuz heard
on,

So our eagle ain't made a split Austrian
bird on.

But ther' 's still some conservative signs
to be found

I het shows the gret heart o' the People
is sound

(Excuse me for usin' a stump-phrase agin,
But, once in the way on't, they *will* stick
like sin)

There's Phillips, for instance, her jes'
ketch'd a Tartar

In the Law-'n'-Order Party of ole Cincin
nater;

An' the Compromise System ain't gone
out o' reach,

Long'z you keep the right limits on
freedom o' speech.

'I warn't none too late, neither, to put
on the gag,

For he's dangerous now he goes in for
the flag

Nut thet I altogether approve o' bad
eggs,

They're mos' ginilly argymunt on its
las' legs,—

An' their logic is ept to be tu indis
criminate,

Nor don't ollus wut the right objects to
'lminate;

But there is a variety on em, you'll find,
Jest ez usef'le an' more, besides bein

refined, —

I mean o' the sort that are lud by the
dictionary,

Sech ez sophisms an' cant, thet ll keary
conviction ay

Way thet you want to the right class o'
men,

An' are stuler than all t ever come from
a hen

Disunion done wil till our resh
Southun friends

I look the s'voun' all out on t for national
ends;

But I guess "Abolition ll work a
spell yit,

When the war's done, an' so will
'I or'give an' forget

Times mus' be pooty thoroughly out o'
all jint,

Ef we can't make a good constitootional
pint;

An' the good time 'll come to be grindin'
our axes,

When the war goes to seed in the nettle
o' Texas.

Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech helps
to assist him,

I give up my faith in the free-suffrage
system;

Democ'y wun't be nut a mite interestin',
Nor p'ltickle capital much wuth investin';

An' my notion is, to keep dark an' lay
low

Till we see the right minute to put in
our blow. —

But I've talked longer now 'n I hed any
idea,

An ther' 's others you want to hear
more n you du me;
So I'll set down an give thet ere bottle
a skrummage,
For I've spoke till I'm dry er a real
graven image

--

NO VI

SUNSHIN IN THE PASTORAL LINE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JANUARY 17th MAY 1862

GENTLEMEN, At the special request of Mr Biglow, I intended to inclose, together with his own contribution, (into which, at my suggestion, he has thrown a little more of pastoral sentiment than usual,) some passages from my sermon on the day of the National Fast, from the text, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, Heb xiii 3. But I have not leisure sufficient at present for the copying of them, even were I altogether satisfied with the production as it stands. I should prefer, I confess, to contribute the entire discourse to the pages of your respectable miscellany, if it should be found acceptable upon perusal, especially as I find the difficulty in selection of greater magnitude than I had anticipated. What passes without challenge in the fervour of oral delivery, cannot always stand the colder criticism of the closet. I am not so great an enemy of eloquence as my friend Mr Biglow would appear to be from some passages in his contribution for the current month. I would not, indeed, hastily suspect him of covertly glancing at myself in his somewhat crusty animadversions, albeit some of the phrases he guds at are not entire strangers to my lips. I am a more hearty admirer of the Puritans than seems now to be the fashion, and believe, that, if

they Hebrused a little too much in their speech, they showed remarkable practical sagacity as statesmen and founders. Put such phenomena as Puritanism are the results rather of great religious than of merely social convulsions, and do not long survive them. So soon as an earnest conviction has cooled into a phrase, its work is over, and the best that can be done with it is to bury it. *Ita missa est*. I am inclined to agree with Mr Biglow that we cannot settle the great political questions which are now preventing themselves to the nation by the opinions of Jeremiah or Ezekiel as to the wants and duties of the Jews in their time, nor do I believe that an entire community with their feelings and views would be practicable or even agreeable at the present day. At the same time I would wish that their habit of subordinating the actual to the moral, the flesh to the spirit, and this world to the other, were more common. They had found out, at least, the great military secret that soul weighs more than body. — But I am suddenly called to a sick-bed in the household of a valued parishioner.

With esteem and respect,

Your obedient servant,

HOMER WILBUR

Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precedents in law.
Your g'rama'am put it there, — when,
goodness knows, —
To jes' this worldify her Sunday clothes;
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran-
son's wife,
(For, thoust new funnitoo, wut good in
life?)
An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks
deed
O' the spare chamber, slinks into the
shed,
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last
subsides
To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides;
But better days stick fast in heart an'
husk,

An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk.

Jes' so with poets: wut they've airly read
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an' head,

So's't they can't seem to write but jest on sheers

With furrin countries or played-out ideers,

Nor hev a feelin', ef it doosn't smack
(O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way back:

This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,

Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows an' sings, --

(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink,)--

This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May,

Which 'tain't, for all the almanicks can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet!
They're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks

Up in the country ez it doos in books;
They're no more like than hornets'-nests an' hives,

Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.

I, with my trouses perched on cowhide boots,

Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,

Hev seen yc come to fling on April's hearse

Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,

An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes:

I've seen ye an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,

Our Pilgrim stock wuz pethed with hardihood.

Pleasure doos make us Yankces kind o' winch,

Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by the inch;

But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find

Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,

An' seem to metch the doubtin' blue-bird's notes,—

Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,

Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,
But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin,

The rebble frosts 'll try to drive 'em in;
For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't,

'twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;
Though 'I own up I like our back'ard springs

Thet kind o' hagggle with their greens an' things,

An' when y'ou 'most give up, 'thout more words

Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds:

Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,

But when it *doos* git stirred, ther's no gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,

An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned

Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—

The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers

So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,

Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands
unfold

Softer'n a baby's be at three days old :
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick ; he
knows

Thet arter this ther's only blossom-
snows ;

So, choosin' out a handy crotch an'
spouse,

He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag
behind,

Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up
her mind,

An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh
their dams

Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an'
jams,

A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole
cleft,

Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right
an' left,

Then all the waters bow themselves an'
come,

Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin'
foam,

Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune
An' gives one leap from Aperl into June :

Then all comes crowdin' in ; afore you
think,

Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill
woods with pink ;

The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud ;
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy

cloud ;
Red-cerlars blossom tu, though few folks

know it,
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a

poet ;
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o'
shade

An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet
trade ;

In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird
clings

An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock
slings ;

All down the loose-walled lanes in archin'
bowers

The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden
flowers,

Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals
love to try

With pins,—they'll worry youn so, boys,
bimeby !

But I don't love your cat'logue style,—
do you ?—

Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo ;

One word with blood in't's twice ez
good ez two :

'nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the
year,

Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is
here ;

Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he
swings,

Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin'
wings,

Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the

air.

I ollus feel the sap start in my veins

In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly
pains,

Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to
walk

Off by myself to hev a privit talk

With a queer critter thet can't seem to
g'ree

Along o' me like most folks,—Mister
Me.

Ther' 's times when I'm unsoshle ez a
stone,

An' sort o' suffercate to be alone,—

I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks are
nigh,

An' can't bear nothin' closer than the
sky :

Now the wind's full ez shifty in the
mind

Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,

An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'west
weather,

My innard vane pints east for weeks to-
gether,

My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an' my sins
Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp

ez pins :

Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o'
sight
An' take it out in a fair stan'-up fight
With the one cuss I can't lay on the shelf,
The crook'dest stick in all the heap,—
Myself.

'Twuz so las' Sabbath arter meetin'-time :
Findin' my feelin's wouldn't noways
rhyme

With nobody's, but off the hendle flew
An' took things from an east-wind pint
o' view,

I started off to lose me in the hills,
Where the pines be, up back o' 'Siah's
Mills :

Pines, ef you're blue, are the best friends,
I know,

They mope an' sigh an' sheer your
feelin's so,—

They hesh the ground beneath so, tu, I
swan,

You half-forgit you've gut a body on.
Ther' 's a small school'us' there where
four roads meet,

The door-steps hollered out by little feet,
An' side-posts carved with names whose
owners grew

To gret men, some on em, an' deacons,
tu ;

'tain't used no longer, coz the town her
gut

A high-school, where they teach the
Lord knows wut :

Three-story larnin' 's pop'lar now ; I
guess

We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories less,
For it strikes me ther' 's sech a thing ez
sinnin'

By overloadin' children's underpinnin' :
Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,
An' it's a kind o' favourite spot with me.

We're curus critters : Now ain't jes' the
minute

Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it ;
Long ez 'twuz futur', 'twould be perfect
bliss,—

Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten
o' this ;

An' yit there ain't a man thet need be
told

Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs o'
gold.

A knee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan
An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be a
man ;

Now, gittin' gray, there's nothin' I
enjoy

Like dreamin' back along into a boy :
So the ole school'us' is a place I choose
Afore all others, ef I want to muse ;
I set down where I used to set, an' git
My boyhood back, an' better things
with it, —

Faith, I hope, an' sunthin', ef it isn't
Cherity,

It's want o' guile, an' thet's ez gret a
rerrity,—

While Fancy's cushin', free to Prince and
C'lown,

Makes the hard bench ez soft ez milk-
weed-down.

Now, 'fore I knowed, thet Sabbath
afternoon

When I sot out to tramp myself in tune,
I found me in the school'us' on my seat,
Drummin' the march to No-where's with
my feet.

Thinkin' o' nothin', I've heerd ole folks
say

Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way :
It's thinkin' everythin' you ever knew,

Or ever hearn, to make your feelin's blue.
I sot there tryin' thet on for a spell :

I thought o' the Rebellion, then o' Hell,
Which some folks tell ye now is jest a
metterfor

(A the'ry, p'raps, it wun't *feel* none the
better for) ;

I thought o' Reconstruction, wut we'd
win

Patchin' our patent self-blow-up agin :
I thought ef this 'ere milkin' o' the wits,
So much a month, warn't givin' Natur'
fits,—

Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their own
milk fail,

To work the cow thet hez an iron tail,

'An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan
Would send up cream to humour any man :
From this to thet I let my worryin' creep,
I'll finally I must ha' fell asleep.

Our lives in sleep are some like streams
thet glide
'twixt flesh an' speirit boundin' on each
side,

Where both shores' shadders kind o' mix
an' mingle

In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either
single ;

An' when you cast off moornin's from To-
day,

An' down towards To-morrer drift away,
The images thet tangle on the stream
Make a new upside down and world o'
dream .

Sometimes they seem like sunrise streaks
an' wainin's

O wut 'll be in Heaven on Sabbath-
mornin's,

An' mixed right in ez ef jest out o' spite,
Sunthin' thet says you supper ain't gone
right.

I'm gret on dreams, an' often when I
wake,

I've lived so much it makes my mem'ry
ache,

An' can't skince take a cat nap in my
cheer

'thout hev'in' 'em, some good, some bad,
all queer.

Now I wuz settin' where I'd ben, it
seemed,

An' ain't sure yit whether I rally
dreamed,

Nor, ef I did, how long I might ha' 'slep',
When I hearn some un stompin' up the
steps,

An' lookin' round, ef two an' two make
four,

I see a Pilgrim Father in the door.
He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an'
spurs

With rowels to 'em big ez ches'nut-burrs,
An' his gret sword behind him sloped
away

Long 'z a man's speech thet dunno wut
to say —

'Lif your name's Biglow, an' your
given-name

Hosee," sez he, "it's arter you I came,
I'm your gret-gran'ther multiplied by
three."—

"My wut?" sez I.—"Your gret-gret-
gret," sez he .

"You wouldn't ha' never ben here but
for me.

Two hundred an' three year ago this
May

The ship I come in sailed up Boston
Bay ;

I'd been a cunnle in our Civil War,—
But wut on anth hev you gut up one for ?
Coz we du things in England, 'tain't foi
you

To git a lotion you can du 'em tu :
I'm told you write in public prints . ef
true,

It's nateral you should know a thing or
two."—

"Thet air's an argymunt I can't en-
doise,—

'twould prove, coz you wear spurs, you
kep' a horse :

For brains," sez I, "wut'er you may
think,

Ain't boun' to cash the draf o' pen-an'-
ink,

Though mos folks write ez ef they hoped
jes' quickenin'

The churn would algoo skim-milk into
thickenin' ;

But skim-milk an't a thing to change its
view

O' wut it's meant for more 'n a smoky
flue.

But du pray tell me, 'fore we funder go,
How in all Natur' did you come to know
'bout our affairs," sez I, "in Kingdom-
Come?"—

"Wal, I worked round at sperrit-rappin'
some,

An' danced the tables till their legs wuz
gone,

In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin' on,"
Sez he, "but mejums lie so like all-aplit

Thet I concluded it wuz best to quit.
 But, come now, ef you wun't confess to knowin',
 You've some conjectures how the thing 's a-goin'."—
 "Gran'ther," sez I, "a vane warn't never known
 Nor asked to hev a jedgment of its own ;
 An' yit, ef 'tain't gut rusty in the jints,
 It's safe to trust its say on certin pints :
 It knows the wind's opinions to a T,
 An' the wind settles wut the weather'll be."
 "I never thought a scion of our stock
 Could grow the wood to make a weather-cock ;
 When I wuz younger'n you, skurce more 'n a shaver,
 No airthly wind," sez he, "could make me waver !"
 (Ez he said this, he clinched his jaw an' forehead,
 Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword-hilt forrard.)—
 "Jes so it wuz with me," sez I, "I swow,
 When I wuz younger'n wut you see me 'w,—
 Nothin' nor Adam's fall to Huldys bonnet,
 Thet I warn't full-cocked with my jedgment on it ;
 But now I'm gittin' on in life, I find
 It's a sight harder to make up my mind,—
 Nor I don't often try tu, when events
 Will du it for me free of all expense.
 The moral question 's ollus plain enough,—
 It's jes' the human-natur' side thet's tough ;
 Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me or you, —
 The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du* ;
 Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez grease,
 Coz there the men ain't nothin' more 'n idees,—
 But come to *make* it, ez we must to-day,
 Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop the way :

It's easy fixin' things in facts an' figgers,—
 They can't resist, nor warn't brought up with niggers ;
 But come to try your the'ry on,—why, then
 Your facts an' figgers change to ign'ant men
 Actin' ez ugly—'"— "Smite 'em hip an' thigh !"
 Sez gran'ther, "and let every man-child die !
 Oh for three weeks o' Croumle an' the Lord !
 Up, Isr'el, to your tents an' grind the sword !"
 "Thet kind o' thing worked wal in ole Judee,
 But you forgit how long it's ben A.D. :
 You think thet's ellerkence,—I call it shoddy,
 A thing," sez I, "wun't cover soul nor body ;
 I like the plain all-wool o' common-sense,
 Thet warms ye now, an' will a twelve-month hence.
 You took to follerin' where the Prophets beckoned,
 An', fust you knowed on, back come Charles the Second ;
 Now wut I want's to hev all *we* gain stick,
 An' not to start Millennium too quick ;
 We hain't to punish only, but to keep,
 An' the cure 's gut to go a cent'ry deep."
 "Wal, milk-an'-water ain't the best glue,"
 Sez he, "an' so you'll find afore you're thru ;
 Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-shally
 Loses ez often wut's ten times the vally.
 Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's neck gut split,
 Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over yit :
 Slav'ry 's your Charles, the Lord hez gin the exe"—
 "Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight million necks."

The hardest question ain't the black
man's right,
The trouble is to 'mancipate the white ;
One's chained in body, an' can be sot
free,
But t'other's chained in soul to an idee :
It's a long job, but we shall worry thru it ;
Ef bagnets fail, the spellin'-book must du
it."

" Hosee," sez he, " I think you're goin'
to fail :
The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in the
tail ;
This 'erc rebellion's nothin but the
rattle,—
You'll stomp on that an' think you've
won the bettle ;
It's Slavery thet's the fangs an' thinkin'
head,
An' ef you want selvation, cresh it
dead, —
An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn by
waitin'
Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to
debatin' !"—
" God's truth !" sez I,—" an' ef I held
the club,
An' knowed jes' where to strike,—but
there's the rub !"—
" Strike soon," sez he, " or you'll be
deadly ailin',—
Folks thet's afeared to fail are sure o'
failin' ;
God hates your sneakin' creturs thet
believe
He'll settle things they run away an'
leave !"
He brought his foot down fercely, ez he
spoke,
An' give me sech a startle thet I woke.

No. VII

LATEST VIEWS OF MR. BIGLOW

PRELIMINARY NOTE

[It is with feelings of the liveliest pain
that we inform our readers of the death of

the Reverend Homer Wilbur, A.M., which
took place suddenly, by an apoplectic
stroke, on the afternoon of Christmas day,
1862. Our venerable friend (for so we may
venture to call him, though we never en-
joyed the high privilege of his personal
acquaintance) was in his eighty-fourth year,
having been born June 12, 1779, at
Pigsusset Precinct (now West Jerusha) in
the then District of Maine. Graduated
with distinction at Hubville College in 1805,
he pursued his theological studies with the
late Reverend Preserved Thacker, D.D.,
and was called to the charge of the First
Society in Jaalam in 1809, where he re-
mained till his death.

"As an antiquary he has probably left no
superior, if, indeed, an equal," writes his
friend and colleague, the Reverend Jeduthun
Hitchcock, to whom we are indebted for the
above facts ; "in proof of which I need
only allude to his 'History of Jaalam,
Genealogical, Topographical, and Eccle-
siastical,' 1849, which has won him an
eminent and enduring place in our more
solid and useful literature. It is only to
be regretted that his intense application to
historical studies should have so entirely
withdrawn him from the pursuit of poetical
composition, for which he was endowed by
Nature with a remarkable aptitude. His
well-known hymn, beginning 'With clouds
of care encompassed round,' has been
attributed in some collections to the late
President Dwight, and it is hardly presump-
tuous to affirm that the simile of the
rainbow in the eighth stanza would do no
discredit to that polished pen."

We regret that we have not room at
present for the whole of Mr. Hitchcock's
exceedingly valuable communication. We
hope to lay more liberal extracts from it
before our readers at an early day. A
summary of its contents will give some
notion of its importance and interest. It
contains : 1st, A biographical sketch of Mr.
Wilbur, with notices of his predecessors in
the pastoral office, and of eminent
clerical contemporaries ; 2d, An obituary
of deceased, from the Funkin-Falls "Weekly
Parallel" ; 3d, A list of his printed and
manuscript productions and of projected
works ; 4th, Personal anecdotes and recol-
lections, with specimens of table-talk ; 5th,

A tribute to his relict, Mrs. Dorcas (Pilcox) Wilbur; 6th, A list of graduates fitted for different colleges by Mr. Wilbur, with biographical memoranda touching the more distinguished; 7th, Concerning learned, charitable, and other societies, of which Mr. Wilbur was a member, and of those with which, had his life been prolonged, he would doubtless have been associated, with a complete catalogue of such Americans as have been Fellows of the Royal Society; 8th, A brief summary of Mr. Wilbur's latest conclusions concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast in its special application to recent events, for which the public, as Mr. Hitchcock assures us, have been waiting with feelings of lively anticipation; 9th, Mr. Hitchcock's own views on the same topic; and, 10th, A brief essay on the importance of local histories. It will be apparent that the duty of preparing Mr. Wilbur's biography could not have fallen into more sympathetic hands.

In a private letter with which the reverend gentleman has since favoured us, he expresses the opinion that Mr. Wilbur's life was shortened by our unhappy civil war. It disturbed his studies, dislocated all his habitual associations and trains of thought, and unsettled the foundations of a faith, rather the result of habit than conviction, in the capacity of man for self-government. "Such has been the felicity of my life," he said to Mr. Hitchcock, on the very morning of the day he died, "that, through the divine mercy, I could always say, *Summum nec melius diem, nec opto*. It has been my habit, as you know, on every recurrence of this blessed anniversary, to read Milton's 'Hymn of the Nativity' till its sublime harmonies so dilated my soul and quickened its spiritual sense that I seemed to hear that other song which gave assurance to the shepherds that there was One who would lead them also in green pastures and beside the still waters. But to-day I have been unable to think of anything but that mournful text, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword,' and, did it not smack of pagan presumptuousness, could almost wish I had never lived to see this day."

Mr. Hitchcock also informs us that his friend "lies buried in the Jaalam graveyard,

under a large red-cedar which he specially admired. A neat and substantial monument is to be erected over his remains, with a Latin epitaph written by himself; for he was accustomed to say, pleasantly, 'that there was at least one occasion in a scholar's life when he might show the advantages of a classical training.'"

The following fragment of a letter addressed to us, and apparently intended to accompany Mr. Biglow's contribution to the present number, was found upon his table after his decease.—EDITORS ATLANTIC MONTHLY.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JAALAM, 24th Dec., 1862.

RESPECTED SIRS,—The infirm state of my bodily health would be a sufficient apology for not taking up the pen at this time, wholesome as I deem it for the mind to apicrate in the shelter of epistolary confidence, were it not that a considerable, I might even say a large, number of individuals in this parish expect from their pastor some public expression of sentiment at this crisis. Moreover, *Qui lacitus arde! magis uritur*. In trying times like these, the besetting sin of undisciplined minds is to seek refuge from inexplicable realities in the dangerous stimulant of angry partisanship or the indolent narcotic of vague and hopeful vaticination: *fortunamque suo temperat arbitrio*. Both by reason of my age and my natural temperament, I am unfitted for either. Unable to penetrate the inscrutable judgments of God, I am more than ever thankful that my life has been prolonged till I could in some small measure comprehend His mercy. As there is no man who does not at some time render himself amenable to the one, *—quum vix justus sit securus*,—so there is none that does not feel himself in daily need of the other.

I confess I cannot feel, as some do, a personal consolation for the manifest evils of this war in any remote or contingent

advantages that may spring from it. I am old and weak. I can bear little, and can scarce hope to see better days, nor is it any adequate compensation to know that Nature is young and strong and can bear much. Old men philosophise over the past, but the present is only a burthen and a weariness. The one lies before them like a placid evening landscape, the other is full of the vexations and anxieties of housekeeping. It may be true enough that *miset huc illuc, prohibetque Clotho fortunam stare* but he who said it was fun at last to call in Atropos with her shears before her time, and I cannot help selfishly mourning that the fortune of our Republic could not at least stay till my days were numbered.

Tibullus would find the origin of wars in the great exaggeration of riches, and does not stick to say that in the days of the beechen trencher there was peace. But wiser as I am by nature from all wars, the more as they have been especially fatal to libraries, I would have this one go on till we are reduced to wooden platters again, rather than surrender the principle to defend which it was undertaken. Though I believe slavery to have been the cause of it, by so thoroughly demoralising Northern politics for its own purposes is to give opportunity and hope to treason, yet I would not have our thought and purpose diverted from their true object—the maintenance of the idea of Government. We are not merely suppressing an enormous riot, but contending for the possibility of permanent order coexisting with democratical fickleness, and while I would not superstitiously venerate form to the sacrifice of substance, neither would I forget that an adherence to precedent and prescription can alone give that continuity and coherence under a democratical constitution which are inherent in the person of a despotical monarch and the selfishness of an aristocratical class. *Stet pro ratione voluntas* is as dangerous in a majority as in a tyrant.

I cannot allow the present production of my young friend to go out without a protest from me against a certain extremeness in his views, more pardonable in the poet than in the philosopher. While I agree with him, that the only cure for rebellion is suppression by force, yet I must unadvert upon certain phrases where I seem to see a coincidence with a popular fallacy on the subject of compromise. On the one hand there are those who do not see that the vital principle of Government and the seminal principle of Law cannot properly be made a subject of compromise at all, and on the other those who are equally blind to the truth that without a compromise of individual opinions, interests, and even rights, no society would be possible. *In medio tutissimū*. For my own part I would gladly—

For I a song or two could make
Like rockets driven by their own burning,
All leap in light, to leave a wake.
Men's hearts in faces skyward turning.
But, it strikes me, 'taint jest the time
For stringin' words with satisfaction
Wuz wanted now's the silent rhyme
I wuz upright Will an' downright
Action

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,
But gabble's the short cut to ruin,
It's gratis, (gals half price) but cheap
At no rate ef it henders down'.
That 's nothin' wuz, less tis to set
A martyr premum upon jawrin
Terposits git dangerous, ef you shet
Theu lids down on em with Fort
Warren

'Bout long enough it's ben discussed
Who sot the magazine afire,
An' whether, ef Bob Wickliffe bust,
'I would scue us more on flow us
higher
D'ye s'pose the Great Foreseer's plan
Wuz settled fer him in town-meetin'?

Or thet ther' 'd ben no Fall o' Man,
Ef Adam'd on'y bit a sweetin'?

Oh, Jon'than, ef you want to be
A rugged chap agin an' hearty,
Go fer wutever 'll hurt Jeff D.,
Nut wut 'll boost up ary party.
Here's hell broke loose, an' we lay flat
With half the univarse a-singein',
Till Sen'tor This an' Gov'nor Thet
Stop squabblin' fer the garling-ingin.

It's war we're in, not politics;
It's systems wrastlin' now, not parties;
An' victory in the eend 'll fix
Where longest will an' truest heart is.
An' wut's the Guv'ment folks about?
Tryin' to hope ther' 's nothin' doin',
An' look ez though they didn't doubt
Sunthin' pertickler wuz a-brewin'.

Ther' 's critters yit thet talk an' act
Fer wut they call Conciliation;
They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract
When they wuz madder than all
'Bashan.
Conciliate? it jest means *be kicked*,
No metter how they phrase an' tone it;
It means that we're to set down licked,
Thet we're poor shotes an' glad to
own it!

A war on tick 's ez dear 'z the deuce,
But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,
Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce
Without no moral specie-basis:
Ef greenbacks ain't nut jest the cheese,
I guess ther' 's evils thet's extremere,—
Fer instance,—shinplaster idees
Like them put out by Gov'nor
Seymour.

Last year, the Nation, at a word,
When tremblin' Freedom cried to
shield her,
Flamed weldin' into one keen sword
Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder:
A splendid flash!—but how'd the grasp
With sech a chance ez thet wuz tally?
Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp,
Half this, half thet, all shilly-shally.

More men? More Man! It's there we
fail;
Weak plans grow weaker yit by
lengthenin':
Wut use in addin' to the tail,
When it's the head's in need o'
strengthenin'?
We wanted one thet felt all Chief
From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin',
Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief
In him an' us, ef earth went rockin'!

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-saw
'Bout doin' things till they wuz done
with,—
He'd smashed the tables o' the Law
In time o' need to load his gun with;
He couldn't see but jest one side,—
Ef his, 'twuz God's, an' thet wuz plenty
An' so his "*Forrards!*" multiplied
An army's fightin' weight by twenty.

But this 'ere histin', creak, creak, creak,
Your cappen's heart up with a derrick,
This tryin' to coax a lighntin'-streak
Out of a half-discouraged hay-rick,
This hangin' on mont' arter mont'
Fer one sharp purpose 'mongst the
twitter,—
I tell ye, it doos kind o' stunt
The peth and sperit of a critter.

In six months where 'll the People be,
Ef leaders look on revolution
Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea,—
Jest social el'ments in solution?
This weighin' things doos wal enough
When war cools down, an' comes to
writin';
But while it's makin', the true stuff
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

Democ'acy gives every man
The right to be his own oppressor;
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser:
I tell ye one thing we might larn
From them smart critters, the
Seceders,—
Ef bein' right 's the fust consarn,
The 'fore-the-fust 's cast-iron leaders.

But 'pears to me I see some signs
 Thet we're a-goin' to use our senses :
 Jeff druv us into these hard lines,
 An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses;
 Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,
 South, North, East, West, where'er
 you find it,
 An' ef it drors into War's mill,
 D'ye say them thunder-stones sha'n't
 grind it?

D'ye s'pose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,
 Ole Hick'ry 'd tried his head to sof'n
 So's 'twouldn't hurt the ebony stick
 Thet's our side see stars so of'n?
 "No!" he'd ha' thundered, "on your
 knees,

An' own one flag, one road to glory!
 Soft-heartedness, in times like these,
 Shows sof'ness in the upper story!"

An' why should we kick up a muss
 About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?
 It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,
 Ef we don't like emancipation:
 The right to be a cussed fool
 Is safe from all devices human,
 It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
 To every critter born o' woman.

So *we're* all right, an' I, fer one,
 Don't think our cause 'll lose in vally
 By rammin' Scriptur' in our gun,
 An' gittin' Natur' fer an ally:
 Thank God, say I, fer even a plan
 To lift one human bein's level,
 Give one more chance to make a man,
 Or, anyhow, to spile a devil!

Not thet I'm one thet much expect'
 Millennium by express to-morrer;
 They *will* miscarry,—I rec'lec'
 Tu many on 'em, to my sorrer:
 Men ain't made angels in a day,
 No matter how you mould an' labour
 'em,
 Nor 'riginal ones, I guess, don't stay
 With Abe so of'n ez with Abraham.

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,
 An' wants the hanns read right ensuin';

But fact wun't noways wear the ring,
 'Thout years o' settin' up an' wooin':
 Though, arter all, Time's dial-plate
 Marks cent'ries with the minute-finger,
 An' Good can't never come tu late,
 Though it doos seem to try an' linger.

An' come wut will, I think it's grand
 Abe's gut his will et last bloom-furnaced
 In trial-flames till it 'll stand
 The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest:
 Thet's wut we want,—we want to know
 The folks on our side hez the bravery
 To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,
 In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

Set the two forces foot to foot,
 An' every man knows who'll be winner,
 Whose faith in God hez ary root
 Thet goes down deeper than his dinner:
 Then 'twill be felt from pole to pole,
 Without no need o' proclamation,
 Earth's biggest Country's gut her soul
 An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!

No. VIII

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

PRELIMINARY NOTE

In the month of February, 1866, the editors of the "Atlantic Monthly" received from the Rev. Mr. Hitchcock of Jaalam a letter enclosing the macaronic verses which follow, and promising to send more, if more should be communicated. "They were rapped out on the evening of Thursday last past," he says, "by what claimed to be the spirit of my late predecessor in the ministry here, the Rev. Dr. Wilbur, through the medium of a young man at present domiciled in my family. As to the possibility of such spiritual manifestations, or whether they be properly so entitled, I express no opinion, as there is a division of sentiment on that subject in the parish, and many persons of the highest respectability in social standing entertain opposing views. The young man who was improved as a medium submitted himself to the experiment with manifest reluctance, and is

still unprepared to believe in the authenticity of the manifestations. During his residence with me his deportment has always been exemplary; he has been constant in his attendance upon our family devotions and the public ministrations of the Word, and has more than once privately stated to me, that the latter had often brought him under deep concern of mind. The table is an ordinary quadrupedal one, weighing about thirty pounds, three feet seven inches and a half in height, four feet square on the top, and of beech or maple, I am not definitely prepared to say which. It had once belonged to my respected predecessor, and had been, so far as I can learn upon careful inquiry, of perfectly regular and correct habits up to the evening in question. On that occasion the young man previously alluded to had been sitting with his hands resting carelessly upon it, while I read over to him at his request certain portions of my last Sabbath's discourse. On a sudden the rappings, as they are called, commenced to render themselves audible, at first faintly, but in process of time more distinctly and with violent agitation of the table. The young man expressed himself both surprised and pained by the wholly unexpected, and, so far as he was concerned, unprecedented occurrence. At the earnest solicitation, however, of several who happened to be present, he consented to go on with the experiment, and with the assistance of the alphabet commonly employed in similar emergencies, the following communication was obtained and written down immediately by myself. Whether any, and if so, how much weight should be attached to it, I venture no decision. That Dr. Willbur had sometimes employed his leisure in Latin versification I have ascertained to be the case, though all that has been discovered of that nature among his papers consists of some fragmentary passages of a version into hexameters of portions of the Song of Solomon. These I had communicated about a week or ten days previous[ly] to the young gentleman who officiated as medium in the communication afterwards received. I have thus, I believe, stated all the material facts that have any elucidative bearing upon this mysterious occurrence."

So far Mr. Hitchcock, who seems perfectly master of Webster's unabridged quarto, and whose flowing style leads him into certain further expatiations for which we have not room. We have since learned that the young man he speaks of was a sophomore, put under his care during a sentence of rustication from — College, where he had distinguished himself rather by physical experiments on the comparative power of resistance in window-glass to various solid substances, than in the more regular studies of the place. In answer to a letter of inquiry, the professor of Latin says, "There was no harm in the boy that I know of beyond his loving mischief more than Latin, nor can I think of any spirits likely to possess him except those commonly called animal. He was certainly not remarkable for his Latinity, but I see nothing in the verses you enclose that would lead me to think them beyond his capacity, or the result of any special inspiration whether of beech or maple. Had that of *hæck* been tried upon him earlier and more faithfully, the verses would perhaps have been better in quality and certainly in quantity." This exact and thorough scholar then goes on to point out many false quantities and barbarisms. It is but fair to say, however, that the author, whoever he was, seems not to have been unaware of some of them himself, as is shown by a great many notes appended to the verses as we received them, and purporting to be by Scaliger, Bentley and others,—among them the *Esprit de Voltaire*! These we have omitted as clearly meant to be humorous and altogether failing therein.

Though entirely satisfied that the verses are altogether unworthy of Mr. Willbur, who seems to have been a tolerable Latin scholar after the fashion of his day, yet we have determined to print them here partly as belonging to the *res gestæ* of this collection, and partly as a warning to their putative author which may keep him from such indecorous pranks for the future.

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

P. Ovidii Nasonis carmen heroicum
macaronicum perplexametrum, inter Getas

getico more compostum, denuo per medium
ardentispiritualium, adjuvante mensâ dia-
bolice obsessâ, recuperatum, curâque Jo.
Conradi Schwarzii umbræ, aliis necnon
plurimis adjuvantibus, restitutum.

LIBER I

PUNCTORUM garretos colens et cellara

Quinque,

Gutteribus quæ et gaudes sundayan
abstingere frontem,

Plerumque insidos solita fluitare liquore

Tanglepedem quem homines appellant

Idi quoque rotgut,

Pimpliidis, rubicundaque, Musa, O,
bourbonolensque,

Fenianas rixas procul, alma, brogipo-
tentis

Patricii cyathos iterantis et horrida bella,
Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta

remitit,

Linquens, exinios celebren, da, Virgini-
enses

Rowdes, præcipue et Tæ, heros alte,
Polarde!

Insignes juvenesque, illo certamine lietos,
Colemane, Tylere, nec vos oblivione

relinquam.

Ampla aquilæ invictæ fausto est sub
tegmine terra,

Backyfer, ooiskeo pollens, ebenoque
bipede,

Socors præsidum et altrix (denique
quiduminantium),

Duplefveorum uberissima; illis et integre
cordi est

Deplere assidue et sine proprio incom-
modo fiscum;

Nunc etiam placidum hoc opus invictique
secuti,

Goosam aureos ni eggos voluissent immo
necare

Quæ peperit, saltem ac de illis meliora
merentem.

Condidit hanc Smithius Dux, Captivus
inclutus ille

Regis Ulysse instar, docti arcum in-
tendere longum;

Condidit ille Johnsmith, Virginiamque
vocavit,

Settledit autem Jacobus rex, nomine
primus,

Rascalis implens ruptis, blagardisque
deboshtis,

Militibusque ex Falstaffi legione fugatis
Wenchisque illi quas poterant seducere

nuptas;

Virgineum, ah, littus matronis talibus
impar!

Progeniem stirpe ex hoc non sine stigmatē
ducunt

Multi sese qui jactant regum esse
nepotes:

Haud omnes, Mater, genitos quæ nuper
habebas

Bello fortes, consilio cantos, virtute
decoros,

Jamque et habes, sparso si patrio in
sanguine virtus,

Mostrabisque iterum, antiquis sub astris
reducta!

De illis qui upkikitant, dicebam, rumpora
tanta,

Letcheris et Floydis magnisque Extra
ordine Billis;

Est his prisca fides jurare et breakere
wordum;

Poppere fellerum a tergo, aut stickere
clam bowknifo,

Haud sane facinus, dignum sed victrix
lauro;

Larrupere et nigerum, factum præstantius
ullo:

Ast chlamydem piciplumatam, Icariam,
flito et ineptam,

Yanko gratis induere, illum et valido
railo

Insuper acii equitare docere est hospitio
uti.

Nescio an ille Polardus duplefveoribus
ortus,

Sed reputo potius de radice poorwite-
manorum;

Fortuiti proles, ni fallor, Tylerus erat
Præsidis, omnibus ab Whiggis nominatus

a poor cuss;

Et nobilem tertium evincit venerabile
nomen

Ast animosi omnes bellique ad tyrannum
hū hū

Vociferant læti, procul et si pericula,
sive 50

Hostem incautum atquo possint shootare
salvi,

Imperique capaces, esset si stylus ignem,
Pro dulci spoliabant et sine dange fito

Praeterea ceterisque Polardus si secessia
licet,

Se nunquam licturum jurat res et un
heardof, 55

Verbo hūit, similisque ruderis roosteri
invicto,

Dunghilli solitus rex pullos whoppere
molles

Grantum, hircinros stripes quique et
splendida tollunt

Sidera, et Vankos, territum et omnem
versant orbem

Usque dabant operam isti omnes,
noctesque diesque, 6

Samuelem demulcere vanculum, id vero
siccum,

Uberibus sed ejus, et horum et culpa,
icmotis,

Pravum domi vaccam, nec mori minimi,
quærant,

Lactiferentem autem et dropp in vix in
die dantem,

keddite vanculi, et exclamabant, reddite
pappam! 6

Polko ut consulat, gemens, Billy im
murmurat læti,

Icho respondit, thesuro ex vacuo,
pappam!

Iustra explorant pocketa, rubri nare
reperit,

Officia expulsi aspiciunt rapti, et
Paradisum

Occlusum, viridesque haud illis nascere
hackos, 70

Stupent tunc oculis madidis spittantque
silenter

Adhibere usu ist longo vires prorsus
inepti,

Si non ut qui grindeat axe tribemve
revolvit,

Virginum excruciant totis nunc mightibus
matrem,

Non melius, puti, nono prunis dimidiante
est? 75

Reddere ibi non posse est casus
communis ullo,

Tanto intentius imprimere est opus et quo
statura,

Nemo propterea peior melior, sine
doubio,

Obtineat qui contractum si et poster
rhino,

Irgo Polardus, si quis, incensurabilis
hæros, 8

Colmanus impivulus nondum, atque in
purpure natus

Tylerus Iohannes ceterisque in flit
Nathaniel,

Quisque optans digitos in tantum stickere
pium,

Adstant accincti impræcie aut perium
per leges

Quales os miscuum rabili ties et
molessi, 9

Quales aut dubium textum atque in veste
ministrum,

Tales circumstant nunc nati inopes
hoc job

Hisque Polardus voce amone trahit
fatus

Primum autem, veluti stans, præcepit
quisque liquorat,

Quisque et Nicotianum ingens quid inserit
atrum 10

Heroûm nitridum decus et solamen
avitum,

Mysticat et simul altisonans, spittitque
profuse

Quis de Virginia meruit præstantius
unquam? 11

Quis se pro patria curavit impigritutum?
Spechis que articulisque hominum quis

fortior ullus, 95

Ingeminans pennæ lictos et vulnere vocis?
Quisnam putidus (hic) versant Vanki

nimicos,

Sæpius aut dedit ultio datam et broki
his parolam?

Mente inquassatus solidaque tyranno
minante,

IHorronis (hic) bombis mœnia et alta
quatente, 100

Sese promptum (hic) jactans Yankos
lickere centum,
Atque ad lastum invictus non suriendit
unquam?
Ergo haud meddlite, posco, 'mique
relinquite (hic) hoc job,
Si non—knifumque enormem monstrat
spittatque tremendus.

Dixerat: ast alii reliquorant et sine
pauso

Pluggos incumbunt maxillis, uterque
vicissim

Certamine innocuo valde madidam in-
quinat assem:

Tylerus autem, dumque liquorat aridus
hostis,

Mirum aspicit duplumque bibentem,
astante Lyxo;

Ardens impavidusque edidit tamen impia
verba;

Duplum quamvis te aspicio, esses atque
viginti,

Mendacem dicerem totumque (hic)
thrasherem acervum;

Nempe et thrasham, doggonatus (hic) sim
nisi faxem;

Lambastabo omnes catawompositer-(hic)
que chawam!

Dixit et impulsus Ryco ruitur bene
titus,

Illi nam gravidum caput et laterem habet
in hatto.

Hunc inhiat titubansque Polardus,
optat et illum

Stickere inermem, protegit autem rite
Lyxus,

Et pronos geminos, oculis dubitantibus,
heros

Cernit et irritus hostes, dumque excogitat
utrum

Primum inpitchere, corrui, inter utrosque
recumbit,

Magno asino similis nimio sub pondere
quassus:

Colemanus hos moestus, triste rumi-
nansque solamen,

Inspicit hiccans, circumspittat terque
cubantes;

Funereisque his ritibus humidis inde
solutis,

Sternitur, invalidusque illis superincidit
infans;

Hos sepelit somnus et snorunt corni-
sonantes,

Watchmanus insciös ast calybooso deinde
reponit.

NO. IX

[The Editors of the "Atlantic" have received so many letters of inquiry concerning the literary remains of the late Mr. Wilbur, mentioned by his colleague and successor, Rev. Jeduthun Hitchcock, in a communication from which we made some extracts in our number for February, 1863, and have been so repeatedly urged to print some part of them for the gratification of the public, that they felt it their duty at least to make some effort to satisfy so urgent a demand. They have accordingly carefully examined the papers intrusted to them, but find most of the productions of Mr. Wilbur's pen so fragmentary, and even chaotic, written as they are on the backs of letters in an exceedingly cramped chirography,—here a memorandum for a sermon; there an observation of the weather; now the measurement of an extraordinary head of cabbage, and then of the cerebral capacity of some reverend brother deceased; a calm inquiry into the state of modern literature, ending in a method of detecting if milk be impoverished with water, and the amount thereof; one leaf beginning with a genealogy, to be interrupted halfway down with an entry that the brindle cow had calved,—that any attempts at selection seemed desperate. His only complete work, "An Enquiry concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast," even in the abstract of it given by Mr. Hitchcock, would, by a rough computation of the printers, fill five entire numbers of our journal, and as he attempts, by a new application of decimal fractions, to identify it with the Emperor Julian, seems hardly of immediate concern to the general reader. Even the Table-Talk, though doubtless originally highly interesting in the domestic circle, is so largely made up of theological discussion and matters of local or preterite interest, that we have found it hard to extract anything

that would at all satisfy expectation. But, in order to silence further inquiry, we subjoin a few passages as illustrations of its general character.]

I think I could go near to be a perfect Christian if I were always a visitor, as I have sometimes been, at the house of some hospitable friend. I can show a great deal of self-denial where the best of everything is urged upon me with kindly importunity. It is not so very hard to turn the other cheek for a kiss. And when I meditate upon the pains taken for our entertainment in this life, on the endless variety of seasons, of human character and fortune, on the costliness of the hangings and furniture of our dwelling here, I sometimes feel a singular joy in looking upon myself as God's guest, and cannot but believe that we should all be wiser and happier, because more grateful, if we were always mindful of our privilege in this regard. And should we not rate more cheaply any honour that men could pay us, if we remembered that every day we sat at the table of the Great King? Yet must we not forget that we are in strictest bonds His servants also; for there is no impurity so abject as that which expects to be *dead-headed* (*ut ita dicam*) through life, and which, calling itself trust in Providence, is in reality asking Providence to trust us and taking up all our goods on false pretences. It is a wise rule to take the world as we find it, not always to leave it so.

It has often set me thinking when I find that I can always pick up plenty of empty nuts under my shagbark-tree. The squirrels know them by their lightness, and I have seldom seen one with the marks of their teeth in it. What a school-house is the world, if our wits would only not play truant! For I observe that men set most store by forms and symbols in proportion as they are mere shells. It is the outside they want and not the kernel. What stores of such do not many, who in material things are as shrewd as the squirrels, lay up for the spiritual winter-supply of themselves and their children! I have seen churches that seemed to me garners of these withered nuts, for it is wonderful how

prosaic is the apprehension of symbols by the minds of most men. It is not one sect nor another, but all, who, like the dog of the fable, have let drop the spiritual substance of symbols for their material shadow. If one attribute miraculous virtues to mere holy water, that beautiful emblem of inward purification at the door of God's house, another cannot comprehend the significance of baptism without being ducked over head and ears in the liquid vehicle thereof.

[Perhaps a word of historical comment may be permitted here. My late revered predecessor was, I would humbly affirm, as free from prejudice as falls to the lot of the most highly favoured individuals of our species. To be sure, I have heard him say that "what were called strong prejudices were in fact only the repulsion of sensitive organisations from that moral and even physical effluvium through which some natures by providential appointment, like certain unsavoury quadrupeds, give warning of their neighbourhood. Better ten mistaken suspicions of this kind than one close encounter." 'This he said somewhat in heat, on being questioned as to his motives for always refusing his pulpit to those itinerant professors of vicarious benevolence who end their discourses by taking up a collection. But at another time I remember his saying, "that there was one large thing which small minds always found room for, and that was great prejudices." This, however, by the way. The statement which I purposed to make was simply this. Down to A.D. 1830, Jaalam had consisted of a single parish, with one house set apart for religious services. In that year the foundations of a Baptist Society were laid by the labours of Elder Joash Q. Balcom, *ad.* As the members of the new body were drawn from the First Parish, Mr. Wilbur was for a time considerably exercised in mind. He even went so far as on one occasion to follow the reprehensible practice of the earlier Puritan divines in choosing a punning text, and preached from Hebrews xiii. 9: "Be not carried about with *divers* and strange doctrines." He afterwards, in accordance with one of his own maxims,—"to get a dead injury out of the mind as soon as is decent,

bury it, and then ventilate,"—in accordance with this maxim, I say, he lived on very friendly terms with Rev. Shearjashub Scrimgour, present pastor of the Baptist Society in Jamaica. Yet I think it was never displeasing to him that the church edifice of that society (though otherwise a creditable specimen of architecture) remained without a bell, as indeed it does to this day. So much seemed necessary to do away with any appearance of acerbity toward a respectable community of professing Christians, which might be suspected in the conclusion of the above paragraph. — J. H.]

In lighter moods he was not averse from an innocent play upon words. Looking up from his newspaper one morning, as I entered his study, he said, "When I read a debate in Congress, I feel as if I were sitting at the feet of Zeno in the shadow of the Portico." On my expressing a natural surprise, he added, smiling, "Why, at such times the only view which honourable members give me of what goes on in the world is through their intercalumniations." I smiled at this after a moment's reflection, and he added gravely, "The most punctilious refinement of manners is the only salt that will keep a democracy from stinking; and what are we to expect from the people, if their representatives set them such lessons? Mr. Everett's whole life has been a sermon from this text. There was, at least, this advantage in duelling, that it set a certain limit on the tongue. When Society laid by the rapier, it buckled on the more subtle blade of etiquette wherewith to keep obtrusive vulgarity at bay." In this connection, I may be permitted to recall a playful remark of his upon another occasion. The painful divisions in the First Parish, A.D. 1844, occasioned by the wild notions in respect to the rights of (what Mr. Wilbur, so far as concerned the reasoning faculty, always called) the unfairest part of creation, put forth by Miss Parthenia Almira Fitz, are too well known to need more than a passing allusion. It was during these heats, long since happily allayed, that Mr. Wilbur remarked that "the Church had more trouble in dealing with one *heresiarch* than with twenty *heresiarchs*," and that the

men's *conscia recti*, or certainty of being right, was nothing to the women's.

When I once asked his opinion of a poetical composition on which I had expended no little pains, he read it attentively, and then remarked, "Unless one's thought pack more neatly in verse than in prose, it is wiser to refrain. Commonplace gains nothing by being translated into rhyme, for it is something which no hocus-pocus can transubstantiate with the real presence of living thought. You entitle your piece, 'My Mother's Grave,' and expend four pages of useful paper in detailing your emotions there. But, my dear sir, watering does not improve the quality of ink, even though you should do it with tears. To publish a sorrow to Toni, Dick, and Harry is in some sort to advertise its unreality, for I have observed in my intercourse with the afflicted that the deepest grief instinctively hides its face with its hands and is silent. If your piece were printed, I have no doubt it would be popular, for people like to fancy that they feel much better than the trouble of feeling. I would put all poets on oath whether they have striven to say everything they possibly could think of, or to leave out all they could not help saying. In your own case, my worthy young friend, what you have written is merely a deliberate exercise, the gymnastic of sentiment. For your excellent maternal relative is still alive, and is to take tea with me this evening, *D.V.* Beware of simulated feeling; it is hypocrisy's first cousin; it is especially dangerous to a preacher; for he who says one day, 'Go to, let me seem to be pathetic,' may be nearer than he thinks to saying, 'Go to, let me seem to be virtuous, or earnest, or under sorrow for sin.' Depend upon it, Sappho loved her verses more sincerely than she did Phaon, and Petrarch his sonnets better than Laura, who was indeed but his poetical stalking-horse. After you shall have once heard that muffled rattle of clods on the coffin-lid of an irreparable loss, you will grow acquainted with a pathos that will make all elegies hateful. When I was of your age, I also for a time mistook my desire to write verses for an authentic call of my nature in that direction. But one

day as I was going forth for a walk, with my head full of an 'Elegy on the Death of Flirtilla,' and vainly groping after a rhyme for *lily* that should not be *silly* or *chilly*, I saw my eldest boy Homer busy over the rain-water hogshend, in that childish experiment at parthenogenesis, the changing a horse-hair into a water-snake. An immersion of six weeks showed no change in the obstinate filament. Here was a stroke of unintended sarcasm. Had I not been doing in my study precisely what my boy was doing out of doors? Had my thoughts any more chance of coming to life by being submerged in rhyme than his hair by soaking in water? I burned my elegy and took a course of Edwards on the Will. People do not make poetry; it is made out of *them* by a process for which I do not find myself fitted. Nevertheless, the writing of verses is a good rhetorical exercitation, as teaching us what to shun most carefully in prose. For prose bewitched is like window-glass with bubbles in it, distorting what it should show with pellucid veracity."

It is unwise to insist on doctrinal points as vital to religion. The Bread of Life is wholesome and sufficing in itself, but gulped down with these kick-shaws cocked up by theologians, it is apt to produce an indigestion, nay, even at last an incurable dyspepsia of scepticism.

One of the most inexcusable weaknesses of Americans is in signing their names to what are called credentials. But for my interposition, a person who shall be nameless would have taken from this town a recommendation for an office of trust subscribed by the selectmen and all the voters of both parties, ascribing to him as many good qualities as if it had been his tombstone. The excuse was that it would be well for the town to be rid of him, as it would ere long be obliged to maintain him. I would not refuse my name to modest merit, but I would be as cautious as in signing a bond. [I trust I shall be subjected to no imputation of unbecoming vanity, if I mention the fact that Mr. W. indorsed my own qualifications as teacher of the high-school at Pequash Junction. J. H.] When I see a certificate of character

with everybody's name to it, I regard it as a letter of introduction from the Devil. Never give a man your name unless you are willing to trust him with your reputation.

There seem nowadays to be two sources of literary inspiration, —fulness of mind and emptiness of pocket.

I am often struck, especially in reading Montaigne, with the obviousness and familiarity of a great writer's thoughts, and the freshness they gain because said by him. The truth is, we mix their greatness with all they say and give it our best attention. Johannes Faber sic cogitavit would be no enticing preface to a book, but an accredited name gives credit like the signature to a note of hand. It is the advantage of fame that it is always privileged to take the world by the button, and a thing is weightier for Shakespeare's uttering it by the whole amount of his personality.

It is singular how impatient men are with overpraise of others, how patient with overpraise of themselves; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

People are apt to confound mere alertness of mind with attention. The one is but the flying abroad of all the faculties to the open doors and windows at every passing rumour; the other is the concentration of every one of them in a single focus, as in the alchemist over his alembic at the moment of expected projection. Attention is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accunulated genius.

Do not look for the Millennium as imminent. One generation is apt to get all the wear it can out of the cast clothes of the last, and is always sure to use up every paling of the old fence that will hold a nail in building the new.

You suspect a kind of vanity in my genealogical enthusiasm. Perhaps you are right; but it is a universal foible. Where it does not show itself in a personal and private way, it becomes public and gregarious. We flatter ourselves in the Pilgrim Fathers, and

the Virginian offshoot of a transported convict swell with the fancy of a rather meekness. Pride of birth I have noticed takes two forms. One complacently traces himself up to a coronet, another definitely to a lapstone. The sentiment is precisely the same in both cases, only that one is the positive and the other the negative pole of it.

Seeing a sort the other day kneeling in order to pray with less trouble it seemed to me a type of the common notion of prayer. Most people are ready enough to go down on their knees for material blessings but how few for those spiritual gifts which alone are an answer to our miseries if we but knew it!

Some people nowadays seem to have hit upon a new moralisation of the moth and the candle. They would lock up the light of Truth in a poor Psyche should put it out in her effort to draw nigh to it.

No. X

MR HOSIA BIGLOW TO THE
EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

DEAR SIR—Your letter come to hand
requestin' me to please be funny,
but I can't make upon a plan
That knows wuts comin', gall or
honey
Ther's times the world doos look so
queer,
Odd fancies come afore I call em,
An' then again, for hull a year,
No preacher thout a call's more
solemn

You're'n want o' sunthin' light an' cute,
Rattlin' in shrewd an' kin o' jingleish,
An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,
I'd like an' citify my English
I *ken* write long tailed, ef I please,—
But when I'm jokin', no, I thrunket,
Then, 'fore I know it, my ideas
Run helter skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin',
The parson's books, life, death, an' time
Hev took some trouble with my
schoolin';
Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
That love her 'z though she wuz a
woman;

Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my bein' human

An' yit I love th' unhighschool'd way
Ol' farmers be ' when I wuz younger,
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,
While book froth seems to whet your
hunger,

For puttin' in a downright lick
twixt humbug's eyes, ther's few can
match it,

An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick
Ez stiet ground hickory doos a hatchet.

But when I can't, I can't, that's all,
For Natur' won't put up with gullin'.
Idees you hev t' shove an' hawl
Like a dray pig int wuth a mullein
Live though's aint sent for, thiu all rifts
O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwads,
Like rivers when south lyn' drifts
I feel that th' old airth's a wheelin'
sunwads

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin'
thick

I z office sickers arter 'lection,
An' into any place 'ould stick
Witho it no bother nor objection;
But sence the way my thoughts hang
back

I z though I wanted to enlist 'em,
An' subs tutes,— *thir* don't never lack,
But then they'll slope afore you've
mist 'em

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz;
I can't see wut there is to hender,
An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,
Like bumblebees agin a wonder;
'fore these times come, in all airth's row,
Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,

Where I could hide an' think,—but now
It's all one teeter, hopin', dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-
blown night,

When gaunt stone walls grow numb
an' number,
An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
O' love gone, heavenward in its
shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,
'They filled my heart with livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over;
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o'
battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try;
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel
goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane
The charm makes blazin' logs so
pleasant,
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers present;
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to
flappin'
Like a shot hawk, but all's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-
scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented,

While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further South retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hundred hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,
An' rattles di'mon's from his granite;
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,
An' into psalms or satires ran it;
But he, nor all the rest thet once
Started my blood to county-dances,
Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce
Thet hain't no use for dreams an'
fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are
quiet, —
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my 'knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' 'brave an' not tu
knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps
climbin',
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true
metal,
Who ventured life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?

To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their
 places :

Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
 Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay
 in,

An' *that* world seems so fur from this
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in !

My eyes cloud up for rain : my mouth
 Will take to twitchin' roon' the
 corners ;

I pity mothers, tu, down South,
 For all they sot among the scornors :
 I'd sooner take my chance to stan'

At Judgment where your meanest
 slave is,
 Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
 Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis !

Come, Peace ! not like a mourner
 bowed

For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,
 But proud, to meet a people proud,

With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted !
 Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
 An' step thet proves ye Victory's
 daughter !

Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for
 water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' "For-
 wards !"

An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
 Thet terries long in han's o' cowards !
 Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
 They kissed their cross with lips thet
 quivered,

An' bring fair wages for brave men,
 A nation saved, a race delivered !

No. XI

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH
 IN MARCH MEETING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
 MONTHLY

JAALAM, April 5, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,--

(an' noticin' by your kiver thet you're
 some clearer than wut you wuz, I enclose
 the deffrence) I dunno ez I know jest
 how to interdooce this las' perduction of
 my news, ez Parson Willber allus called
 'em, which is goin' to be the last an' *stay*,
 the last onless sunthin' pertikler sh'd
 intersear which I don't expec' ner I
 wun't yield tu ef it wuz ez pressin' ez a
 deppity Shiriff. Sence Mr. Wilbur's
 disease I hev'n hed no one thet could
 dror out my talons. He ust to kind o'
 wine me up an' set the penderlum agoin'
 an' then somehow I seemed to go on
 tick as it wear tell I run down, but the
 noo minister ain't of the same brewin'
 nor I can't seem to git ahold of no kine
 of huming nater in him but sort of slide
 rite off as you du on the eedge of a
 mow. Minnysteeril natur is wal enough
 an' a site better 'n most other kines I
 know on, but the other sort sech as
 Welbor hed wuz of the Lord's makin'
 an' naterally more wonderfle an' sweet
 tastin' leastways to me so fur as heerd
 from. He used to interdooce 'em
 smooth ez ile athout sayin' nothin' in
 pertickler an' I misdoubt he didn't set
 so much by the sec'nd Ceres as wut he
 done by the Fust, fact, he let on onct
 thet his mine misgive him of a sort of
 fallin' off in spots. He wuz as outspoken
 as a norwester *he* wuz, but I tole him I
 hoped the fall wuz from so high up thet
 a feller could ketch a good many times
 fust afore comin' bunt onto the ground
 as I sec Jethro C. Swett from the meetin'
 house steeple up to th' old perrish, an'
 took up for dead but he's alive now an'
 spry as wut you be. Turnin' of it over
 I reclected how they ust to put wut

they called Argymunce onto the frunts of poyms, like poorches afore housen whare you could rest ye a spell whilst you wuz concludin' whether you'd go in or nut espeshully ware tha wuz darters, though I most allus found it the best plan to go in fust an' think afterwards an' the gals likes it best tu. I dno as speechis ever hez any argimunts to 'em, I never see none thet hed an' I guess they never du but tha must allus be a B'ginnin' to everythin' athout it is Eternity so I'll begin rite away an' anybody may put it afore any of his speeches ef it soots an' welcome. I don't claim no payent.

THE ARGYMUNT

Interducshin, w'ich may be skipt. Begins by talkin' about himself: thet's jest natur an' most gin'ally allus pleasin', I b'leeve I've notist, to *one* of the company, an' thet's more than wut you can say of most speshes of talkin'. Nex' comes the gittin' the goodwill of the orjunge by lettin' 'em gether from wut you kind of ex'dentally let drop thet they air about East, A one, an' no mistaik, skare 'em up an' take 'em as they rise. Spring interdooced with a fiew approput flours. Speech finally begins witch nobuddy needn't feel obolygated to read as I never read 'em an' never shell this one ag'in. Subjick staited; expanded; delayed; extended. Pump lively. Subjick staited ag'in so's to avide all mistaiks. Ginnle remarks; continooed; kerried on; pushed furdur; kind o' gin out. Subjick restaited; dielooted; stirred up permiscoous. Pump ag'in. Gits back to where he sot out. Can't seem to stay thair. Ketches into Mr. Seaward's hair. Breaks loose ag'in an' staitis his subjick; stretches it; turns it; folds it; onfolds it; folds it ag'in so's't no one can't find it. Argooes with an imedjinary bean thet ain't aloud to say nothin' in repleye. Gives him a real good dressin' an' is settyside he's rite.

Gits into Johnson's hair. No use tryin' to git into his head. Gives it up. Hez to stait his subjick ag'in; doos it back-wards, sideways, eendways, criss-cross, bevellin', noways. Gits finally red on it. Concluds. Concluds more. Reads some xtrax. Sees his subjick a-nosin' round arter him ag'in. Tries to avide it. Wun't du. *Misstates* it. Can't conjectur' no other plawsable way of staytin' on it. Tries pump. No fx. Finely concluds to conclud. Yeels the flore.

You kin spall an' punctooate thet as you please. I allus do, it kind of puts a noo sort of close onto a word, thiserer funattick spellin' doos an' takes 'em out of the prissen dress they wair in the Dixonary. Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em it's the main thing, an' wut they wuz made for; wut's left's jest pumms.

Mistur Wilbur sez he to me onct, sez he, "Hosee," sez he, "in litterytoor the only good thing is Natur. It's amazin' hard to come at," sez he, "but onct git it an' you've gut everythin'. Wut's the sweetest smail on airth?" sez he. "Noomone hay," sez 't, pooty bresk, for he wuz allus hankerin' round in hayin'. "Nawthin' of the kine," sez he. "My leetle Huddy's breath," sez I ag'in. "You're a good lad," sez he, his eyes sort of ripplin' like, for he lost a babe onct nigh about her age,—"you're a good lad; but 'tain't thet nuther," sez he. "Ef you want to know," sez he, "open your winder of a mornin' et ary season, and you'll larn thet the best of perfooms is jest fresh air, *fresh air*," sez he, emphysisin', "athout no mixtur. Thet's wut I call natur in writin', and it bathes my lungs and washes 'em sweet whenever I git a whiff on't," sez he. I offen think o' thet when I set down to write, but the winders are so ept to git stuck, an' breakin' a pane costs sunthin'.

Yourn for the last time,
NUT to be continooed,

HOSEA BIGLOW.

I DON'T much s'pose, hows'ever I should
plen it,
I could git boosted into th' House or
Sennit,—

Nut while the twolegged gab-machine's
so plenty,
'nubbin' one man to du the talk o'
twenty;

I'm one o' them that finds it ruther hard
to mannyfactur' wisdom by the yard,
An' mystue off, accordin' to demand,
The piece-goods el'kence that I keern on
hand,

The same ole pattern runnin' thru an
thru,

An' nothin' but the customer that's new.
I sometimes think, the funder on I go,
Thet it gits harder to feel sure I know,
An' when I've settled my idees, I find
twain't I sheered most in makin' up my
mind;

'twuz this an' thet an' t'other thing thet
done it,

Sunthin' in th' air, I couldn' seek nor
shun it

Mos' folks go off so quick now in discus-
sion,

All th' ole flint locks seems altered to
percussion,

Whilst I in agin sometimes git a hint,
Thet I'm percussion changin' back to
flint,

Wal, ef it's so, I ain't agoin' to werrit,
For th' ole Queen's aim hez this
pertickler merit,

It gives the mind a hulnsome wedth o'
margin

To kin' o' make its will afore dischargin'
I can't make out but jest one ginnle
rule,

No man need go an' make himself a fool,
Nor jedgment ain't like mutton, thet
can't bear

Cookin' tu long, nor be took up tu
rare.

Er I wuz say'n, I hain't no chance to
speak

So's t' all the country dreads me onct a
week.

But I've consid'ble o' thet sort o' head
I het sets to home an' thinks wut *me, he*
be said,

The sense thet grows .n' werrits under-
neath,

Comin' belited like your wisdom-teeth,
An' git so cl'kent, sometimes, to my
gardin

Thet I don vally public life a fardin'.
Our Parson Wilbur (blessin' on his
head!)

'mongst other stories of ole times he hed,
Talked of a feller thet rehearsed his
spreads

Beforehan' to his rows o' kebbige heads,
(If twain't Demossenes, I gue s' 'twuz
Sisco.)

As pealin' fust to thet an' then to this row,
Accordin' to he th' ought thet his idees
Thet diff'unt ev'iges o' brains 'ould
please;

"An', sez the Parson, "to hit right, you
must

Git used to mysium your heaters fust,
For, take my word for't when all's come
an' past,

The kebbige-heads'll cur the day et
last;

Th' ain't ben a meetin' sence the worl'
begin

But they made (law or liled ones) ten to
one "

I've allus foun' em, I allow, sence then
About ez good for talkin' tu ez men;

They'll take edvice, like other folks, to
keep,

(To use it 'ould be holdin' on't tu
cheap.)

They listen wal, don' kick up when you
scold 'em,

An' ef they've tongues, hev sense enough
to hold 'em;

Though th' ain't no denger we shall lose
the breed,

I gin'ly keep a score or so for seed,
An' when my sappiness gits spry in
spring,

So's t' my tongue itches to run on full
swing,

I fin' 'em ready-planted in March-meetin',
 Warm ez a lyceum-audience in their greetin',
 An' pleased to hear my spoutin' frum the fence,—
 Comin', ez 't doos, entirely free 'f expense.
 'This year I made the follerin' observations
 Extrump'ry, like most other tri'ls o' patience,
 An', no reporters bein' sent express
 To work their abstrac's up into a mess
 Ez like th' oridg'nal ez a woodcut pictur'
 'Thet chokes the life out like a boy-constrictor,
 I've writ 'em out, an' so avide all jeal'sies
 'twixt nonsense o' my own an' some one's else's.

(*N. B.*—Reporters gin'ly git a hint
 To make dull orjunes seem 'live in print,
 An', ez I hev t' report myself, I vum,
 I'll put th' applauses where they'd *ough*
 to come !)

MY FELLER KEBBIGE-HEADS, who look so green,
 I vow to gracious thet ef I could dreen
 The world of all its hearers but jest you,
 'twould leave 'bout all tha' is wuth talkin' to,
 An' you, my ven'able ol' frien's, thet show
 Upon your crowns a sprinklin' o' March snow,
 Ez ef mild Time had christened every sense
 For wisdom's church o' second innocence,
 Nut Age's winter, no, no sech a thing,
 But jest a kin' o' slippin'-back o' spring,— [*Sev'ril noses blowed.*]
 We've gathered here, ez ushle, to decide
 Which is the Lord's an' which is Satan's side,
 Coz all the good or evil thet can heppen
 Is 'long o' which on 'em you choose for Cappen. [*Cries o' "Thet's so!"*]

April's come back; the swellin' buds of oak

Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish smoke;
 The brooks are loose an', singing to be seen,
 (Like gals,) make all the hollers soft an' green;
 The birds are here, for all the season's late;
 They take the sun's height an' don't never wait;
 Soon 'z he officially declares it's spring
 Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard wing,
 An' th' ain't an acie, fur ez you can hear,
 Can't by the music tell the time o' year;
 But thet white dove Carliny scared away,
 Five year ago, jes' sech an April day;
 Peace, that we hoped 'ould come an' build last year
 An' coo by every housedoor, isn't here,—
 No, nor wun't never be, for all our jaw,
 Till we're ez brave in pol'tics ez in war!
 O Lord, ef folks wuz made so's't they could see
 The begnet-pint there is to an idee!
 [Sensation.]
 Ten times the danger in 'em th' is in steel;
 They run your soul thru an' you never feel,
 But crawl about an' seem to think you're livin',
 Poor shells o' men, nut wuth the Lord's forgivin',
 Tell you come bunt ag'in a real live sect,
 An' go to pieces when you'd ough' to ect!
 Thet kin' o' begnet's wut we're crossin' now,
 An' no man, fit to nevvigate a scow,
 'ould stan' expectin' help from Kingdom Come,
 While t'other side druv their cold iron home.
 My frien's, you never gathered frum my mouth,
 No, nut one word ag'in the South ez South,

Nor th' ain't a livin' man, white, brown,
nor black,
Gladder'n wut I should be to take 'em
back;
But all I ask of Uncle Sam is fust
To write up on his door, "No goods on
trust";

[Cries o' "That's the ticket!"]

Give us cash down in ekle laws for all,
An' they'll be snug inside afore nex' fall.
Give wut they ask, an' we shell hev
Jamaker,

Wuth minus some consid'able an acre:
Give wut they need, an' we shell git 'fore
long

A nation all one piece, rich, peaceble,
strong;

Make 'em Amerikin, an' they'll begin
To love their country ez they loved their
sin;

Let 'em stay Southun, an' you've kep' a
sore

Ready to fester ez it done afore.

No mortle man can boast of perfic'
vision,

But the one moleblin' thing is Indecision,
An' th' ain't no futur' for the man nor
state

Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great.
Some folks 'ould call thet reddikle; do
you?

'Twas commonsense afore the war wuz
thin;

Thet loaded all our guns an' made 'em
speak

So's't Europe heard 'em clearn across
the creek;

"They're drivin' o' their spiles down
now," sez she,

"To the hard giennit o' God's fust idee;
Ef they reach thet, Democ'y needn't fear
The tallest airthquakes *we* can git up
here."

Some call 't insultin' to ask *any* pledge,
An' say 'twill only set their teeth on
edge,

But folks you've jest licked, fur 'z I ever
see,

Are 'bout ez mad 'z they wal know how
to be;

It's better than the Rebs themselves
expected

'fore they see Uncle Sam wilt down hen-
pected;

Be kind 'z you please, but fustly make
things fast,

For plain Truth's all the kindness thet 'll
last;

Ef treason is a crime, ez *some* folks say,
How could we punish it a milder way

'Than sayin' to 'em, "Brethren, lookkee
here,

We'll jes' divide things with ye, sheer
an' sheer,

An sence both come o' pooty strong-
backed daddies,

You take the Darkies, ez we've took the
Paddies;

Ign'ant an' poor we took 'em by the
hand,

An' they're the bones an' sinners o' the
land."

I ain't o' them thet fancy there's a loss on
Every investment thet don't start from
Bos'on;

But I know this: our money's safest
trusted

In sunthin', come wut will, thet *can't* be
busted,

An' thet's the old Amerikin idee,
To make a man a Man an' let him be.

[Ret applause.]

Ez for their l'yalty, don't take a goad
to't,

But I do want to block their only road
to't

By lettin' 'em believe thet they can git
Mor'n wut they lost, out of our little
wit:

I tell ye wut, I'm 'fraid we'll drif' to
leeeward

'thout we can put more stiffenin' into
Seward;

He seems to think Columby'd better ect
Like a scared widder with a boy stiff-
necked

Thet stomps an' swears he wun't come in
to supper;

She mus' set up for him, ez weak ez
Tupper,

Keepin' the Constitootion on to warm,
Tell he'll except her 'pologies in form:

The neighbours tell her he's a cross-
grained cuss

Thet needs a hidin' 'fore he comes to
wus;

"No," sez Ma Seward, "he's ez good
'z the best,

All he wants now is sugar-plums an'
rest";

"He sarsed my Pa," sez one; "He
stoned my son,"

Another edds. "Oh wal, 'twus jes' his
fun."

"He tried to shoot our Uncle Samwell
dead."

"'Twuz only tryin' a noo gun he hed."

"Wal, all we ask 's to hev it understood
You'll take his gun away from him for
good;

We don't, wal, nut exac'ly, like his
play,

Secin' he allus kin' o' shoots our way.

You kill your fattid calves to no good
eend,

'thout his fust sayin', 'Mother, I hev
sinned!'"

["Amen!" from Deac'n Greenleaf.]

The Pres'dunt *he* thinks thet the slickest
plan

'ould be t' allow thet he's our on'y man,
An' thet we fit thru all thet dresfle war

Jes' for his private glory an' eclor;

"Nobody ain't a Union man," sez he,
'thout he agrees, thru thick an' thin,

with me;

Warn't Andrew Jackson's 'nitals jes' like
mine?

An' ain't thet sunthin like a right divine
To cut up ez kentenkerous ez I please,

An' treat your Congress like a nest o'
fleas?"

Wal, I expec' the People wouldn' care,
if

The question now wuz techin' bank or
tariff,

But I conclude they've 'bout made up
their min'

This ain't the fittest time to go it blin',

Nor these ain't metters thet with pol'tics
swings,

But goes 'way down amongst the roots
o' things;

Coz Sumner talked o' whitewashin' one
day

They wun't let four years' war be throwed
away.

"Let the South hev her rights?" They
say, "Thet's you!"

But nut greb hold o' other folks's tu."

Who owns this country, is it they or
Andy?

Leastways it ough' to be the People *and*
he;

Let him be senior pardner, ef he's so,

But let them kin' o' smuggle in ez Co;

[laughter]

Did he diskiver it? Consid'ble numbers
Think thet the job wuz taken by

Columbus.

Did he set tu an' make it wut it is?

Ef so, I guess the One-Man-power *he*z riz.

Did he put thru the rebibles, clear the
docket,

An' pay th' expenses out of his own
pocket?

Ef thet's the case, then everythin' I exes
Is t' hev him come an' pay my ennooal

texes. [Profoun' sensation.]

Was't he thet shou'dered all them million
guns?

Did he lose all the fathers, brothers,
sons?

Is this ere pop'lar gov'ment thet we run

A kin' o' sulky, made to kerry one?

An' is the country goin' to knuckle down
To hev Smith sorf' their letters 'stid' o'

Brown?

Who wuz the 'Nited States 'fore Rich-
mon' fell?

Wuz the South needfle their full name
to spell?

An' can't we spell it in thet short-han'
way

Till th' underpinnin' 's settled so's to
stay?

Who cares for the Resolves of '61,
Thet tried to coax an airthquake with a

bun?

Hez act ly nothin' taken place sence then
To larn folks they must hendle facts like
men:

Ain't *this* the true p'int? Did the Rebs
accep' 'em?

Ef nut, whose fault is't that we hev'n't
kep 'em?

Warn't there *two* sides? an' don't it
stend to reason

Thet this week's 'Nited States ain't las'
week's treason?

When all the e sums is done, with
nothin' mussed,

An' nut afore, this school 'll be dismissed.

I knowed ez wal ez though I'd seen t
with eyes

Thet when the wu wuz over copper'd
rise,

An' thet we'd hev a rile up in our kettle
t'would need Leviathan's whole skin to
scuttle.

I thought t'would take about a genera-
tion

'fore we could wal begin to be a nation,
But I allow I never did imegine

't'would be our Pres'dunt thet 'ould
drive a wedge in

To kep the split from closin' ef it could,
An' healin' over with new wholesome
wood;

For th' ain't no chance o healin' while
they think

Thet law an' gov'ment's only printer's
ink;

I mus' confess I thank him for discoverin'
The cuss way in which the States are
sovereign;

They ain't nut *quite* enough so to rebel,
But, when they hn' it's costly to raise
h—, [A groan from Deacon G.]

Why, then, for jes' the same superl'itive
reason,

'They're 'most too much so to be tetcher
for treason;

They *can't* go out, but ef they somehow
du,

Their sovereignty don't noways go out tu,
The State goes out, the sovereignty don't
stir,

But stays to keep the door ajar for her.
He thinks secession never took 'em out,
An' nuchby he's correc, but I mus'doubt;
Ef they wa'n't out, then why, 'n the
name o' sin,

Make all this row 'bout lettin' of 'em in?
In law, p'raps nut; but there's a diffu-
ence, rather,

Ittwixt your mother 'n-law an' real
mother, [Densive cheers.]

An' I, for one, shall wish they'd all ben
some'tings,

Long 'z U S Texes are such reg'lar
comers

But, O my patience! must we wriggle
back

Into th' ole crooked, pettyfoggin track,
When our an'il'y-wheels a road hev cut
Stret to our purpose ef we keep the rut?
War's jes' dead wate excep' to wipe the
slate

Clean for the cyp'h'in' of some nobler
late [Applause.]

I z for dependin' on then ouths an' thet,
'twun't bind 'em mor 'n the ribbin roun'
my het;

I heared a fible once from Othniel Starns,
That punts it slick ez weathercocks do
hairs.

Onct on a time the wolves hed ceting
rights

Inside the fold; they used to sleep there
nights.

An', bein' cousins o' the dogs, they took
Then turns et watchin', reg'lar ez a
book;

But somehow, when the dogs hed gut
asleep,

Their love o' mutton beat their love o'
sheep,

Till gradlly the shepherds come to see
Things wa'n't agoin' ez they'd ough' to
be;

So they sent off a deacon to remonstrate
Along 'th the wolves an' urge 'em to go
on straight;

'They didn' seem to set much by the
deacor,

No! preachin' didn' cow 'em, nut to
speak on;

Finly they swere that they'd go out in
stry,

An hev their fill o' mutton every day,
Then dogs in sheplards, after much
hard dammin,

[Cr an in Deen G.]

Turned tu an' give em a timented
lammun

An sez, "Ye shan't go out the murrain
rot ye,

To keep us wastin' half our time to watch
ye!"

But then the questi'n come How live
together

thout losin' sleep, nor may yew nor
withen?

Now there wuz some dogs (now yis with
their leep)

That sheered their cousins' tastes an
sheered the sheep

They sez, "be ginuous, let em swear
right in,

An, ef they be kslide let em swear in,
jes' let em put on sheep skins whilst
they're swearin',

To ask for more could be beyond all
bearin

"Be ginuous for yourselves, where y' are
to pry,

That's the best practice, sez a shepherd
gray,

"Lz for them oaths they wun't be with
a button

I ong'z you don't care em o' their taste
for mutton,

Th ain't but one solid way, howe'er you
puzzle

Tell they're converted, let em wear a
muzzle [Cries of Bully for you.]

I've noticed that each half-baked scheme's
abutters

Are in the habit o' producin' letters
Writ by all sorts o' never-heard-of
fellers,

bout ez ouidge-nul ez the wind-millers,
I've noticed, tu, it's the quack med'cine
gits

(An needs) the grettest heaps o' stuffy
kits;

[Two pothekeries goes out.]

Now, sence I lef' off creepin' on all fours,
I hunt ist no man to end ise my
course,

It's full ez cheep to be your own endorser,
An ef I've made a cup I'll fin the
sauce,

but I've some letters here from tother
sile,

An them's the sort that helps me to
decide

Tell me for wut the effer compines
hinnin,

An I'll tell yu jest where its safe to
anchor

[Bullies.]
Eusly the Honble O. Sawm writes
That for a spell he couldn't sleep

nohts,

Luzzin' which side wuz prudentest to
pin to,

Which wuz the chime that which the
temp'ry leuts,

It fust he judged I twould might side up
his pin

To come out ez a radical Union man
"But now, he sez I un't nut quite
so fish,

The winnin' horse is ez in the Scotch,
You might his spring hev easily walked
the course

fore we continued to be to the Union
horse,

Now ez the ones to wall aroun the
nex truel

Jes you take hold an read the followin'
extric

Out of a letter I received last week
I rom an ole fien that never sprung a
leal,

A Nothin' Democrat o' the ole Jaisey
blue

Born copper sheathed in copper fastened
tu

"These four years past it hev ben tough
fo say which side a feller went for,
Guideposts all gone, roads muddy n
rough,

An' nothin' dunn wut twuz n'cunt
for,

Pickets a firm' left an' right,

Both sides a lettin' rip et sight,—
Life war'n't wuth hardly payin' rent for.

"Columby gut her back up so,
It war'n't no use a-tryin' to stop
her,—
War's emptin's riled her very dough
An' made it use an' act improper;
'Twuz full ez much ez I could du
To jes' lay low an' worry thru,
'Thout hev'n' to sell out my coppet.

"Afore the war your mod'it men
'ould set an' sun 'em on the fences,
Cyph'rin' the chances up, an' then
Jump off which way bes' prid expenses:
Sence, 'twus so resky ary way,
I didn't hardly daist to say
I 'greed with Paley's Evidences.

[Groan from Deacon G.]

"Ask Mac ef tryin' to set the fence
Warn't like bein' rid upon a tail on't,
Headin' your party with a sense
O' bein' tipint in the tail on't,
An' tryin' to think thet, on the whole,
You kin' o' quasi own your soul
When Belmont's gut a bill o' sale on't?

[Three cheers for Grant and Sherman.]

"Come peace, I sposed thet folks ould
like
Then pol'tics done ag'in by proxy
Give their noo loves the bag an' strike
A fresh trade with their reg'lar doxy;
But the diag's broke, now slavery's
gone,
An' there's gret resk they'll blunder on,
Ef they ain't stopped, to real De-
moc'cy.

"We've gut an awful row to hoe
In this 'ere job o' reconstructin';
Folks dunno skurce which way to go,
Where th' ain't some boghole to be
ducked in;
But one thing's clear; there is a
crack,
Ef we pry hard, 'twixt white an' black,
Where the ole makebate can be tucked
in.

"No white man sets in airth's broad
aisle

Thet I ain't willin' t' own ez brother,
An' ef he's heppened to strike ile,
I dunno, fin'ly, but I'd ruther;
An' Paddies, long 'z they vote all
right,
Though they ain't jest a nat'ral white,
I hold onc on 'em good 'z another.

[Applause.]

"Wut is there lef' I'd like to know,
Ef 'taint the defference o' colour,
To keep up self-respec' an' show
The human natur' of a fullah?
Wut good in lein' white, onless
O' these noo notes, whose specie base
Is human natur', 'thout no trace
O' shape, nor colour, nor condition?

"Ef we're to hev our ekle rights,
'twun't du to 'ow no competition;
Th' ole debt doo us for bein' whites
Ain't safe onless we stop th' emission
O' these noo notes, whose specie base
Is human natur', 'thout no trace
O' shape, nor colour, nor condition.

[Continood applause.]

"So fur I'd writ an' couldn't jedge
Aboard wut boat I'd best take pessige,
My brains all mincemeat, 'thout no
edge
Upon 'em more than tu a vessige,
But now it seems ez though I see
Sunthin' resemblin' an idee,
Sence Johnson's speech an' veto
message.

"I like the speech best, I confess,
The logic, preudence, an' good taste
on't,

An' it's so mad, I ruther guess
There's some dependence to be placed
on't;

[Laughter.]

It's narrer, but 'twixt you an' me,
Out o' the allies o' J. D.
A temp'ry party can be based on't.

"Jes' to hold on till Johnson's thiu
An' dug his Presidential grave is,
An' then!—who knows but we could
slew

The country round to put in — ?
 Aun't some folks rize up when we
 pull

Out o' their eyes our Union wool
 An' him em wut a plit cle shave is !

"Oh, did it seem z ef I rovidunce
 Co'd ever send a second Tyler ?
 To see the South all back to once
 Keepin' the spikes o' the Treasiler,
 Is cute ez though an inginer
 Should claim th' old iron for his sheer
 Coz't was himself that bust the biler !"

[Great laughter]

That tells the story ! That's wut we shall
 git

By tryin' squirtguns on the burnin' lit,
 For the day never comes when it'll du
 To lick off Dooty like a worn out shoe
 I seem to hear a whisperin' in the air,
 A sighin' hile, of unconsol'd despair,
 That comes from nowhere an' from every
 where,

An' seems to say, "Why did I we ?
 Wurn it, then

To settle, once for all, that men war
 men ?

Oh, an'th's sweet cup snatched from us
 bruckly tried,

The grave's real chill is feelin' life war
 wasted !

Oh, you we lef', long, lingerin' at the
 door,

I lovin' you best, coz we loved Her the
 more,

That Death, not we, had conquered, we
 should feel

If she upon our memory turned her
 heel,

An' ungrateful throwed us all away
 To stumt it in a Blind Man's Holiday !

My frien', I've talked nigh on to long
 enough

I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye're
 tough,

My lungs ac sound, in our own vice
 delights

Our ears, but even kelpidge heads hea'
 rights

It's the las' time that I shell e'er address
 ye,

But you'll soon fin' some new tormentor
 bless ye !

[Multituous applause and cries of "Go on !"
 Don't stop !]

NOTES

I AM indebted to Mr Frank Beverly
 Williams for these illustrative notes.

FIRST SERIES

THIS series of the Brown Papers relates
 to the Mexican War. It expresses the
 sentiment of New England and particu-
 larly of Massachusetts in that conflict
 which in its aim and conduct had little
 of honor for the American Republic. The
 war was begun and prosecuted in the in-
 terest of Southern slaveholders. It was
 essential to the vitality of slavery that fresh
 fields should constantly be opened to it.
 Agriculture was almost the sole industry in
 which slaves could be profitably employed.
 That their labor should be wasteful and
 careless to preserve the productive power
 of the soil was inevitable. New land was
 ever in demand and the history of slavery
 in the United States is one long series of
 struggles for more territory. It was with
 this end in view that a colony of roving
 adventurous Americans settled in the thinly
 populated and poorly governed region now
 known as Texas revolted from the Mexican
 government and secured admission to the
 Union thus bringing on the war with
 Mexico. The Northern Whigs had pro-
 tested against annexation but after the
 war began their resistance grew more and
 more feeble. In the vain effort to retain
 their large Southern constituent they sacri-
 ficed justice to expediency and avoided in
 issue that would not be put down. The
 story of the Mexican War is the story
 of the gradual decline of the great Whig
 party and of the growth of that organisa-
 tion successively known as the Liberty,
 Free Soil and Republican party whose
 policy was the exclusion of slavery from
 all new territory. One more victory was
 granted to the Whigs in 1848. After that

their strength failed rapidly. Northern sentiment was being roused to a sense of righteous indignation by Southern aggressions and the fervid exhortations of Garrison and his co-workers in the anti-slavery cause. Few however followed Garrison into disloyalty to the Constitution. The greater number preferred to stay in the Union and use such lawful political means as were available for the restriction of slavery. Their wisdom was demonstrated by the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency after the Mexican War closed.

Page 145 *For the Subject*

The act of May 13, 1846 authorized President Polk to employ the militia and call out 55,000 men if necessary. He immediately called for the full number of volunteers and Massachusetts sent 777 men. On May 26 Governor Briggs issued a proclamation for the enlistment of the militia. As the President's call was merely a request and not an order many Whigs and the Abolitionists were for refusing it. *The Tribune* for June 5 severely censured the Governor for complying and accused him of not carrying out the resolutions of the last Whig Convention which had pledged the party to present a firm front of opposition to the administration was consistent with their allegiance to the Constitution.

Page 147 *Massachusetts has taken him*

An allusion to the governor's call for troops (cf. note to p. 140) is to the vote on the War Bill. On May 11, 1846 the President sent to the House of Representatives his well-known message declaring the existence of war brought on by the act of Mexico and asking for a supply of \$10,000,000. Of the over a million votes from Massachusetts all Whigs, two Robert C. Winthrop of Boston and Amos Abbott of Andover voted for the bill. The Whigs throughout the country remembering the fate of the party which had opposed the last war with England sanctioned the measure as necessary for the preservation of the army then in peril by the unauthorized acts of the President.

Page 147 *Have they sold envy to us?*

South Carolina, Louisiana and several other Southern States at an early date passed acts to prevent free persons of colour from entering their jurisdictions. These acts bore with particular severity upon coloured seamen who were imprisoned, fined or whipped and often sold into slavery. On the petition of the Massachusetts Legislature Governor Briggs in 1844 appointed Mr. Samuel How agent to Charleston and Mr. George Hubbard to New Orleans to act on behalf of oppressed coloured citizens of the Bay State. Mr. How was expelled from South Carolina by order of the Legislature of that state and Mr. Hubbard was forced by threats of violence to leave Louisiana. The obnoxious acts remained in force until after the Civil War.

Page 147 *Get work an' put*

Propositions to secede were not uncommon in New England at this time. The rights of the States had been strongly asserted in the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803 and on the admission of the State of that name in 1812. Among the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature adopted in 1845 relative to the proposed annexation of Texas was one declaring that such an act of admission would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts.

John Quincy Adams in a discourse before the New York Historical Society in 1839 claimed it for the States to put in friendship with each other when the fraternal spirit shall give way, etc. The Garrisonian wing of the Abolitionists notoriously advocated secession. There were several other instances of an expression of this sentiment but for the most part they were not evoked by opposition to slavery.

Page 149 *How awn in ole Tunnel*

The Massachusetts regiment though called for May 13, 1846 was not mustered into the United States service till late in January of the next year. The officers,

elected January 5, 1847, were as follows: Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, Colonel; Isaac H. Wright, of Roxbury, Lieutenant-Colonel; Edward W. Abbott, of Andover, Major. Shortly before the troops embarked for the South, on the evening of Saturday, January 23, 1847, a public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, where an elegant sword was presented to Mr. Wright by John A. Bolles, on behalf of the subscribers. Mr. Bolles' speech on this occasion is the one referred to.

Page 149. "Mister Bolles."

Mr. John Augustus Bolles was the author of a prize essay on a *Congress of Nations*, published by the American Peace Society, an essay on *Usury and Usury Laws*, and of various articles in the *North American Review* and other periodicals. He was also the first editor of the *Boston Journal*. In 1843 he was Secretary of State for Massachusetts.

Page 150. *Rantoul*.

Mr. Robert Rantoul (1805-1852), a prominent lawyer and a most accomplished gentleman, was at this time United States District Attorney for Massachusetts. In 1851 he succeeded Webster in the Senate, but remained there a short time only. He was a Representative in Congress from 1851 till his death. Although a Democrat, Mr. Rantoul was strongly opposed to slavery.

Page 150. "Achokin' on 'em."

Mr. Rantoul was an earnest advocate of the abolition of capital punishment. Public attention had recently been called to his views by some letters to Governor Briggs on the subject, written in February, 1846.

Page 151. "Caleb."

Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, Colonel of the Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers.

Page 152. "Gubernatorial second."

Cf. note to p. 145.

Page 154. "Guvener B."

George Nixon Briggs was the Whig Governor of Massachusetts from 1844 to

1851. The campaign referred to here is that of 1847. Governor Briggs was renominated by acclamation and supported by his party with great enthusiasm. His opponent was Caleb Cushing then in

was defeated by a majority

Page 154. "John P. Robinson."

John Paul Robinson (1799-1864) was a resident of Lowell, a lawyer of considerable ability, and a thorough classical scholar. He represented Lowell in the State Legislature in 1829, 1830, 1831, 1833, and 1842, and was Senator from Middlesex in 1836. Late in the gubernatorial contest of 1847 it was rumoured that Robinson, heretofore a zealous Whig, and a delegate to the recent Springfield Convention, had gone over to the Democratic or, as it was then styled, the "Loco" camp. The editor of the *Boston Palladium* wrote to him to learn the truth, and Robinson replied in an open letter avowing his intention to vote for Cushing.

Page 154. "General C."

General Caleb Cushing. Cf. note to p. 151.

Page 155. "Our country, however bounded"

Mr. R. C. Winthrop, M.C., in a speech at Faneuil Hall, July 4, 1845, said in deprecation of secession: "Our country - bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less - still our country - to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands." The sentiment was at once taken up and used effectively by the "Cotton" Whigs, those who inclined to favour the Mexican War.

Page 157. "The Liberator."

The Liberator was William Lloyd Garrison's anti-slavery paper, published from 1831 to 1865. The "heresies" of which Mr. Wilbur speaks were Garrison's advocacy of secession, his well-known and eccentric views on "no government," woman suffrage, etc.

Page 158. *Scott.*

General W. Scott was mentioned as a possible Whig candidate for the Presidency in the summer of 1847, but was soon overshadowed by General Taylor.

Page 159. *J. G. Palfrey.*

December 6, 1847, Mr. R. C. Winthrop, of Boston, the Whig candidate for Speaker of the House in the Thirtieth Congress, was elected after three ballots. Mr. John Gorham Palfrey, elected a Whig member from Boston, and Mr. Joshua Giddings, of Ohio, refused to vote for Winthrop, and remained firm to the last in spite of the intensity of public opinion in their party. The election of a Whig Speaker in a manner dependant on their votes. Had they supported Winthrop, he could have been elected on the second ballot. At the third he could not have been elected without them had not Mr. Levin, a Native American member, changed his vote, and Mr. Holmes, a Democrat from South Carolina, left the hall. Mr. Palfrey refused to vote for Mr. Winthrop because he was assured the latter would not, through his power over the committees, exert his influence to arrest the war and obstruct the extension of slavery into new territory. So bold and decided a stand at so critical a time excited great indignation for a time among the "Cotton" Whigs of Boston.

Page 160. *"Springfield Convention."*

This convention was held September 29, 1847. The substance of the resolutions is given by Mr. Biglow.

Page 163. *"Monte-rey."*

Monte-rey, the capital of Nueva Leon, capitulated September 24, 1846, thus giving the United States' troops control over about two-thirds of the territory and one-tenth of the population of Mexico.

Page 163. *"Cherry Buster."*

August 20, 1847, General Scott stormed the heights of Chapultepec, and completely routed the 30,000 Mexicans stationed there under Santa Anna. Scott could have entered the capital at once in triumph had

he not preferred to delay for peace negotiations.

Page 163. *"The Tooleries."*

The French Revolution of 1848, which resulted in the deposition of Louis Philippe, was at this time impending.

Page 164. *"The Post."*

The *Boston Post*, a Democratic, or Loco newspaper.

Page 164. *"The Courier."*

The *Boston Courier*, in which the Biglow Papers first appeared, was a "Conscience" Whig paper.

Page 165. *"Drayton and Sayres."*

In April, 1848, an attempt was made to abduct seventy-seven slaves from Washington in the schooner Pearl, under the conduct of Captain Drayton and Sayres, or Sayers, his mate. The slaves were speedily recaptured and sold South, while their brave defenders barely escaped with their lives from an infuriated mob. The Abolitionists in Congress determined to evoke from that body some expression of sentiment on the subject. On the 20th of April Senator Hale introduced a resolution implying but not expressing sympathy with the oppressed. It stirred the slaveholders to unusual intemperance of language. Calhoun was "amazed that even the Senator from New Hampshire had so little regard for the Constitution," and, forgetting his usual dignity, declared he "would as soon argue with a maniac from Bedlam" as with Mr. Hale. Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, was, perhaps, the most violent of all. He denounced any attempt of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery as "a nefarious attempt to commit grand larceny." He charged Mr. Hale with being "as guilty as if he had committed highway robbery," and went on to say, "I invite him to visit Mississippi, and will tell him beforehand, in all honesty, that he could not go ten miles into the interior before he would grace one of the tallest trees of the forest, with a rope around his neck, with the approbation of all honest and patriotic citizens; and that,

if necessary I should myself assist in the operation.

Mr Hale stood almost alone with his resolution which was soon arrested by an adjournment. A similar resolution failed in the House.

Dryton and Sayles were convicted by the District Court and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. In 1852 Senator Sumner secured for them an unconditional pardon from President Fillmore.

Page 166 *Mr Footh*

(cf note above) Mr Henry S Footh was Senator from Mississippi from 1847 to 1852. He was a member of the Confederate Congress and the author of *The War of the Rebellion* and *Personal and Collections of Public Men*.

Page 166 *Winsum*

W P Winsum (1792-1861) was Senator from North Carolina from 1831 to 1837 and from 1841 to 1847. He was President *pro tem* of the Senate during Tyler's administration 1842-1845.

Page 166 *Cass*

Lewis Cass (1782-1866) was Jackson's Secretary of War from 1831 to 1836, Minister to France from 1836 to 1842, Senator from Michigan from 1845 to 1848 and candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1848. After his defeat by Taylor he was in 1849 returned to the Senate to fill out his unexpired term. He was Buchanan's Secretary of State until the famous message of December 1860 when he resigned.

Page 167 *Davis*

Jefferson Davis, the President of the so-called Confederate States, was a Senator from Mississippi from 1847 to 1850.

Page 167 *Hannegan*

Edward A Hannegan was Senator from Indiana from 1843 to 1849. He was afterwards Minister to Prussia. Died in 1859.

Page 167 *Jannagin*

Spencer Jannagin represented the State

of Tennessee in the Senate from 1841 to 1847. He died in 1851.

Page 167 *Atherton*

Charles G. Atherton (1801-1853) was Senator from New Hampshire from 1843 to 1849.

Page 167 *Colquitt*

W L Colquitt (1799-1855) was Senator from Georgia 1843-1849.

Page 167 *Johnson*

Keverdy Johnson was Senator from Maryland 1845-1849.

Page 167 *Westcott*

June D Westcott, Senator from Florida 1845-1849.

Page 167 *Dixon*

Dixon H. I. was represented Alabama in the House of Representatives from 1822 to 1843 and in the Senate from 1844 till his death in 1846.

Page 169 *France*

The revolution in France was hailed with delight in the United States as a triumph of freedom and popular government. In Congress the event gave opportunity for much solemn declamation in which the Southern members participated with as much enthusiasm as those from the North. At the same time when the Abolitionists sought to turn all this philosophy to some more practical application nearer home, the attempt was bitterly denounced at Washington and by the Democratic press generally. A striking instance of this inconsistency is afforded by a speech of Senator Footh. The age of tyrants and slavery, said he, in allusion to France, is drawing to a close. The happy period to be signified by the universal emancipation of man from the fetters of civil oppression and the recognition in all countries of the great principles of popular sovereignty, equality and brotherhood is at this moment visibly commencing. A few days later, when Mr Mann, the attorney for Dryton and Sayles, quoted these very words in palliation of his clients'

offence, he was promptly checked by the judge for uttering inflammatory word that might endanger our institutions.

Page 172 *Candidate for the Presidency*

In the autumn of 1848 the Whigs determined to have substantially no platform or programme at all, in order to retain the Southern element in their party. Accordingly a colourless candidate was selected in the person of General Zachary Taylor, who it was said had never voted or made any political confessions of. He is recommended to the people's confidence and men of all parties were invited to support him. He refused to pledge himself to any policy or sentiment, and only evaded such questions as that of a National Bank. After it became apparent that his followers were chiefly Whigs he declared himself a Whig also, although not in ultra sense. He particularly avoided compromising himself on the slavery question. When in the beginning of 1849 Mr. J. W. Taylor of the *Commonwealth* questioned him on the Wilmet Preavis, he answered in such vague phrases that the confused editor interpreted them first as favouring and finally as opposing the measure. This declaration, together with the candidate's announcement that he was a Whig, was taken in the North to mean that he was opposed to the extension of slavery. The fact that he was a Southerner and a slaveholder was sufficient to reassure the South.

Page 175 *President*

Pseudonym of Mr. Charles L. Briggs (1810-1877) the man who was afterwards associated with Edgar A. Poe on the *Baltimore Review*.

Page 174 *The United Provinces*

August 8, 1846, the President addressed a message to both Houses asking for \$2,000,000 to conclude a peace with Mexico and recompense her for her protracted cession of territory. On the same day McKay of North Carolina introduced a bill into the lower House for this purpose. David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, a Democrat and a zealous friend of annexation, moved as a proviso that slavery should forever be

excluded from the new territory. The motion was suddenly and unexpectedly carried by a vote of 83 to 54. It did not come to a vote in the Senate, for John Davis of Massachusetts talked it to death by a long speech in its favour. Nevertheless it became at once a burning question in both North and South. The more pronounced anti-slavery men of the former section tried to make it the political test in the coming campaign. The refusal of the Whig party to take up the question caused large accessions to the old Liberty party, now known as the Free Soil, and later to become the Republican party.

Page 181 *North Hill—Colonel Wright*

Cf. notes to p. 149.

Page 183 *Ashland*

It hardly needs to be said that Ashland was the home of Henry Clay, North Bend of Harrison, Middlefield of Webster, Kinderhook of Van Buren, and Baton Rouge, of General Taylor.

Page 185 *Philadelphia nominee*

The Philadelphia nominee was General Zachary Taylor.

Page 186 *It has been without him*
(a line)

Cf. note to p. 172.

Page 186 *My final speech*

The speech here referred to is the one delivered by Webster at Mashfield, September 1, 1848. When he alluded that the nomination of Taylor was not fit to be made, he nevertheless declared that he would vote for him, and advised his friends to do the same. The sagacious wise and farsighted doctrine of expediency, said he, lay at the root of the whole matter.

Page 186 *Chronic*

Into none of his political addresses did Rufus Choate throw so much of his heart and soul as into those which upheld the failing policy of the Whig party from 1848 to 1852.

Page 186. *Buffalo.*

On August 9, 1848, the convention containing the consolidated elements of constitutional opposition to the extension of slavery met at Buffalo. The party, calling itself the Free-Soil party now, declared its platform to be "no more slave States and no more slave territory." Martin Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams were the candidates selected. Van Buren was chosen because it was thought he might attract Democratic votes. His opposition to the extension of slavery was not very energetic. In his letter accepting the nomination he commended the convention for having taken no decisive stand against slavery in the District of Columbia.

Page 188. "*To act agin the law.*"

The slaveholding States early legislated to forbid education and free religious meetings to slaves and free people of colour. Stroud's *Sketch of the Slave Laws* (Philadelphia, 1827), shows that the principal acts of this character date from the period between 1740 and 1770. This was long before the oldest anti-slavery societies were organised. Thus these laws cannot be represented as having been the result of impertinent and intemperate agitation on the part of Northern Abolitionists. They were frequently defended on this ground in the heat of the anti-slavery conflict.

SECOND SERIES

Page 221. *The Cotton Loan.*

In 1861 a magnificent scheme was devised for bolstering up the Confederate government's credit. The planters signed agreements subscribing a certain portion of the next cotton and tobacco crop to the government. Using this as a basis for credit, the government issued bonds and placed about \$15,000,000 in Europe, chiefly in England. A much greater loan might have been negotiated had it not suddenly appeared that the agreements made by the planters were almost worthless. By the end of the year the plan was quietly and completely abandoned. The English bondholders had the audacity to apply for aid to the United States after the war.

Page 221. *Memminger.*

Charles Gustavus Memminger, although he had opposed nullification, was one of the leaders in the secession movement which began in his own State, South Carolina. On the formation of the Confederate government he was made Secretary of the Treasury. Although not without experience in the management of his State's finances, he showed little skill in his new position.

Page 222. "*Confiscatin' all debts.*"

After the failure of the Produce Loan and one or two other measures on a similarly grand scale, the Confederate government resorted to simpler means. Chief among these were the acts confiscating the property of and all debts due to alien enemies. No great number of reputable persons in the South could resolve to compound or wipe out debts involving their personal honour, so the results of the scheme were meagre.

Page 224. *Mason and Slidell.*

In the latter part of 1861 President Davis undertook to send agents or commissioners to England and France to represent the Southern cause. The men chosen were James M. Mason, of Virginia, and John Slidell, of Louisiana. On the 12th of October they left Charleston, eluded the blockading squadron, and landed at Havana. Thence they embarked for St. Thomas on the British mail-steamer *Trent*. On the way the *Trent* was stopped by Captain Wilkes, of the American man-of-war *San Jacinto*; and the Confederate agents were transferred as prisoners to the latter vessel. The British Government at once proclaimed the act "a great outrage," and sent a peremptory demand for the release of the prisoners and reparation. At the same time, without waiting for any explanation, it made extensive preparations for hostilities. It seemed and undoubtedly was expedient for the United States to receive Lord Russell's demand as an admission that impressment of British seamen found on board neutral vessels was unwarrantable. Acting on the demand as an admission of the principle so long con-

tended for by the United States. Mr. Seward disavowed the act of Wilkes and released the commissioners. But it was held then and has since been stoutly maintained by many jurists that the true principles of international law will not justify a neutral vessel in transporting the agents of a belligerent on a hostile mission. On the analogy of despatches they should be contraband. The difficulty of amicable settlement at that time, however, lay not so much in the point of law as in the intensity of popular feeling on both sides of the Atlantic.

Page 7 *Intelligent Night*

One month after Sumter was attacked on May 13, 1861, the Queen issued a proclamation of neutrality according to belligerent rights to the Confederacy. This was done even before Mr. Adams, the new minister from the Lincoln administration, could reach England. Commercial interest cannot excuse so precipitate a recognition. It cannot be regarded as anything but a deliberate expression of unwillingness to wards the United States. It coldly contemplated the dissolution of the Union, favoured the establishment of an independent slave empire, and by its moral support strengthened the hands of the Rebellion and prolonged the war.

Page 227 *Confederate Cruisers*

It is notorious that Confederate cruisers were built, equipped, and even partially manned in England in open disregard of the international law respecting neutral. Mr. Adams protested constantly and emphatically against this, but in vain for the time. No notice was taken officially of the matter until it was forced on the British government in 1864. The subsequent negotiations concerning the Alabama claims, the Treaty of Washington in 1871, and the Geneva award to the United States of some fifteen million dollars are too well known to require any mention.

Page 227 *The Caroline*

In 1837 an insurrection broke out in Canada, and armed bodies of men styling themselves patriots were in open rebel-

lion against the government. In spite of the President's message exhorting citizens of the United States not to interfere and in defiance of the troops sent to Buffalo to carry out his orders, numbers of sympathisers from New York crossed the Niagara River and gave assistance to the insurgents. The British authorities would have been warranted in seizing the American vessel *Caroline*, which was used to transport citizens to the Canadian shore, had the seizure been made *in flagranti delicto* or out of our territorial waters. But in crossing to the American side of the river and taking the offending vessel from her moorings, these authorities committed a grave breach of neutrality. After five years of negotiation the English government finally apologised and made reparation for the injury.

Page 230 *Seward tickles the million pin*

Mr. W. H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, was at the outbreak of the Rebellion an earnest advocate of conciliation. He seemed to think that if war could be averted for a time until the people of the seceding States perceived the true intention of the administration to be the preservation of the Union, not the promotion of Abolitionism, the Southern movement would fail. In this belief he frequently declared that the trouble would all be over in sixty days.

Page 234 *Bull Run*

On the 21st of July, 1861, the Union troops under General McDowell were completely routed by Beauregard at Bull Run in Virginia. The North was finally convinced that the South was equipped for and determined on a desperate struggle, while the victory gave immense encouragement to the insurgents.

Page 242 *Onesimus*

The 'Scriptural' view, according to the mind of Mr. Sawin, would have been that of Jeremiah S. Black, who saw in the case of Onesimus St. Paul's express approval of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850.

Page 242 *Debow*

De Bow's *Commercial Review*, published in New Orleans Louisiana was for some years before the war very bitter against the North its institutions and its society in general

Page 243 *Simms and Mauzy*

William Gilmore Simms the South Carolina novelist and poet is here referred to Matthew Fontaine Maury of Virginia, naval officer and hydrographer was a man of some scientific attainments. He was the author of several works on the physical geography of the sea navigation and astronomy. Both men were born in the same year 1806

Page 243 *Iron in cannon*

John B. Floyd while Secretary of War in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet was detected in the act of stripping Northern arsenals of arms and ammunition to supply the South. He began this work as early as December 1859 and it is not known to what extent he carried it. Pollard a Southern historian says the South entered the war with 150,000 small arms of the most approved modern pattern all of which it owed to the government at Washington. Floyd signed because some forts and posts in the South were not given up to the rebels

Page 243 *Admission of new territory*

President Buchanan's message of the first Monday of December 1860 declared the long continued and imperious interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the Southern States had at last produced its natural effect—disunion was impending and if those States could not obtain redress by constitutional means secession was justifiable and the general government had no power to prevent it. The effect these utterances had in spreading and intensifying the spirit of secession is incalculable

Page 244 *On the jump to interfere*

During the larger part of the war great apprehension of attempts on the part of

foreign powers to interfere prevailed in the Northern States. With the exception of Russia and Denmark all Europe inclined toward the South. Our form of government was not favoured by them and they were not unwilling to see its future domination started by a complete disruption. For a long time it was very generally believed that the South would be victorious in the end. Had the Confederacy at any time had a faint prospect of success it is likely that England or France might have offered to interfere. Indeed the success of the French scheme to set up a French empire in Mexico and the decline of the Monroe doctrine entirely dependent on the contingency of a victory for secession. Napoleon third was urgent for mediation. The subject was suggested several times by the French foreign minister in correspondence with Mr. Seward and was proposed on the British Government by France

Page 248 *The Border States*

The Border States by the contiguity to the North and their natural unhappiness for a very profitable system of slave labour were slow to take a definite stand. President Lincoln's policy was to proceed cautiously at first keep the slavery question in the background and enlist the sympathies of these States by appeals to their attachment to the Union. Although the people of Delaware Maryland Kentucky and Missouri were pretty evenly divided the State governments were kept from seceding. Without the support of the Republican congressmen from this section Lincoln could not have carried out his abolition policy

Page 248 *Hampton Roads*

The battle of Hampton Roads at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay in Virginia is remarkable for the revolution in naval warfare which it began. The utter worthlessness of wooden guns against ironclad vessels was suddenly and convincingly demonstrated. On the 8th of March 1862 the Confederate ironclad ram Virginia formerly Merrimack made terrible havoc among the old wooden men of war stationed about Fortress Monroe. But at nine o'clock that night the little Monitor steamed into the Roads to the assistance of the shattered

deserted occupied it, and when Sherman approached the next day he found the Union flag flying over the town

Page 253 *Donelson*

The capture of Fort Donelson, in Tennessee February 16, 1862 by General Grant, was one of several Union successes in the West whose value was almost entirely neutralised by McClellan's dilatory conduct of the Army of the Potomac. General John B. Floyd's precipitate retreat from the fort as the Union forces approached was afterwards represented in one of his official reports as an heroic exploit.

Page 256 *Faneu*

Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1836 to 1864. He is chiefly notable for the Dred Scott decision, in 1857, in which he held that a negro was not a "person" in the contemplation of the Constitution and hence had no rights a white man was bound to respect; that the Constitution recognised property in slaves, and that this ownership was as much entitled to protection in the Territories as any other species of property. According to this all legislation by Congress on slavery, except in its aid was unconstitutional.

Page 257 *Compromise System*

Henry Clay was the "great compromiser." The aim of his life was the preservation of the Union even at the cost of extending slave territory. The three compromises for which he is famous were the Missouri in 1820, the Tariff in 1833, and the California or 'Omnibus' Compromise in 1850, the most conspicuous feature of which was the Fugitive Slave Law.

Page 258. "S. J. Court"

At the beginning of Lincoln's administration, five of the Supreme Court Justices, an absolute majority, were from the South, and had always been State-rights Democrats.

Page 260 *The Law-n'-Order Party of ole Cincinnati.*

In Cincinnati on March 24, 1862, Wendell Phillips, while attempting to deliver one of his lectures on slavery and the war, was attacked by a mob and very roughly handled.

Page 270 *Governor Seymour*

Horatio Seymour (1810-1886) of Utica, New York, was one of the most prominent and respected men in the Democratic party, and a bitter opponent of Lincoln. He had at this time been recently elected Governor of New York on a platform that denounced almost every measure the government had found it necessary to adopt for the suppression of the Rebellion. His influence contributed not a little to the encouragement of that spirit which inspired the Draft Riot in the city of New York in July 1863.

Page 271 *President's proclamation*

In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Lincoln saw that he must either retreat or advance boldly against slavery. He had already proceeded far enough against it to rouse a dangerous hostility among Northern Democrats, and yet not far enough to injure the institution or enlist the sympathy of pronounced anti-slavery men. He determined on decisive action. On September 22, 1862, he issued a momentary proclamation giving notice that on the first day of the next year he would, in the exercise of his war-power, emancipate all slaves of those States or parts of States in rebellion, unless certain conditions were complied with. This proclamation was at once violently assailed by the Democrats, led by such men as Seymour, and for a time the opposition threatened disaster to the administration. The elections in the five leading free States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—went against the Republicans. But with the aid of New England the West, and, not least of all, the Border Slave States, the President was assured a majority of about twenty in the new House to carry out his abolition policy.

Page 271. "Kettelopotomachia"

The incident furnishing the occasion for

this poem was a Virginia duel or rather a free fight. Mr. H. R. Pollard of the *Richmond Examiner* had some difficulty with Messrs. Coleman and N. P. Tyler of the *Enquirer* concerning the public printing. On Friday January 5, 1866, all three gentlemen met in the rotunda of the Virginia Capitol and proceeded to settle their dispute by an appeal to revolvers. Six shots were fired but no damage resulted except to a marble statue of Washington.

Page 273 *Letchers*

John Letcher (1813-1884) a Virginia lawyer and politician was several times in Congress and was Governor of his State from 1860 to 1864.

Page 273 *Linins*

John B. Lloyd (1805-1863) was Governor of Virginia from 1849 to 1852, Secretary of War in Buchanan's Cabinet and a brigadier in the Confederate service.

Page 273 *Lincoln's Bill*

William Smith of King George County, Virginia, was the proprietor of an old line of coal he was running through Virginia and the Carolinas. He was called "Extra Billy" because he charged extra for every package large or small which his passengers carried. Mr. Smith himself however attributed his nickname to his extra service to the State. He was several times a Congressman twice Governor of Virginia and a Confederate Brigadier General.

Page 285 *5th*

Under the influence of Mr. Seward, President Andrew Johnson developed a policy of reconstruction directly opposed to the views of Congress and the mass of the Republican party. He believed in punishing individuals if necessary but that all the States ought to be re-installed at once in the position they had occupied in 1860. The guarantees against disloyalty he proposed to exact from the South were few and feeble. Congress on the other hand determined to keep the subdued States in a position somewhat

resembling that of territories and under military surveillance until it could be satisfied that four years war would not be without good results. Its chief aim was to secure the safety of the negro who had been freed by the thirteenth Amendment in December 1865. These differences of plan led to a protracted and bitter contest between the executive and legislative departments culminating in the unsuccessful attempt to impeach Johnson in March 1868. The Congressional policy was carried out over the President's vetoes. Among other conditions the Southern States were required to ratify the fourteenth and fifteenth Amendments giving citizenship and suffrage to the blacks before being qualified for readmission to the Union.

Page 280 *McClellan*

General George B. McClellan was one of the leaders of the Northern Democracy during the war and the presidential nominee against Lincoln in 1864.

Page 280 *Lincoln's speech on veto*

The Civil Rights Act of March 1866 had just been the occasion of an open rupture between Congress and the President. The bill conferring extensive rights on freedmen passed both Houses but was vetoed by Johnson. It was quickly passed again over his veto.

Page 289 *A temporary party can be based on it*

Johnson's plan of reconstruction did, indeed furnish the material for the next Democratic platform in the presidential campaign of 1868.

Page 290 *Tyler*

John Tyler, who had been chosen Vice-President in 1840, succeeded to the Presidency on the death of Harrison one month after the inauguration. He abandoned the policy of the party that elected him, and provoked just such a contest with it as Johnson did.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

Reader! call up at once (it will soon be too late) and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

OR, BLITHER,

(I LIKE, AS A THING THAT THE READERS
FIRST EYE MAY STRIKE,
AN OLD FASHIONED TITLE PAGE
SUCH AS PRESENTS A FAMILIAR VIEW OF THE
VOLUME'S CONTENTS),

A GLANCE AT A FEW OF OUR
LITERARY PROGINIES

(WKS MAI APROP'S WORD)

FROM THE PUB OF DIOGINES;
A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MILDLY

THAT IS

A SERIES OF JOKES

By A Wonderful Quiz,

WHO ACCOMPANIES HIM IT WITH A FEW
DE DURETTE'S SMILE AND
GRACE, ON THE TOP OF THE TUB

*Set forth in October the 27th day
In the year of G. P. Putnam, Broadw. 23*

PREIATORY NOTE

THIS *jeu d'esprit* was extemporised. I may fairly say so rapidly was it written purely for my own amusement and with no thought of publication. I sent duly in instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles J. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed and I at last consented to its anonymous publication. The secret was kept till after several persons had laid claim to its authorship.

10

CHARLES J. BRIGGS

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

To being the commonest mode of pro-
claim, I promise a few candid
remarks

TO THE READER

This trifle, begun to please only myself and my own private fancy, was laid on the shelf. But some friend, who had seen it, induced me, by dint of saying they liked it to put it in print. That is, having come to that very conclusion, I asked their advice when would make no confusion. For though (in the gentlest of ways) they had hinted it was scarce worth the while, I should doubtless have printed it.

I began it, intending a fable, a frail, slender thing, rhyme ywined, with a sting in its tail. But, by addings and alterings not previously planned, digressions chance hatched, like birds' eggs in the sand, and dwindlings to suit every whimsey's demand (always fleeing the bird which I held in my hand, for the two perched, perhaps out of reach, in the tree), it grew by degrees to the size which you see. I was like the old woman that carried the calf, and my neighbours, like hers, no doubt, wonder and laugh, and when, my strained arms with their grown burthen full, I call it my Fable, they call it a bull.

Having scrawled at full gallop (as far as that goes) in a style that is neither good verse nor bad prose, and being a person whom nobody knows, some

people will say I am rather more free with my readers than it is becoming to be, that I seem to expect them to wait on my leisure in following wherever I wander at pleasure, that, in short, I take more than a young author's lawful ease, and laugh in a queer way so like Mephistopheles, that the Public will doubt, as they grope through my rhythm, if in truth I am making fun of them or *with* them.

So the excellent Public is hereby assured that the sale of my book is already secured. For there is not a poet throughout the whole land but will purchase a copy or two out of hand, in the fond expectation of being amused in it, by seeing his betters cut up and abused in it. Now, I find, by a pretty exact calculation, there are something like ten thousand birds in the nation, of that special variety whom the Review and Magazine critics call *lofty* and *true*, and about thirty thousand (*this* tribe is increasing) of the kinds who are termed *full of promise* and *pleasing*. The Public will see by a glance at this schedule, that they cannot expect me to be over-sedulous about counting *them*, since it seems I have got enough fuel made sure of for boiling my pot.

As for such of our poets as find not their names mentioned once in my pages, with praises or blames, let them SEND IN THEIR CARDS, without further DELAY, to my friend G. P. PUTNAM, Esquire, in Broadway, where a LIST will be kept with the strictest regard to the day and the hour of receiving the card. Then, taking them up as I chance to have time (that is, if their names can be twisted in rhyme), I will honestly give each his PROPER POSITION, at the rate of ONE AUTHOR to each NEW EDITION. Thus a PREMIUM is offered sufficiently HIGH (as the magazines say when they tell their best, lie) to induce bards to CLUB their resources and buy the balance of every edition, until they have all of them fairly been run through the mill.

One word to such readers (judicious and wise) as read books with something behind the mere eyes, of whom in the country, perhaps, there are two, including myself, gentle reader, and you. All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*, though, it may be, they seem, here and there, rather free, and drawn from a somewhat too cynical standpoint, are *meant* to be faithful, for that is the grand point, and none but an owl would feel sore at a tub from a jester who tells you, without any subterfuge, that he sits in Diogenes' tub.

A PRELIMINARY NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION,

though it well may be reckoned, of all composition, the species at once most delightful and healthy, is a thing which an author, unless he be wealthy and willing to pay for that kind of delight, is not, in all instances, called on to write, though there are, it is said, who, their spirits to cheer, slip in a new title-page three times a year, and in this way snuff up an imaginary savour of that sweetest of dishes, the popular favour,—much as if a starved painter should fall to and treat the Ugolino inside to a picture of meat.

You remember (if not, pray turn backward and look) that, in writing the preface which ushered my book, I treated you, excellent Public, not merely with a cool disregard, but downright cavalierly. Now I would not take back the least thing I then said, though I thereby could butter both sides of my bread, for I never could see that an author owed ought to the people he solaced, diverted, or taught; and, as for mere fame, I have long ago learned that the persons by whom it is finally earned are those with whom *your* verdict weighed not a pin, unsustained by the higher court sitting within.

But I wander from what I intended to say,—that you have, namely, shown such a liberal way of thinking, and so much æsthetic perception of anonymous worth in the handsome reception you gave to my book, spite of some private piques (having bought the first thousand in barely two weeks), that I think, past a doubt, if you measured the phiz of yours most devotedly, Wonderful Quiz, you would find that its vertical section was shorter, by an inch and two-tenths, or 'twixt that and a quarter.

You have watched a child playing—in those wondrous years when belief is not bound to the eyes and the ears, and the vision divine is so clear and unmarred, that each baker of pies in the dirt is a bard? Give a knife and a shingle, he fits out a fleet, and, on that little mud-puddle over the street, his fancy, in purest good faith, will make sail round the globe with a puff of his breath for a gale, will visit, in barely ten minutes, all climes, and do the Columbus-feat hundreds of times. Or, suppose the young poet fresh stored with delights from that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights, he will turn to a crony and cry, “Jack, let’s play that I am a Genius!” Jacky straightway makes Aladdin’s lamp out of a stone, and, for hours, they enjoy each his own supernatural powers. This is all very pretty and pleasant, but then suppose our two urchins have grown into men, and both have turned authors,—one says to his brother, “Let’s play we’re the American somethings or other,—say Homer or Sophocles, Goethe or Scott (only let them be big enough, no matter what). Come, you shall be Byron or Pope, which you choose: I’ll be Coleridge, and both shall write mutual reviews.” So they both (as mere strangers) before many days send each other a cord of anonymous bays. Each, piling his epithets, smiles in his sleeve to see what his friend can be made to believe; each, reading the other’s unbiased review, thinks—Here’s pretty high praise, but

no more than my due. Well, we laugh at them both, and yet make no great fuss when the same farce is acted to benefit us. Even I, who, if asked, scarce a month since, what Fudge meant, should have answered, the dear Public’s critical judgment, begin to think sharp-witted Horace spoke sooth when he said, that the Public *sometimes* hit the truth.

In reading these lines, you perhaps have a vision of a person in pretty good health and condition; and yet, since I put forth my primary edition, I have been crushed, scorched, withered, used up and put down (by Smith with the cordial assistance of Brown), in all, if you put any faith in my rhymes, to the number of ninety-five several times, and, while I am writing,—I tremble to think of it, for I may at this moment be just on the brink of it,—Molybdostom, angry at being omitted, has begun a critique,—am I not to be pitted?¹

Now I shall not crush *them* since, indeed, for that matter, no pressure I know of could render them flatter; nor wither, nor scorch them,—no action of fire could make either them or their articles drier; nor waste time in putting them down—I am thinking not their own self-inflation will keep them from sinking; for there’s this contradiction about the whole bevy,—though without the least weight, they are awfully heavy. No, my dear honest bore, *urdo fabulam narras*, they are no more to me than a rat in the arras. I can walk with the Doctor, get facts from the Don, or draw out the Lambish quintessence of John, and feel nothing more than a half-comic sorrow, to think that they all will be lying to-morrow tossed carelessly up on the waste-paper shelves, and forgotten by all but their half-dozen selves. Once snug in my attic, my fire in a roar, I leave the whole pack of them outside

¹ The wise Scandinavians probably called their bards by the queer-looking title of Scald, in a delicate way, as it were, just to hint to the world the hot water they always get into.

the door. With Hakluyt or Purchas I wander away to the black northern seas or barbaric Cathay; get *four* with O'Shanter, and sober me then with that builder of brick-kilnish dramas, rare Ben; snuff Herbert, as holy as a flower on a grave; with Fletcher wax tender, o'er Chapman grow brave; with Marlowe or Kyd take a fine poet-rave; in Very, most Hebrew of Saxons, find peace; with Lycidas welter on vext Irish seas; with Webster grow wild, and climb earthward again, down by mystical Browne's Jacob's-ladder-like brain, to that spiritual Pepsys (Cotton's version) Montaigne; find a new depth in Wordsworth, undreamed of before, that marvel, a poet divine who can bore. Or, out of my study, the scholar thrown off, Nature holds up her shield 'gainst the sneer and the scoff; the landscape, forever consoling and kind, pours her wine and her oil on the smarts of the mind. The waterfall, scattering its vanishing gems; the tall grove of hemlocks, with moss on their stems, like splashes of sunlight; the pond in the woods, where no foot but mine and the bittern's intrudes, where pitcher-plants purple and gentians hard by recall to September the blue of June's sky; these are all my kind neighbours, and leave me no wish to say aught to you all, my poor critics, but—pish! I've buried the hatchet. I'm twisting an allumette out of one of you now, and relighting my calumet. In your private capacities, come when you please, I will give you my hand and a fresh pipe apiece.

As I ran through the leaves of my poor little book, to take a fond author's first tremulous look, it was quite an excitement to hunt the *errata*, sprawled in as birds' tracks are in some kinds of strata (only these made things crooked). Fancy an heir that a father had seen born well-featured and fair, turning suddenly wry-nosed, club-footed, squint-eyed, hair-lipped, wapper-jawed, carrot-haired, from a pride become an aversion,—my case was yet worse. A club-foot (by way of

a change) in a verse, I might have forgiven, an *o's* being wry, a limp in an *e*, or a cock in an *i*,—but to have the sweet babe of my brain served in *pi*! I am not queasy-stomached, but such a Thyestean banquet as that was quite out of the question.

In the edition now issued no pains are neglected, and my verses, as orators say, stand corrected. Yet some blunders remain of the Public's own make, which I wish to correct for my personal sake. For instance, a character drawn in pure fun and condensing the traits of a dozen in one, has been, as I hear, by some persons applied to a good friend of mine, whom to stab in the side, as we walked along chatting and joking together, would not be *my* way. I can hardly tell whether a question will ever arise in which he and I should by any strange fortune agree, but meanwhile my esteem for him grows as I know him, and, though not the best judge on earth of a poem, he knows what it is he is saying and why, and is honest and fearless, two good points which I have not found so rare. I can easily smother my love for them, whether on my side or t'other.

For my other *anonymous*, you may be sure that I know what is meant by a caricature, and what by a portrait. There *are* those who think it is capital fun to be spattering their ink on quiet, unquarrelsome folk, but the minute the game changes sides and the others begin it, they see something savage and horrible in it. As for me I respect neither women nor men for their gender, nor own any sex in a pen. I choose just to hint to some causeless unfriends that, as far as I know, there are always two ends (and one of them heaviest, too) to a staff, and two parties also to every good laugh.

PHŒBUS, sitting one day in a laurel-tree's shade
Was reminded of Daphne, of whom it
was made,
For the goul being one day too warm in
his wooing,

She took to the tree to escape his pursuing;
 Be the cause what it might, from his offers she shrunk,
 And, Cinevra-like, shut herself up in a trunk;
 And, though 'twas a step into which he had driven her,
 He somehow or other had never forgiven her;
 Her memory he nursed as a kind of a tonic,
 Something bitter to chew when he'd play the Byronic,
 And I can't count the obstinate nymphs that he brought over
 By a strange kind of smile he put on when he thought of her.
 "My case is like Dido's," he sometimes remarked;
 "When I last saw my love, she was fairly embarked
 In a laurel, as *she* thought—but (ah, how Fate mocks!)
 She has found it by this time a very bad box;
 Let hunters from me take this saw when they need it,—
 You're not always sure of your game when you've treed it.
 Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress!
 What romance would be left?—who can flatter or kiss trees?
 And, for mercy's sake, how could one keep up a dialogue
 With a dull wooden thing that will live and will die a log,—
 Not to say that the thought would forever intrude
 That you've less chance to win her the more she is wood?
 Ah! it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves,
 To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;
 Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting but now,
 As they left me forever, each making its bough!

If her tongue *had* a tang sometimes more than was right,
 Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite."

Now, Daphne—before she was happily treeified—
 Over all other blossoms the lily had deified,
 And when she expected the god on a visit
 ('Twas before he had made his intentions explicit),
 Some buds she arranged with a vast deal of care,
 To look as if artlessly twined in her hair,
 Where they seemed, as he said, when he paid his addresses,
 Like the day breaking through the long night of her tresses;
 So whenever he wished to be quite irresistible,
 Like a man with eight trumps in his hand at a whist-table
 (I feared me at first that the rhyme was untwistable,
 Though I might have lugged in an allusion to Cristabel),—
 He would take up a lily, and gloomily look in it,
 As I shall at the —, when they cut up my book in it.

Well, here, after all the bad rhyme I've been spinning,
 I've got back at last to my story's beginning:
 Sitting there, as I say, in the shade of his mistress,
 As dull as a volume of old Chester mysteries,
 Or as those puzzling specimens which, in old histories,
 We read of his verses—the Oracles, namely,
 (I wonder the Greeks should have swallowed them tamely,
 For one might bet safely whatever he has to risk,

They were laid at his door by some
 ancient Miss Asterisk,
 And so dull that the men who retailed
 them outdoors
 Got the ill name of augurs, because they
 were bores, --)
 First, he mused what the animal substance
 or herb is
 Would induce a mustache, for you know
 he's *imberbi*;
 Then he shuddered to think how his
 youthful position
 Was assailed by the age of his son the
 physician;
 At some poems he glanced, had been
 sent to him lately,
 And the metre and sentiment puzzled
 him greatly;
 "Mechele! I'd make such proceeding
 felonious,--
 Have they all of them slept in the cave
 of Trophonius?
 Look well to your seat, 'tis like taking
 an airing
 On a corduroy road, and that out of
 repairing;
 It leads one, 'tis true, through the primi-
 tive forest,
 Grand natural features, but then one has
 no rest;
 You just catch a glimpse of some ravish-
 ing distance,
 When a jolt puts the whole of it out of
 existence,--
 Why not use their ears, if they happen
 to have any?"
 --Here the laurel-leaves murmured the
 name of poor Daphne.

"Oh, weep with me, Daphne," he
 sighed, "for you know it's
 A terrible thing to be pestered with poets!
 But, alas, she is dumb, and the proverb
 holds good,
 She never will cry till she's out of the
 wood!
 What wouldn't I give if I never had
 known of her?
 'Twere a kind of relief had I something
 to groan over:

If I had but some letters of hers, now,
 to toss over,
 I might turn for the nonce a Byronic
 philosopher,
 And bewitch all the flats by bemoaning
 the loss of her.
 One needs something tangible, though,
 to begin on,--
 A loom, as it were, for the fancy to spin
 on;
 What boots all your grist? it can never
 be ground
 Till a breeze makes the arms of the
 windmill go round;
 (Or, if 'tis a water-mill, alter the metaphor,
 And say it won't stir, save the wheel be
 well wet afore,
 Or lug in some stuff about water 'so
 dreamily,'--
 It is not a metaphor, though, 'tis a
 simile);
 A lily, perhaps, would set *my* mill a-
 going,
 For just at this season, I think, they
 are blowing.
 Here, somebody, fetch one; not very far
 hence
 They're in bloom by the score, 'tis but
 climbing a fence;
 There's a poet hard by, who does nothing
 but fill his
 Whole garden, from one end to t'other,
 with lilies;
 A very good plan, were it not for
 satiety,
 One longs for a weed here and there, for
 variety;
 Though a weed is no more than a flower
 in disguise,
 Which is seen through at once, if love
 give a man eyes."

Now there happened to be among
 Phœbus's followers,
 A gentleman, one of the omnivorous
 swallowers,
 Who bolt every book that comes out of
 the press,
 Without the least question of larger or
 less,

Whose stomachs are strong at the expense
 of their head,—
 For reading new books is like eating new
 bread,
 One can bear it at first, but by gradual
 steps he
 Is brought to death's dool of a mental
 dyspepsy.
 On a previous stage of existence, our
 Hero
 Had ridden outside, with the glass below
 zero;
 He had been, 'tis a fact you may safely
 rely on,
 Of a very old stock a most eminent
 scion,—
 A stock all fresh quacks their fierce
 boluses ply on,
 Who stretch the new boots Earth's un-
 willing to try on,
 Whom humbugs of all shapes and sorts
 keep their eye on
 Whose hair's in the mortar of every new
 Zion,
 Who, when whistles are dear, go directly
 and buy one,
 Who think slavery a crime that we must
 not say *lie* on,
 Who hunt, if they e'er hunt at all, with
 the lion
 (Though they hunt lions also, whenever
 they spy one),
 Who contrive to make every good fortune
 a wry one,
 And at last choose the hard bed of honour
 to die on,
 Whose pedigree, traced to earth's earliest
 years,
 Is longer than anything else but their
 ears;—
 In short, he was sent into life with the
 wrong key,
 He unlocked the door, and stepped forth a
 poor donkey.
 Though kicked and abused by his
 bipedal betters
 Yet he filled no mean place in the king-
 dom of letters;
 Far happier than many a literary hack,
 He bore only paper-mill rags on his back

(For it makes a vast difference which
 side the mill
 One expends on the paper his labour and
 skill);
 So, when his soul waited a new trans-
 migration,
 And Destiny balanced 'twixt this and
 that station,
 Not having much time to expend upon
 bothers,
 Remembering he'd had some connection
 with authors,
 And considering his four legs had grown
 paralytic,—
 She set him on two, and he came forth
 a critic.

Through his babyhood no kind of
 pleasure he took
 In any amusement but tearing a book;
 For him there was no intermediate stage
 from babyhood up to strait-laced middle
 age;
 There were years when he didn't wear
 coat-tails behind,
 But a boy he could never be rightly
 defined;
 Like the Irish Good Folk, though in
 length scarce a span,
 From the womb he came gravely, a little
 old man;
 While other boys' trousers demanded the
 toil
 Of the motherly fingers on all kinds of soil,
 Red, yellow, brown, black, clayey,
 gravelly, loamy,
 He sat in the corner and read *Viri
 Romæ*.
 He never was known to unbend or to
 revel once
 In base, marbles, hockey, or kick up the
 devil once;
 He was just one of those who excite the
 benevolence
 Of your old prigs who sound the soul's
 depths with a ledger,
 And are on the lookout for some young
 men to "edger-
 cate," as they call it, who won't be too
 costly,

And who'll afterward take to the
ministry mostly;
Who always wear spectacles, always look
bilibious,
Always keep on good terms with each
mater-fanulias
Throughout the whole parish, and
manage to rear
Ten boys like themselves, on four
hundred a year:
Who, fulfilling in turn the same fearful
conditions,
Either preach through their noses, or go
upon missions.

In this way our Hero got safely to
college,
Where he bolted alike both his commons
and knowledge;
A reading-machine, always wound up
and going,
He mastered whatever was not worth the
knowing,
Appeared in a gown, with black waist-
coat of satin,
To spout such a Gothic oration in Latin
That Tully could never have made out a
word in it
(Though himself was the model the
author preferred in it),
And grasping the parchment which gave
him in fee
All the mystic and-so-forths contained in
A. B.,
He was launched (life is always compared
to a sea)
With just enough learning, and skill for
the using it,
To prove he'd a brain, by forever
confusing it.
So worthy St. Benedict, piously burning
With the holiest zeal against secular
learning,
Nesciensque scienter, as writers express it,
Indoctusque sapienter a Roma recessit.

'Twould be endless to tell you the
things that he knew,
Each a separate fact, undeniably true,

But with him or each other they'd
nothing to do;
No power of combining, arranging,
discerning.
Digested the masses he learned into
learning;
There was one thing in life he had
practical knowledge for
(And this, you will think, he need scarce
go to college for), --
Not a deed would he do, nor a word
would he utter,
Till he'd weighed its relations to plain
bread and butter.
When he left Alma Mater, he practised
his wits
In compiling the journals' historical
bits, --
Of shops broken open, men falling in
fits,
Great fortunes in England bequeathed to
poor printers,
And cold spells, the coldest for many
past winters, --
Then, rising by industry, knack, and
address,
Got notices up for an unbiased press,
With a mind so well poised, it seemed
equally made for
Applause or abuse, just which chanced
to be paid for:
From this point his progress was rapid
and sure,
To the post of a regular heavy reviewer.

And here, I must say he wrote excellent
articles
On Hebraical points, or the force of
Greek particles;
They filled up the space nothing else was
prepared for,
And nobody read that which nobody
cared for;
If any old book reached a fiftieth edition,
He could fill forty pages with safe
erudition:
He could gauge the old books by the old
set of rules,
And his very old nothings pleased very
old fools;

But give him a new book, fresh out of
the heart,
And you put him at sea without compass
or chart,—
His blunders aspired to the rank of an art :
For his lore was engraft, something
foreign that grew in him,
Exhausting the sap of the native and
true in him,
So that when a man came with a soul
that was new in him,
Carving new forms of truth out of
Nature's old granite,
New and old at their birth, like Le
Verrier's planet,
Which, to get a true judgment, them-
selves must create
In the soul of their critic the measure and
weight,
Being rather themselves a fresh standard
of grace,
To compute their own judge, and assign
him his place,
Our reviewer would crawl all about it
and round it,
And, reporting each circumstance just as
he found it,
Without the least malice,—his record
would be
Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,
Which, supping on Wordsworth, should
print, for our sakes,
Recollections of nights with the Bard of
the Lakes,
Or, lodged by an Arab guide, ventured
to render a
Comprehensive account of the ruins at
Denderah.

As I said, he was never precisely
unkind,
The defect in his brain was just absence
of mind ;
If he boasted, 'twas simply that he was
self-made,
A position which I, for one, never gain-
said,
My respect for my Maker supposing a skill
In His works which our Hero would
answer but ill ;

And I trust that the mould which he
used may be cracked, or he,
Made bold by success, may enlarge his
phylactery,
And set up a kind of a man-manu-
factory,—
An event which I shudder to think about,
seeing
That Man is a moral, accountable being.

He meant well enough, but was still
in the way,
As dunces still are, let them be where
they may ;
Indeed, they appear to come into exist-
ence
To impede other folks with their awkward
assistance ;
If you set up a dunce on the very North
pole
All alone with himself, I believe, on my
soul.
He'd manage to get betwixt somebody's
shins,
And pitch him down bodily, all in his
sins,
To the grave polar bears sitting round on
the ice,
All shortening their grace, to be in for a
slice ;
Or, if he found nobody else there to
pothor,
Why, one of his legs would just trip up
the other,
For there's nothing we read of in torture's
inventions,
Like a well-meaning dunce, with the
best of intentions.

A terrible fellow to meet in society,
Not the toast that he buttered was ever
so dry at tea ;
There he'd sit at the table and stir in his
sugar,
Crouching close for a spring, all the
while, like a cougar ;
Be sure of your facts, of your measures
and weights,
Of your time,—he's as fond as an Arab
of dates ;

You'll be telling, perhaps, in your comical
 way,
 Of something you've seen in the course
 of the day;
 And, just as you're tapering out the con-
 clusion,
 You venture an ill-fated classic allu-
 sion,—
 The girls have all got their laughs ready,
 when, whack !
 The cougar comes down on your thunder-
 struck back !
 You had left out a comma,—your Greek's
 put in joint,
 And pointed at cost of your story's whole
 point.
 In the course of the evening, you find
 chance for certain
 Soft speeches to Anne, in the shade of
 the curtain :
 You tell her your heart can be likened
 to *one* flower,
 "And that, O most charming of women,"
 the sunflower,
 Which turns"—here a clear nasal voice,
 to your terror,
 From outside the curtain, says, "That's
 all an error."
 As for him, he's—no matter, he never
 grew tender,
 Sitting after a ball, with his feet on the
 fender,
 Shaping somebody's sweet features out of
 cigar smoke
 (Though he'd willingly grant you that
 such doings are smoke) ;
 All women he damns with *mutabile*
semper,
 And if ever he felt something like love's
 distemper,
 'Twas tow'ards a young lady who spoke
 ancient Mexican,
 And assisted her father in making a
 lexicon ;
 Though I recollect hearing him get quite
 ferocious
 About Mary Clausum, the mistress of
 Grotius,
 Or something of that sort,—but, no more
 to bore ye

With character-painting, I'll turn to my
 story.

Now, Apollo, who finds it convenient
 sometimes
 To get his court clear of the makers of
 rhymes,
 The *genus*, I think it is called, *irrita-
 bile*,
 Every one of whom thinks himself treated
 most shabbily,
 And nurses a---what is it?---*immedita-
 bile*,
 Which keeps him at boiling-point, hot for
 a quarrel,
 As bitter as wormwood, and sower than
 sorrel,
 If my poor devil but look at a laurel ;—
 Apollo, I say, being sick of their rioting
 (Though he sometimes acknowledged
 their verse had a quieting
 Effect after dinner, and seemed to sug-
 gest a
 Retreat to the shrine of a tranquil siesta),
 Kept our Hero at hand, who, by means
 of a bray,
 Which he gave to the life, drove the
 rabble away ;
 And if that wouldn't do, he was sure to
 succeed,
 If he took his review out and offered to
 read ;
 Or, failing in plans of this milder descrip-
 tion,
 He would ask for their aid to get up a
 subscription,
 Considering that authorship wasn't a rich
 craft,
 To print the "American drama of Witch-
 craft."
 "Stay, I'll read you a scene,"—but he
 hardly began,
 Ere Apollo shrieked "Help !" and the
 authors all ran :
 And once, when these purgatives acted
 with less spirit,
 And the desperate case asked a remedy
 desperate,
 He drew from his pocket a foolscap
 epistle

As calmly as if 'twere a nine-barrelled
pistol,
And threatened them all with the judg-
ment to come,
Of "A wandering Star's first impressions
of Rome."
"Stop! stop!" with their hands o'er
their ears, screamed the Muses,
"He may go off and murder himself, if
he chooses,
'Twas a means self-defence only sanctioned
his trying,
'Tis mere massacre now that the enemy's
flying;
If he's forced to't again, and we happen
to be there,
Give us each a large handkerchief soaked
in strong ether."

I called this a "Fable for Critics";
you think it's
More like a display of my rhythmical
trinkets;
My plot, like an icicle, 's slender and
slippery,
Every moment more slender, and likely
to slip awry,
And the reader unwilling *in loco desi-*
pere,
Is free to jump over as much of my
frippery
As he fancies, and, if he's a provident
skipper, he
May have like Odysseus control of the
gales,
And get safe to port, ere his patience
quite fails;
Moreover, although 'tis a slender return
For your toil and expense, yet my paper
will burn,
And, if you have manfully struggled thus
far with me,
You may e'en twist me up, and just light
your cigar with me:
If too angry for that, you can tear me in
pieces,
And my *membra disjecta* consign to the
breezes,
A fate like great Ratzau's, whom one of
those bores,

Who befleaded with bad verses poor Louis
Quatorze,
Describes (the first verse somehow ends
with *victoire*),
As dispersant partout et ses membres et sa
gloire;
Or, if I were over-desirous of earning
A repute among noodles for classical
learning,
I could pick you a score of allusions,
i-wis,
As new as the jests of *Didaskalos tis*;
Better still, I could make out a good
solid list
From authors recondite who do not
exist,—
But that would be naughty: at least, I
could twist
Something out of Absyrtus, or turn your
inquiries
After Milton's prose metaphor, drawn
from Ostitis;
But, as Cicero says he won't say this or
that
(A fetch, I must say, most transparent
and flat),
After saying whate'er he could possibly
think of,—
I simply will state that I pause on the
brink of
A mire, ankle-deep, of deliberate con-
fusion,
Made up of old jumbles of classic allusion:
So, when you were thinking yourselves
to be pitied,
Just conceive how much harder your
teeth you'd have gritted,
An 'twere not for the dulness I've kindly
omitted.

I'd apologise here for my many digres-
sions,
Were it not that I'm certain to trip into
fresh ones
('Tis so hard to escape if you get in their
mesh once);
Just reflect, if you please, how 'tis said
by Horatius,
That Mæonides nods now and then, and,
my gracious!

It certainly does look a little bit ominous
When he gets under way with *ton il'*
apamibomenos

(Here a something occurs which I'll just
clap a rhyme to,
And say it myself, ere a /oilus have time
to,—

Any author a nap like Van Winkle's may
take,

If he only contrive to keep readers awake,
But he'll very soon find himself laid on
the shelf,

If *they* fall a nodding when he nods him-
self)

Once for all, to return, and to stay,
will I, nill I —

When Phœbus expressed his desire for a
lily,

Our Hero, whose homeopathic sagacity
With an ocean of zeal mixed his drop of
capacity,

Set off for the garden as fast as the wind
(Or, to take a comparison more to my
mind,

As a sound politician leaves conscience
behind),

And leaped the low fence, as a party
hack jumps

O'er his principles, when something else
turns up trumps

He was gone a long time, and Apollo,
meanwhile,

Went over some sonnets of his with a file,
For, of all compositions, he thought that
the sonnet

Best repaid all the toil you expended
upon it,

It should reach with one impulse the end
of its course,

And for one final blow collect all of its
force;

Not a verse should be salient, but each
one should tend

With a wave like up gathering to break
at the end;

So, condensing the strength here, there
smoothing a wry kink,

He was killing the time, when up walked
Mr D —;

At a few steps behind him, a small man
in glasses

Went dodging about, muttering, "Mur-
derers' asses!"

From out of his pocket a paper he'd
take,

With a proud look of martyrdom tied to
its stake,

And, reading a squib at himself, he'd say,
"Here I see

'Gainst American letters a bloody con-
spiracy,

They're all by my personal enemies
written;

I must post an anonymous letter to
Britain,

And show that this gall is the merest
suggestion

Of spite at my zeal on the Copyright
question,

For, on this side the water, 'tis prudent to
pull

O'er the eyes of the public their national
wool,

By accusing of slavish respect to John
Bull

All American authors who have more or
less

Of that anti American humbug—suc-
cess,

While in private we're always embracing
the knees

Of some twopenny editor over the seas,
And licking his critical shoes, for you
know 'tis

The whole aim of our lives to get one
English notice,

My American puffs I would willingly
burn all

(They're all from one source, monthly,
weekly, diurnal)

To get but a kick from a transmarine
journal!"

So, culling the gibes of each critical
scorner

As if they were plums, and himself were
Jack Hoiner,

He came cautiously on, peeping round
 every corner,
 And into each hole where a weasel might
 pass in,
 Expecting the knife of some critic
 assassin,
 Who stabs to the heart with a caricature,
 Not so bad as those daubs of the Sun, to
 be sure,
 Yet done with a dagger-o'-type, whose
 vile portraits
 Disperse all one's good and condense all
 one's poor traits.

Apollo looked up, hearing footsteps
 approaching,
 And slipped out of sight the new rhymes
 he was broaching, - -
 "Good day, Mr. D—, I'm happy to
 meet
 With a scholar so ripe, and a critic so
 neat,
 Who through Grub Street the soul of a
 gentleman carries;
 What news from that suburb of London
 and Paris
 Which latterly makes such shrill claims
 to monopolise
 The credit of being the New World's
 metropolis?"

"Why, nothing of consequence, save
 this attack
 On my friend there, behind, by some
 pitiful hack,
 Who thinks every national author a poor
 one,
 That isn't a copy of something that's
 foreign,
 And assaults the American Dick—"

"Nay, 'tis clear
 That your Damon there's fond of a flea
 in his ear,
 And, if no one else furnished them gratis,
 on tick
 He would buy some himself, just to hear
 the old click;

Why, I honestly think, if some fool in
 Japan
 Should turn up his nose at the 'Poems
 on Man,'
 (Which contain many verses as fine, by
 the bye,
 As any that lately came under my eye,)
 Your friend there by some inward instinct
 would know it,
 Would get it translated, reprinted, and
 show it;
 As a man might take off a high stock to
 exhibit
 The autograph round his own neck of the
 gibbet;
 Nor would let it rest so, but fire column
 after column,
 Signed Cato, or Brutus, or something as
 solemn,
 By way of displaying his critical crosses,
 And tweaking that poor transatlantic
 proboscis,
 His broadsides resulting (this last there's
 no doubt of)
 In successively sinking the craft they're
 fired out of.
 Now nobody knows when an author is
 hit,
 If he have not a public hysterical fit;
 Let him only keep close in his snug
 garret's dim ether,
 And nobody'd think of his foes—or of
 him either;
 If an author have any least fibre of worth
 in him,
 Abuse would but tickle the organ of
 mirth in him;
 All the critics on earth cannot crush with
 their ban
 One word that's in tune with the nature
 of man."

"Well, perhaps so; meanwhile I have
 brought you a book,
 Into which if you'll just have the good-
 ness to look,
 You may feel so delighted (when once
 you are through it)
 As to deem it not unworth your while to
 review it,

And I think I can promise your thoughts,
if you do,
A place in the next Democratic Review."

"The most thankless of gods you must
surely have thought me,
For this is the forty-fourth copy you've
brought me,
I have given them away, or at least I
have tried,
But I've forty-two left, standing all side
by side
(The man who accepted that one copy
did),—
From one end of a shelf to the other
they reach,
'With the author's respects' neatly
written in each.
The publisher, sure, will proclaim a Te
Deum,
When he hears of that order the British
Museum
Has sent for one set of what books were
first printed
In America, little or big, for tis
hinted
That this is the first truly tangible hope
he
Has ever had raised for the sale of a
copy.
I've thought very often 'twould be a good
thing
In all public collections of books, if a
wing
Were set off by itself, like the seas from
the dry lands,
Marked *Literature suited to desolate
islands*,
And filled with such books as could never
be read
Save by readers of proofs, forced to do
it for bread,—
Such books as one's wrecked on in small
country taverns,
Such as hermits might mortify over in
caverns,
Such as Satan, if punting had then been
invented,
As the climax of woe, would to Job have
presented,

Such as Crusoe might dip in, although
there are few so
Outrageously cornered by fate as poor
Crusoe,
And since the philanthropists just now
are banging
And gibbeting all who're in favour of
hanging
(I though Cheever has proved that the
Bible and Altai
Were let down from Heaven at the end
of a halter,
And that vital religion would dull and
grow callous,
Unrefreshed, now and then, with a sniff
of the gallows),—
And folks are beginning to think it looks
odd,
To choke a poor scamp for the glory of
God;
And that He who esteems the Virginia
reel
A but to draw saints from their spiritual
well,
And regards the quadrille as a far greater
knave's
Than crushing His African children with
slavery,—
Since all who take part in a waltz or
cotillon
Are mounted for hell on the Devil's own
pillion,
Who, as every true orthodox Christian
well knows,
Approaches the heart through the door of
the toes,—
That if, I was saying, whose judgments
are stored
For such as take steps in despite of His
word,
Should look with delight on the agonised
prancing
Of a wretch who has not the least ground
for his dancing,
While the State, standing by, sings a
verse from the Psalter
About offering to God on His favourite
halter,
And, when the legs droop from their
twitching divergence,

Sells the clothes to a Jew, and the corpse
to the surgeons ;—
Now, instead of all this, I think I can
direct you all
To a criminal code both humane and
effectual ;—
I propose to shut up every doer of wrong
With these desperate books, for such
term, short or long,
As by statute in such cases made and
provided,
Shall be by your wise legislators decided :
Thus : Let murderers be shut, to grow
wiser and cooler,
At hard labour for life on the works of
Miss — ;
Petty thieves, kept from flagranter crimes
by their fears,
Shall peruse Yankee Doodle a blank
term of yeas, —
That American Punch, like the English,
no doubt, —
Just the sugar-and lemons and spirit left
out.

“ But stay, here comes Tityrus Gris-
wold, and leads on
The flocks, whom he first plucks alive,
and then feeds on, —
A loud-cackling swarm, in whose feathers
warm-drest,
He goes for as perfect a — swan as the
rest.

“ There comes Emerson first, whose
rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang
trophies on,
Whose prose is grand verse, while his
verse, the Lord knows,
Is some of it pr— No, 'tis not even
prose ;
I'm speaking of metres ; some poems have
welled
From those rare depths of soul that have
ne'er been excelled :
They're not epics, but that doesn't
matter a pin,
In creating, the only hard thing's to
begin ;

A grass-blade's no easier to make than
an oak ;
If you've once found the way, you've
achieved the grand stroke ;
In the worst of his poems are mines of
rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a
clatter ;
Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general
tone,
The something pervading, uniting the
whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable
soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or
that, you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of
the statue ;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly
perfect may be,
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they
don't make a tree.

“ But, to come back to Emerson
(whom, by the way,
I believe we left waiting),—his is, we
may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulder,
whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other
the Exchange ;
He seems, to my thinking (although I'm
afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have
been made),
A Plotinus - Montaigne, where the
Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-
jowl coexist ;
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts
he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know
what ;
For though he builds glorious temples,
'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a
god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people
like me

To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly
respected

As parts of himself—just a little pro-
jected;

And who's willing to worship the stars
and the sun,

A convert to—nothing but Emerson.

So perfect a balance there is in his
head,

That he talks of things sometimes as if
they were dead;

Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of
that sort,

He looks at as merely ideas; in short,

As if they were fossils stuck round in a
cabinet,

Of such vast extent that our earth's a
mere dab in it;

Composed just as he is inclined to con-
jecture her,

Namely, one part pure earth, ninety nine
part pure lecturer;

You are filled with delight at his clear
demonstration,

Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the
occasion,

With the quiet precision of science he'll
sort 'em,

But you can't help suspecting the whole
a post mortem.

“There are persons, mole-blind to the
soul's make and style,

Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and
Ca'yle;

To compare him with Plato would be
vastly fairer,

Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the
rarer;

He sees fewer objects, but clearer,
truelier,

If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar,
That he's more of a man you might say
of the one,

Of the other he's more of an Emerson;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of
limb,—

E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and
slim;

The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other
half Greek,

Where the one's most abounding, the
other's to seek;

C.'s generals require to be seen in the
mass,—

E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the
glass;

C. gives nature and God his own fits of
the blues,

And rims common-sense things with
mystical hues,—

E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp
common-sense;

C. shows you how every-day matters
unite

With the dim transdiurnal recesses of
night,—

While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every
day;

C. draws all his characters quite *à la*
Fuseli,—

Not sketching their bundles of muscles
and thews illy,

He paints with a brush so untamed and
profuse,

They seem nothing but bundles of muscles
and thews;

E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait and
severe,

And a colourless outline, but full, round,
and clear;

To the men he thinks worthy he frankly
accords

The design of a white marble statue in
words

C. labours to get at the centre, and
then

Take a reckoning from there of his actions
and men;

E. calmly assumes the said centre as
granted,

And, given himself, has whatever is
wanted.

“He has imitators in scores, who omit
No part of the man but his wisdom and
wit,—

Who go carefully o'er the sky-bluc of his
brain,
And when he has skimmed it once, skim
it again;
If at all they resemble him, you may be
sure it is
Because their shoals mirror his mists and
obscurities,
As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven
for a minute,
While a cloud that floats o'er is reflected
within it.

"There comes --, for instance; to
see him's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's tracks with legs pain-
fully short;
How he jumps, how he strains, and gets
red in the face,
To keep step with the mystagogue's
natural pace!
He follows as close as a stick to a
rocket,
His fingers exploring the prophet's each
pocket.
Fie, for shame, brother bard; with good
fruit of your own,
Can't you let Neighbour Emerson's
orchards alone?
Besides, 'tis no use, you'll not find e'en
a core, --
— has picked up all the windfalls
before.
They might strip every tree, and E. never
would catch 'em,
His Hesperides have no rude dragon to
watch 'em;
When they send him a dishful, and ask
him to try 'em,
He never suspects how the sly rogues
came by 'em;
He wonders why 'tis there are none such
his trees on,
And thinks 'em the best he has tasted
this season.

"Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott
stalks in a dream,
And fancies himself in thy groves,
Academe,

With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive-
trees o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex him or bore
him,
With a snug room at Plato's when night
comes, to walk to,
And people from morning till midnight
to talk to,
And from midnight till morning, nor
snore in their listening; —
So he muses, his face with the joy of it
glistening,
For his highest conceit of a happiest
state is
Where they'd live upon acorns, and hear
him talk gratis;
And indeed, I believe, no man ever talked
better,
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to
a letter;
He seems piling words, but there's royal
dust hid
In the heart of each sky-piercing
pyramid.
While he talks he is great, but goes out
like a taper,
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink,
and paper;
Yet his fingers itch for 'em from morning
till night,
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't
always write;
In this, as in all things, a lamb among
men,
He goes to sure death when he goes to
his pen.

"Close behind him is Brownson, his
mouth very full
With attempting to gulp a Gregorian bull;
Who contrives, spite of that, to pour out
as he goes
A stream of transparent and forcible
prose;
He shifts quite about, then proceeds to
expound
That 'tis merely the earth, not himself,
that turns round,
And wishes it clearly impressed on your
mind

That the weathercock rules and not
follows the wind ;
Proving first, then as deftly confuting
each side,
With no doctrine pleased that's not
somewhere denied,
He lays the denier away on the shelf,
And then—down beside him lies gravely
himself.
He's the Salt River boatman, who
always stands willing
To convey friend or foe without charging
a shilling,
And so fond of the trip that, when
leisure's to spare,
He'll row himself up, if he can't get a
fare.
The worst of it is, that his logic's so
strong,
That of two sides he commonly chooses
the wrong ;
If there's only one, why, he'll split it in
two,
And first pummel this half, then that,
black and blue.
That white's white needs no proof, but
it takes a deep fellow
To prove it jet-black, and that jet-black
is yellow.
He offers the true faith to drink in a
sieve,—
When it reaches your lips there's naught
left to believe
But a few silly- (syllable, I mean,) -gisms
that squat 'em
Like tadpoles, o'erjoyed with the mud at
the bottom.

“There is Willis, all *natty* and jaunty
and gay,
Who says his best things in so soppyish a
way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly
o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank
him for saying 'em ;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and
prose,
Just conceive of a Muse with a ring in
her nose !

His prose had a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it
alone ;
But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly
gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where one might
have admired ;
Yet whenever it slips away free and
unlaced,
It runs like a stream with a musical
waste,
And gurgles along with the liquidest
sweep ;—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have
it deep ?
In a country where scarcely a village is
found
That has not its author sublime and pro-
found,
For some one to be slightly shallow's a
duty,
And Willis's shallowness makes half his
beauty.
His prose winds along with a blithe,
gurgling error,
And reflects all of Heaven it can see in
its mirror :
'Tis a narrowish strip, but it is not an
artifice ;
'Tis the true out-of-doors with its genuine
hearty phiz ;
It is Nature herself, and there's some-
thing in that,
Since most brains reflect but the crown
of a hat.
Few volumes I know to read under a
tree,
More truly delightful than his *A l'Abri*,
With the shadows of leaves flowing over
your book,
Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a
brook ;
With June coming softly your shoulder
to look over,
Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your
book over,
And Nature to criticise still as you
read,—
The page that bears that is a rare one
indeed.

"He's so innate a cockney, that had
 he been born
 Where plain bare-skin's the only full-
 dress that is worn,
 He'd have given his own such an air that
 you'd say
 'T had been made by a tailor to lounge
 in Broadway.
 His nature's a glass of champagne with
 the foam on't,
 As tender as Fletcher, as witty as
 Beaumont;
 So his best things are done in the flush
 of the moment;
 If he wait, all is spoiled; he may stir it
 and shake it,
 But, the fixed air once gone, he can
 never remake it.
 He might be a marvel of easy delightfulness,
 If he would not sometimes leave the r
 out of sprightfulness;
 And he ought to let Scripture alone—'tis
 self-slaughter,
 For nobody likes inspiration-and-water.
 He'd have been just the fellow to sup at
 the Mermaid,
 Cracking jokes at rare Ben, with an eye
 to the barmaid,
 His wit running up as Canary ran
 down,—
 The topmost bright bubble on the wave
 of The Town

"Here comes Parker, the Orson of
 parsons, a man
 Whom the Church undertook to put
 under her ban
 (The Church of Socinus, I mean),—his
 opinions
 Being So- (ultra) -cinian, they shocked
 the Socinians;
 They believed—faith, I'm puzzled—I
 think I may call
 Their belief a believing in nothing at all,
 Or something of that sort; I know they
 all went
 For a general union of total dissent:
 He went a step farther; without cough
 or hem,

He frankly avowed he believed not in
 them;
 And, before he could be jumbled up or
 prevented,
 From their orthodox kind of dissent he
 dissented.
 There was heresy here, you perceive, for
 the right
 Of privately judging means simply that
 light
 Has been granted to *me*, for deciding on
you;
 And in happier times, before Atheism
 grew,
 The deed contained clauses for cooking
 you too:
 Now at Xerxes and Knut we all laugh,
 yet our foot
 With the same wave is wet that mocked
 Xerxes and Knut,
 And we all entertain a secure private
 notion,
 That our *Thus far!* will have a great
 weight with the ocean.
 'Twas so with our liberal Christians:
 they bore
 With sincerest conviction their chairs to
 the shore;
 They brandished their worn theological
 birches,
 Bade natural progress keep out of the
 Churches,
 And expected the lines they had drawn
 to prevail
 With the fast-rising tide to keep out of
 their pale;
 They had formerly dammed the Pontifical
 See,
 And the same thing, they thought, would
 do nicely for P.;
 But he turned up his nose at their
 mumming and shamming,
 And cared (shall I say?) not a d— for
 their damming;
 So they first read him out of their church,
 and next minute
 Turned round and declared he had never
 been in it.
 But the ban was too small or the man
 was too big,

For he reck's not their bells, books, and
 candles a fig
 (He scarce looks like a man who would
stay treated shabbily,
 Sophroniscus' son's head o'er the features
 of Rabelais);—
 He bangs and bethwacks them,—their
 backs he salutes
 With the whole tree of knowledge torn
 up by the roots;
 His sermons with satire are plenteously
 verjuiced,
 And he talks in one breath of Confutzee,
 Cass, Zerdusch,
 Jack Robinson, Peter the Hermit, Strap,
 Dathin,
 Cush, Pitt (not the bottomless, *that* he's
 no faith in),
 Pan, Pillicock, Shakespeare, Paul, Toots,
 Monsieun Tonson,
 Aldebaran, Alcander, Ben Khorat, Ben
 Jonson,
 Thoth, Richter, Joe Smith, Father Paul,
 Judah Monis,
 Musæus, Muretus, *hem*,— μ Scorpionis,
 Maccabec, Maccaboy, Mac—Mac—ah!
 Machiavelli,
 Condorcet, Count d'Orsay, Conder, Say,
 Ganganelli,
 Orion, O'Connell, the Chevalier D'O,
 (See the Memoirs of Sully,) *to par*, the
 gicat toe
 Of the statue of Jupiter, now made to
 pass
 For that of Jew Peter by good Romish
 brass,
 (You may add for yourselves, for I find
 it a bore,
 All the names you have ever, or not,
 heard before,
 And when you've done that—why, invent
 a few more.)
 His hearers can't tell you on Sunday
 beforehand,
 If in that day's discourse they'll be
 Bibled or Koraned,
 For he's seized the idea (by his martyr-
 dom fired)
 That all men (not orthodox) *may be*
 inspired;

L

Yet though wisdom profane with his
 creed he may weave in,
 He makes it quite clear what he *doesn't*
 believe in,
 While some, who decry him, think all
 Kingdom 'Come
 Is a sort of a, kind of a, species of Hum.
 Of which, as it were, so to speak, not a
 crumb
 Would be left, if we didn't keep carefully
 mum,
 And, to make a clean breast, that 'tis
 perfectly plain
 That *all* kinds of wisdom are somewhat
 profane;
 Now P.'s creed than this may be lighter
 or darker,
 But in one thing, 'tis clear, he has faith,
 namely—Parker;
 And this is what makes him the crowd-
 drawing preacher,
 There's a background of god to each
 hard-working feature,
 Every word that he speaks has been
 fuily funneled
 In the blast of a life that has struggled
 in earnest:
 There he stands, looking more like a
 ploughman than priest,
 If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful
 at least,
 His gestures all downright and same, if
 you will,
 As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a
 drill;
 But his periods fall on you, stroke after
 stroke,
 Like the blows of a lumberer felling an
 oak,
 You forget the man wholly, you're thank-
 ful to meet
 With a preacher who smacks of the field
 and the street,
 And to hear, you're not over-particular
 whence,
 Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Lati-
 mer's sense.

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool,
 and as dignified,

V

As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is
ignified,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o'
nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill
Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first
bard of your nation
(There's no doubt that he stands in
supreme iceolation),
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his
heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal
following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang
any zeal on :
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you
choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling
enthusiasm ;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North
Pole.

“ He is very nice reading in summer,
but *inter*
Nos, we don't want *extra* freezing in
winter ;
Take him up in the depth of July, my
advice is,
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to
ices.
But, deduct all you can, there's enough
that's right good in him,
He has a true soul for field, river, and
wood in him ;
And his heart, in the midst of brick
walls, or where'er it is,
Glow, softens, and thrills with the
tenderest charities—
To you mortals that delve in this trade-
ridden planet ?
No, to old Berkshire's hills, with their
limestone and granite.
If you're one who *in loco* (add *foro* here)
desipis,
You will get of his outermost heart (as I
guess) a piece ;
But you'd get deeper down if you came
as a precipice,

And would break the last seal of its in-
wardest fountain,
If you only could palm yourself off for a
mountain.
Mr. Quivis, or somebody quite as dis-
cerning,
Some scholar who's hourly expecting his
learning,
Calls B. the American Wordsworth ; but
Wordsworth
May be rated at more than your whole
tuneful herd's worth.
No, don't be absurd, he's an excellent
Bryant ;
But, my friends, you'll endanger the life
of your client,
By attempting to stretch him up into a
giant :
If you choose to compare him, I think
there are two per-
-sons fit for a parallel—Thompson and
Cowper ;¹
I don't mean exactly,—there's something
of each,
There's T.'s love of nature, C.'s penchant
to preach ;
Just mix up their minds so that C.'s spice
of craziness
Shall balance and neutralise T.'s turn for
laziness,
And it gives you a brain cool, quite
fictionless, quiet,
Whose internal police nips the buds of
all riot,—
A brain like a permanent strait-jacket
put on
The heart that strives vainly to burst off
a button,—
A brain which, without being slow or
mechanic,
Does more than a larger less drilled,
more volcanic ;
He's a Cowper condensed, with no crazi-
ness bitten,

¹ To demonstrate quickly and easily how per-
-versely absurd 'tis to sound this name *Cowper*,
As people in general call him named *super*,
I remark that he rhymes it himself with horse-
trooper.

And the advantage that Wordsworth
before him had written.

"But, my dear little hardlings, don't
pick up your ears
Nor suppose I would rank you and
Bryant as peers;
If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to
say
There is nothing in that which is grand
in its way;
He is almost the one of your poets that
knows
How much grace, strength, and dignity
he in Repose;
If he sometimes fall short, he is too wise
to mar
His thought's modest fulness by going
too far;
'Twould be well if your authors should
all make a trial
Of what virtue there is in severe self-
denial,
And measure their writings by Hesiod's
staff,
Which teaches that all has less value than
half.

"There is Whittier, whose swelling
and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted clab of the
Quaker apart,
And reveals the live Man, still supreme
and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrappers
of sect;
There was ne'er a man born who had
more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind
of thing;
And his failures arise (though he seem
not to know it)
From the very same cause that has made
him a poet,—
A fervour of mind which knows no
separation
'Twixt simple excitement and pure in-
spiration,
As my Pythones erst sometimes erred
from not knowing

If 'twere I or mere wind through her
tripod was blowing;
Let his mind once get head in its favourite
direction
And the torrent of verse bursts the dams
of reflection,
While, borne with the rush of the metre
along,
The poet may chance to go right or go
wrong,
Content with the whirl and delirium of
song;
Then his grammar's not always correct,
nor his rhymes,
And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics
sometimes,
Not his best, though, for those are struck
off at white-heats
When the heart in his breast like a trip-
hammer beats,
And can ne'er be repeated again any more
Than they could have been carefully
plotted before:
Like old what's-his-name there at the
battle of Hastings
(Who, however, gave more than mere
rhythmical bastings),
Our Quaker leads off metaphorical fights
For reform and whatever they call human
rights,
Both singing and striking in front of the
war,
And hitting his foes with the mallet of
Thor;
Anne here, one exclaims, on beholding
his knocks,
Vesti: filii tui, O leather-clad Fox?
Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid
din,
Preaching brotherly love and then driving
it in
To the brain of the tough old Goliath of
sin,
With the smoothest of pebbles from
Castaly's spring
Impressed on his hard moral sense with
a sling?

"All honour and praise to the right-
hearted bard

Who was true to The Voice when such
 service was hard,
 Who himself was so free he dared sing
 for the slave
 When to look but a protest in silence
 was brave;
 All honour and praise to the women and
 men
 Who spoke out for the dumb and the
 down-trodden then!
 It need, not to name them, already for
 each
 I see History preparing the statue and
 niche;
 They were harsh, but shall *you* be so
 shocked at hard words
 Who have beaten your pruning hooks up
 into swords,
 Whose rewards and hurrahs men are
 sure to grin
 By the reaping, of men and of women
 than grain?
 Why should *you* stand aghast at their
 heise wordy wai, if
 You scalp one another for Bank or for
 Tariff?
 Your calling them cut-throats and knaves
 all day long
 Doesn't prove that the use of hard
 language is wrong;
 While the World's heart beats quicker
 to think of such men
 As signed Tyranny's doom with a bloody
 steel pen,
 While on Fourth-of Julys beardless
 orators fright one
 With hints at Harmodius and Aristogiton,
 You need not look shy at your sisters
 and brothers
 Who stab with sharp words for the
 freedom of others;—
 No, a wreath, twine a wreath for the
 loyal and true
 Who, for sake of the many, dared stand
 with the few,
 Not of blood spattered laurel for enemies
 braved,
 But of broad, peaceful oak-leaves for
 citizens saved!

"Here comes Dana, abstractedly
 loitering along,
 Involved in a paulo post future of song,
 Who'll be going to write what'll never
 be written
 Till the Muse, ere he think of it, gives
 him the mitten,—
 Who is so well aware of how things
 should be done,
 That his own works displease him before
 they're begun,—
 Who so well all that makes up good
 poetry knows,
 That the best of his poems is written in
 prose,
 All saddled and bridled stood Pegasus
 waiting,
 He was bootcd and spurred, but he
 loitered debating;
 In a very grave question his soul was
 immersed,—
 Which foot in the stirrup he ought to put
 first,
 And, while this point and that he judi-
 cially dwelt on,
 He, somehow or other, had written Paul
 Felton,
 Whose beauties or faults, whichever
 you see there,
 You'll allow only genius could hit upon
 either
 That he once was the Idle Man none
 will deplore,
 But I fear he will never be anything more;
 The ocean of song heaves and glitters
 before him,
 The depth and the vastness and longing
 sweep over him,
 He knows every breaker and shoal on
 the chart,
 He has the Coast Pilot and so on by heart,
 Yet he spends his whole life, like the
 man in the fable,
 In learning to swim on his library-table.

"There swaggers John Neal, who has
 wasted in Maine
 The sinews and cords of his pugilist brain,
 Who might have been poet, but that, in
 its stead, he

Preferred to believe that he was so
 already ;
 Too hasty to wait till Art's ripe fruit
 should drop,
 He must pick down an unripe and colicky
 crop ;
 Who took to the law, and had this
 sterling plea for it,
 It required him to quarrel, and paid him
 a fee for it ,
 A man who's made less than he might
 have, because
 He always has thought himself more than
 he was,—
 Who, with very good natural gifts as a
 bard,
 Broke the strings of his lyre out by
 striking too hard,
 And cracked half the notes of a truly fine
 voice,
 Because song drew less instant attention
 than noise
 Ah, men do not know how much strength
 is in poise,
 That he goes the farthest who goes far
 enough,
 And that all beyond that is just bother
 and stuff
 No vain man matures, he makes too
 much new wood ,
 His blooms are too thick for the fruit to
 be good ,
 'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he that
 achieves,
 Just what's needed of sunshine and shade
 he receives ;
 Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark
 of their leaves ,
 Neal wants balance ; he throws his mind
 always too far,
 Whisking out flocks of comets, but never
 a star ;
 He has so much muscle, and loves so to
 show it,
 That he strips himself naked to prove
 he's a poet,
 And, to show he could leap Art's wide
 ditch, if he tried,
 Jumps clean o'er it, and into the hedge
 t'other side.

He has strength, but there's nothing
 about him in keeping ;
 One gets surerlier onward by walking than
 leaping ;
 He has used his own sinews, himself to
 distress,
 And had done vastly more had he done
 vastly less ,
 In letters, too soon is as bad as too late ;
 Could he only have waited he might have
 been great .
 But he plumped into Helicon up to the
 waist,
 And muddled the stream ere he took his
 first taste.

" There is Hawthorne, with genius so
 shrinking and rare
 That you hardly at first see the strength
 that is there ;
 A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
 So earnest, so graceful, so lithe and so
 fleet,
 Is worth a descent from Olympus to
 meet ,
 It is as if a tough oak that for ages had
 stood,
 With his gnarled bony branches like ribs
 of the wood,
 Should bloom, after cycles of struggle
 and scathe,
 With a single anemone trembly and
 rife ;
 His strength is so tender, his wildness so
 meek,
 That a suitable parallel sets one to
 seek,
 He's a John Bunyan Fouque, a Puritan
 Tieck ,
 When Nature was shaping him, clay was
 not granted
 For making so full sized a man as she
 wanted,
 So, to fill out her model, a little she
 spared
 From some finer grained stuff for a woman
 prepared,
 And she could not have hit a more ex-
 cellent plan
 For making him fully and perfectly man.

The success of her scheme gave her so much delight,
That she tried it again, shortly after, in
Dwight ;
Only, while she was kneading and shaping
the clay,
She sang to her work in her sweet
childish way,
And found, when she'd put the last touch
to his soul,
That the music had somehow got mixed
with the whole.

"Here's Cooper, who's written six
volumes to show
He's as good as a lord : well, let's grant
that he's so ;
If a person prefer that description of praise,
Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper than
bays ;
But he need take no pains to convince us
he's not
(As his enemies say) the American Scott.
Choose any twelve men, and let C. read
aloud
That one of his novels of which he's most
proud,
And I'd lay any bet that, without ever
quitting
Their box, they'd be all, to a man, for
acquitting.
He has drawn you one character, though,
that is new,
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet
with the dew
Of this fresh Western world, and, the
thing not to mince,
He has done naught but copy it ill ever
since ;
His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumppo, daubed over
with red,
And his very Long Toms are the same
useful Nat,
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'wester
hat
(Though once in a Coffin, a good chance
was found
To have slipped the old fellow away
underground).

All his other men-figures are clothes upon
sticks,
The *dernière chemise* of a man in a fix
(As a captain besieged, when his
garrison's small,
Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er
the wall) ;
And the women he draws from one model
don't vary,
All sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.
When a character's wanted, he goes to
the task
As a cooper would do in composing a cask ;
He picks out the staves, of their qualities
heedful,
Just hoops them together as tight as is
needful,
And, if the best fortune should crown the
attempt, he
Has made at the most something wooden
and empty.

"Don't suppose I would underrate
Cooper's abilities ;
If I thought you'd do that, I should feel
very ill at ease ;
The men who have given to *one* character
life
And objective existence are not very rife ;
You may number them all, both prose-
writers and singers,
Without overrunning the bounds of your
fingers,
And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson or Primrose the
vicar.

"There is one thing in Cooper I like,
too, and that is
That on manners he lectures his country-
men gratis ;
Not precisely so either, because, for a
rarity,
He is paid for his tickets in unpopularity.
Now he may overcharge his American
pictures,
But you'll grant there's a good deal of
truth in his strictures ;
And I honour the man who is willing to
sink

Half his present repute for the freedom
to think,
And, when he has thought, be his cause
strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to
speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the
mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand
or lower.

"There are truths you Americans need
to be told,
And it never 'll refute them to swagger
and scold ;
John Bull, looking o'er the Atlantic, in
choler
At your aptness for trade, says you
worship the dollar ;
But to scorn such eye-dollar-try's what
very few do,
And John goes to that church as often as
you do.
No matter what John says, don't try to
outcrow him,
'Tis enough to go quietly on and outgrow
him ;
Like most fathers, Bull hates to see
Number One
Displacing himself in the mind of his
son,
And detests the same faults in himself
he'd neglected
When he sees them again in his child's
glass reflected ;
To love one another you're too like by
half ;
If he is a bull, you're a pretty stout
calf,
And tear your own pasture for naught
but to show
What a nice pair of horns you're beginning
to grow.

"There are one or two things I should
just like to hint,
For you don't often get the truth told
you in print ;
The most of you (this is what strikes all
beholders)

I have a mental and physical stoop in the
shoulders ;
Though you ought to be free as the winds
and the waves,
You've the gait and the manners of
runaway slaves ;
Though you brag of your New World,
you don't half believe in it ;
And as much of the Old as is possible
weave in it ;
Your goddess of freedom, a tight, buxom
girl,
With lips like a cherry and teeth like a
pearl,
With eyes bold as Here's, and hair float-
ing free,
And full of the sun as the spray of the sea,
Who can sing at a husking or romp at a
sheaving,
Who can trip through the forests alone
without scaring,
Who can drive home the cows with a
song through the grass,
Keeps glancing aside into Europe's
cracked glass,
Slides her red hands in gloves, pinches
up her lithe waist,
And makes herself wretched with trans-
marine taste ;
She loses her fresh country charm when
she takes
Any mirror except her own rivers and
lakes.

"You steal Englishmen's books and
think Englishmen's thought,
With their salt on her tail your wild
eagle is caught ;
Your literature suits its each whisper and
motion
To what will be thought of it over the
ocean ;
The cast clothes of Europe your states-
manship tries
And mumbles again the old blarneys and
lies ;—
Forget Europe wholly, your veins throb
with blood,
To which the dull current in hers is but
mud ;

Let her sneer, let her say your experiment
 fails,
 In her voice there's a tremble e'en now
 while she rails,
 And your shore will soon be in the nature
 of things
 Covered thick with gilt drift-wood of
 castaway kings,
 Where alone, as it were in a Longfellow's
 Waif,
 Her fugitive pieces will find themselves safe.
 O my friends, thank your god, if you
 have one, that he
 'Twixt the Old World and you set the
 gulf of a sea ;
 Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright
 as your pines,
 By the scale of a hemisphere shape your
 designs,
 Be true to yourselves and this new nine-
 teenth age,
 As a statue by Powers, or a picture by
 Page,
 Plough, sail, forge, build, carve, paint,
 make all over new,
 To your own New-World instincts con-
 tribute to be true,
 Keep your ears open wide to the Future's
 first call,
 Be whatever you will, but yourselves first
 of all,
 Stand fronting the dawn on Toil's heaven-
 scaling peaks,
 And become my new race of more
 practical Greeks.—
 Hem ! your likeness at present, I shudder
 to tell o't,
 Is that you have your slaves, and the
 Greek had his helot."

Here a gentleman present, who had in
 his attic
 More pepper than brains, shrieked, "The
 man's a fanatic,
 I'm a capital tailor with warm tar and
 feathers,
 And will make him a suit that'll serve in
 all weathers ;
 But we'll argue the point first, I'm willing
 to reason't,

Palaver before condemnation's but de-
 cent ;
 So, through my humble person, Humanity
 begs
 Of the friends of true freedom a loan of
 bad eggs,"
 But Apollo let one such a look of his
 show forth
 As when *ἦε νύκτι δεικνύς*, and so forth,
 And the gentleman somehow slunk out
 of the way,
 But, as he was going, gained courage to
 say,—
 "At slavery in the abstract my whole
 soul rebels,
 I am as strongly opposed to't as any one
 else."
 "Ay, no doubt, but whenever I've
 happened to meet
 With a wrong or a crime, it is always
 concrete,"
 Answered Phœbus severely ; then turning
 to us,
 "The mistake of such fellows as just
 made the fuss
 Is only in taking a great busy nation
 For a part of their pitiful cotton-plant-
 ation.—
 But there comes Miranda, Zeus ! where
 shall I flee to ?
 She has such a penchant for bothering
 me too !
 She always keeps asking if I don't
 observe a
 Particular likeness 'twixt her and Min-
 erva ;
 She tells me my efforts in verse are quite
 clever ;—
 She's been travelling now, and will be
 worse than ever ;
 One would think, though, a sharp-sighted
 noter she'd be
 Of all that's worth mentioning over the
 sea,
 For a woman must surely see well, if
 she try,
 The whole of whose being's a capital I :
 She will take an old notion, and make it
 her own,
 By saying it o'er in her Sibylline tone."

Or persuade you 'tis something tremendously deep,
By repeating it so as to put you to sleep;
And she well may defy any mortal to see
 through it,
When once she has mixed up her infinite
 me through it
There is one thing she owns in her own
single right,
It is native and genuine—namely, her
spite;
Though, when acting as censor, she
 privately blows
A censor of vanity 'neath her own
nose."

Here Miranda came up, and said,
 "Phœbus ' you know
That the Infinite Soul has its infinite
 woe,
As I ought to know, having lived cheek
by jowl,
Since the day I was born, with the
Infinite Soul;
I myself introduced, I myself, I alone,
To my Land's better life authors solely
my own,
Who the sad heart of earth on their
shoulders have taken,
Whose works sound a depth by Life's
quiet unshaken,
Such as Shakespeare, for instance, the
Bible, and Bacon,
Not to mention my own works; Time's
nadir is fleet,
And, as for myself, I'm quite out of
conceit—"

"Quite out of conceit ' I'm enchanted
to hear it,"
Cried Apollo aside. "Who'd have
thought she was near it?
To be sure, one is apt to exhaust those
commodities
One uses too fast, yet in this case as odd
it is
As if Neptune should say to his turbot
and whiting,
'I'm as much out of salt as Miranda's
own writings'

(Which, as she in her own happy manner
has said,
Sound a depth, for 'tis one of the
functions of lead).
She often has asked me if I could not
find
A place somewhere near me that suited
her mind;
I know but a single one vacant, which
she,
With her rare talent that way, would fit
to a T.
And it would not imply any pause or
ces-ation
In the work she esteems her peculiar
vocation,—
She may enter on duty to-day, if she
chooses,
And remain Tiring-woman for life to the
Muses"

Miranda meanwhile has succeeded in
diving
Up into a corner, in spite of their
striving,
A small flock of terrified victims, and
there,
With an I turn-the-crank-of-the-Universe
air
And a tone which, at least to *my* fancy,
appears
Not so much to be entering as boxing
your ears,
Is unfolding a tale (of herself, I surmise,
For 'tis dotted as thick as a peacock's
with I's).
Apropos of Miranda, I'll rest on my
own
And drift through a trifling digression on
bores,
For, though not wearing ear-rings *in*
more majorum,
Our ears are kept bored just as if we
still wore 'em.
There was one feudal custom worth
keeping, at least,
Roasted bores made a part of each well
ordered feast,
And of all quiet pleasures the very *no*
plus

Was in hunting wild bores as the tame
 ones hunt us.
 Archæologists, I know, who have
 personal fears
 Of this wise application of hounds and of
 spears,
 I have tried to make out, with a zeal
 more than wonted,
 'Twas a kind of wild swine that our
 ancestors hunted ;
 But I'll never believe that the age which
 has strewn
 Europe o'er with cathedrals, and other-
 wise shown
 That it knew what was what, could by
 chance not have known
 (Spending, too, its chief time with its
 buff on, no doubt)
 Which beast 'twould improve the world
 most to thin out.
 I divide bores myself, in the manner of
 rifles,
 Into two great divisions, regardless of
 trifles ;—
 There's your smooth-bore and screw-
 bore, who do not much vary
 In the weight of cold lead they respec-
 tively carry.
 The smooth-bore is one in whose essence
 the mind
 Not a corner nor cranny to cling by can
 find ;
 You feel as in nightmares sometimes,
 when you slip
 Down a steep slated roof, where there's
 nothing to grip ;
 You slide and you slide, the blank horror
 increases, —
 You had rather by far be at once smashed
 to pieces ;
 You fancy a whirlpool below white and
 frothing,
 And finally drop off and light upon—
 nothing.
 The screw-bore has twists in him, faint
 predilections
 For going just wrong in the tritest
 directions ;
 When he's wrong he is flat, when he's
 right he can't show it,

He'll tell you what Snooks said about the
 new poet,¹
 Or how Fogrum was outraged by
 Tennyson's Princess ;
 He has spent all his spare time and
 intellect since his
 Birth in perusing, on each art and science,
 Just the books in which no one puts any
 reliance,
 And though *nemo*, we're told, *horis*
omnibus sapit,
 The rule will not fit him, however you
 shape it,
 For he has a perennial foison of sappiness ;
 He has just enough force to spoil half
 your day's happiness,
 And to make him a sort of mosquito to
 be with,
 But just not enough to dispute or agree
 with.

These sketches I made (not to be too
 explicit)
 From two honest fellows who made me
 a visit,
 And broke, like the tale of the Bear and
 the Fiddle,
 My reflections on Halleck short off by
 the middle ;
 I sha'n't now go into the subject more
 deeply,
 For I notice that some of my readers look
 sleep'y ;
 I will barely remark that, 'mongst
 civilised nations,
 There's none that displays more exemplary
 patience
 Under all sorts of boring, at all sorts of
 hours,
 From all sorts of desperate persons, than
 ours.
 Not to speak of our papers, our State
 legislatures,
 And other such trials for sensitive natures,
 Just look for a moment at Congress,—
 appalled,

¹ (If you call Snooks an owl, he will show by his
 looks
 That he's morally certain you're jealous of
 Snooks.)

My fancy shrinks back from the phantom
 it called ;
 Why, there's scarcely a member unworthy
 to frown
 'Neath what Fourier nicknames the
 Boreal crown ;
 Only think what that infinite bore-pow'r
 could do
 If applied with a utilitarian view ;
 Suppose, for example, we shipped it with
 care
 To Sahara's great desert and let it bore
 there ;
 If they held one short session and did
 nothing else,
 They'd fill the whole waste with Artesian
 wells.
 But 'tis time now with pen phonographic
 to follow
 Through some more of his sketches our
 laughing Apollo : -

"There comes Harry Fianco, and, as
 he draws near,
 You find that's a smile which you took
 for a sneer ;
 One half of him contradicts t'other ; his
 wont
 Is to say very sharp things and do very
 blunt ;
 His manner's as hard as his feelings are
 tender,
 And a *sortie* he'll make when he means
 to surrender ;
 He's in joke half the time when he seems
 to be sternest,
 When he seems to be joking, be sure he's
 in earnest ;
 He has common sense in a way that's
 uncommon,
 Hates humbug and cant, loves his friends
 like a woman,
 Builds his dislikes of cards and his friend-
 ships of oak,
 Loves a prejudice better than aught but
 a joke,
 Is half upright Quaker, half downright
 Comeouter,
 Loves Freedom too well to go stark mad
 about her,

Quite artless himself, is a lover of Art,
 Shuts you out of his secrets and into his
 heart,
 And though not a poet, yet all must
 admire
 In his letters of Pinto his skill on the
 liar.

"There comes Poe, with his raven,
 like Barnaby Rudge,
 Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths
 sheer fudge,
 Who talks like a book of iambs and
 pentameters,
 In a way to make people of common
 sense damn metres,
 Who has written some thing, quite the
 best of their kind,
 But the heart somehow seems all squeezed
 out by the mind,
 Who But hey-day! What's this?
 Messieurs Mathews and Poe,
 You mustn't fling mud-balls at Longfellow
 so,
 Does it make a man worse that his
 character's such
 As to make his friends love him (as you
 think) too much?
 Why, there is not a bard at this moment
 alive
 More willing than he that his fellows
 should thrive,
 While you are abusing him thus, even
 now
 He would help either one of you out of
 a slough ;
 You may say that he's smooth and all
 that till you're hoarse,
 But remember that elegance also is
 force ;
 After polishing granite as much as you
 will,
 The heart keeps its tough old persistency
 still ;
 Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps you
 at bay ;
 Why, he'll live till men weary of Collins
 and Gray.
 I'm not over-fond of Greek metres in
 English,

To me rhyme's a gain, so it be not too
 jinglish,
 And your modern hexameter verses are
 no more
 Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is
 like Homer;
 As the roar of the sea to the coo of a
 pigeon is,
 So, compared to your moderns, sounds
 old Meleagenes;
 I may be too partial, the reason, perhaps,
 o't is
 That I've heard the old blind man recite
 his own rhapsodies,
 And my ear with that music impregnate
 may be,
 Like the poor exiled shell with the soul
 of the sea,
 Or as one can't hear Strauss when his
 nature is cloven
 To its deeps within deeps by the stroke
 of Beethoven;
 But, set that aside, and 'tis truth that I
 speak,
 Had Theocritus written in English, not
 Greek,
 I believe that his exquisite sense would
 scarce change a line
 In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral
 Evangeline
 That's not ancient nor modern, its place
 is apart
 Where time has no sway, in the realm of
 pure Art,
 'Tis a shrine of retreat from Earth's
 hubbub and strife
 As quiet and chaste as the author's own
 life

"There comes Philothea, her face all
 aglow,
 She has just been dividing some poor
 creature's woe,
 And can't tell which pleases her most, to
 relieve
 His want, or his story to hear and believe;
 No doubt against many deep griefs she
 prevails,
 For her ear is the refuge of destitute
 tales;

She knows well that silence is sorrow's
 best food,
 And that talking draws off from the heart
 its black blood,
 So she'll listen with patience and let you
 unfold
 Your bundle of rags as 'twere pure cloth
 of gold,
 Which, indeed, it all turns to as soon as
 she's touched it,
 And (to borrow a phrase from the
 nurse!) *mucked* it,
 She has such a musical taste, she will
 go
 Any distance to hear one who draws a
 long bow;
 She will swallow a wonderly mermaid
 and main,
 And thinks it Geometry's fault if she's
 fain
 To consider things flat, inasmuch as
 they're plain;
 Facts with her are accomplished, as
 Frenchmen would say—
 They will prove all she wishes them to
 either way,
 And, as fact lies on this side or that, we
 must try,
 If we're seeking the truth, to find where
 it don't lie,
 I was telling her once of a marvellous
 aloe
 That for thousands of years had looked
 spindling and sallow,
 And, though nursed by the fruitfulest
 powers of mud,
 Had never vouchsafed e'en so much as a
 bud,
 Till its owner remarked (as a sailor, you
 know,
 Often will in a calm) that it never would
 blow,
 For he wished to exhibit the plant, and
 designed
 That its blowing should help him in
 raising the wind;
 At last it was told him that if he should
 water
 Its roots with the blood of his unmarried
 daughter

(Who was born, as her mother, a
 Calvinist, said,
 With William Law's serious caul on her
 head),
 It would blow as the obstinate breeze did
 when by a
 Like decree of her father died Iphigenia,
 At first he declared he himself would be
 blown
 I re his conscience with such a foul crime
 he would load,
 But the thought, coming oft, grew less
 dark than before,
 And he mused, as each creditor knocked
 at his door,
 If *this* were but done they would dun me
 no more,
 I told Philother his struggles and
 doubts,
 And how he considered the ins and the
 outs
 Of the visions he had, and the dreadful
 dyspepsy,
 How he went to the seer that lives at
 Po keepsie,
 How the seer advised him to sleep on it
 first,
 And to read his big volume in case of the
 worst,
 And further advised he should pay him
 five dollars
 For writing Hum, Hum, on his wrist
 bands and collars,
 Three years and ten days these dark
 words he had studied
 When the daughter was missed, and the
 aloe had budded,
 I told how he watched it grow large and
 more large,
 And wondered how much for the show
 he should charge,—
 She had listened with utter indifference
 to this, till
 I told how it bloomed, and, discharging
 its pistil
 With an aim the Eumenides dictated,
 shot
 The botanical filicide dead on the spot,
 It had blown, but he reaped not his
 horrible gains,

For it blew with such force as to blow
 out his brains,
 And the crime was blown also, because
 on the wad,
 Which was paper, was writ 'Visitation
 of God,'
 As well as a thrilling account of the deed
 Which the coroner kindly allowed me to
 read

"Well, my friend took this story up
 just, to be sure,
 As one might a poor foundling that's
 laid at one's door,
 She combed it and washed it and clothed
 it and fed it,
 And as if 'twere her own child most
 tenderly bred it,
 I said the scene (of the legend, I mean)
 far away a
 mong the green vales underneath Hima
 laya,
 And by artist like touches, laid on here
 and there,
 Mude the whole thing so touching, I
 frankly declare
 I have read it all thrice, and, perhaps I
 am weak,
 But I found every time there were tears
 on my cheek

"The pole, science tells us, the
 magnet controls,
 But she is a magnet to emigrant Poles,
 And folks with a mission that nobody
 knows,
 Throng thickly about her as bees round
 a rose,
 She can fill up the *cavets* in such, make
 their scope
 Converge to some focus of rational hope,
 And, with sympathies fresh as the
 morning, then gall
 Can transmute into honey,—but this is
 not all;
 Not only for those she has solace, oh say,
 Vice's desperate nursing adrift in Broad-
 way,
 Who clingest, with all that is left of thee
 human,

To the last slender spar from the wreck
 of the woman,
 Hast thou not found one shore where
 those tired drooping feet
 Could reach firm mother-earth, one full
 heart on whose beat
 The soothed head in silence reposing
 could hear
 The chimes of far childhood throb back
 on the car?
 Ah, there's many a beam from the
 fountain of day
 That, to reach us unclouded, must pass,
 on its way,
 Through the soul of a woman, and hers
 is wide ope
 To the influence of Heaven as the blue
 eyes of Hope;
 Yes, a great heart is hers, one that dares
 to go in
 To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys
 of sin,
 And to bring into each, or to find there,
 some line
 Of the never completely out-trampled
 divine;
 If her heart at high floods swamps her
 brain now and then,
 'Tis but richer for that when the tide
 ebbs agen,
 As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
 Overflows with a second broad deluge of
 grain;
 What a wealth would it bring to the
 narrow and sour
 Could they be as a Child but for one
 little hour!

"What! Irving? thrice welcome,
 warm heart and fine brain,
 You bring back the happiest spirit from
 Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humour, that ever
 were there
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle
 despair;
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so
 beseeching,
 I sha'n't run directly against my own
 preaching,

And, having just laughed at their Raphaels
 and Dantes,
 Go to setting you up beside matchless
 Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I honestly
 feel,—
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick
 Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's
 stock and good-will,
 Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er,
 as a spell,
 The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer
 it well,
 Sweeten just to your own private liking,
 then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest remain,
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul
 it receives
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down
 through green leaves,
 And you'll find a choice nature, not
 wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee,—just
 Irving.

"There goes,—but *stet nominis umbra*,
 —his name
 You'll be glad enough, some day or other,
 to claim,
 And will all crowd about him and swear
 that you knew him
 If some English critic should chance to
 review him.
 The old *porcos ante re proxiatis*
 MARGARITAS, for him you have verified
 gratis;
 What matters his name? Why, it may
 be Sylvester,
 Judd, Junior, or Junius, Ulysses, or
 Nestor,
 For aught I know or care; 'tis enough
 that I look
 On the author of 'Margaret,' the first
 Yankee book
 With the *soul* of Down East in't, and
 things farther East,
 As far as the threshold of morning, at
 least,

Where awaits the fair dawn of the simple
and true,
Of the day that comes slowly to make all
things new.
'T has a smack of pine woods, of bare
field and bleak hill,
Such as only the breed of the Mayflower
could till ;
The Puritan's shown in it, tough to the
core,
Such as prayed, smiting Agag on red
Marston Moor :
With an unwilling humour, half choked
by the drouth
In brown hollows about the inhospitable
mouth ;
With a soul full of poetry, though it has
qualms
About finding a happiness out of the
Psalms ;
Full of tenderness, too, though it shrinks
in the dark,
Hamadryad-like, under the coarse,
shaggy bark ;
That sees visions, knows wrestlings of
God with the Will,
And has its own Sinais and thunderings
still."

Here, "Forgive me, Apollo!" I cried,
"while I pour
My heart out to my birthplace : O loved
more and more
Dear Baystate, from whose rocky bosom
thy sons
Should suck milk, strong-will-giving,
brave, such as runs
In the veins of old Graylock—who is
it that dares
Call thee pedler, a soul wrapped in
bank-books and shares ?
It is false ! She's a Poet ! I see, as I
write,
Along the far railroad the steam-snake
glide white,
The cataract-throb of her mill-hearts I hear,
The swift strokes of trip-hammers weary
my ear,
Sledges ring upon anvils, through logs
the saw screams,

Blocks swing to their place, beetles drive
home the beams :—
It is songs such as these that she croons
to the din
Of her fast-flying shuttles, year out and
year in,
While from earth's farthest corner there
comes not a breeze
But wafts her the buzz of her gold-glean-
ing bees :
What though those horn hands have as
yet found small time
For painting and sculpture and music
and rhyme ?
These will come in due order ; the need
that pressed sorest
Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean,
the forest,
To bridle and harness the rivers, the
steam,
Making those whirl her mill-wheels, this
tug in her team,
To vassalise old tyrant Winter, and
make
Him delve suitily for her on river and
lake ;—
When this New World was parted, she
strove not to shirk
Her lot in the heirdom, the tough, silent
Work,
The hero-share ever, from Herakles
down
To Odin, the Earth's iron sceptre and
crown :
Yes, thou dear, noble Mother ! if ever
men's praise
Could be claimed for creating heroical
lays,
Thou hast won it ; if ever the laurel
divine
Crowned the Maker and Builder, that
glory is thine !
Thy songs are right epic, they tell how
this rude
Rock-rib of our earth here was tamed
and subdued ;
Thou hast written them plain on the face
of the planet
In brave, deathless letters of iron and
granite ;

Thou hast punted them deep for all time ;
 they are set
 From the same runic type fount and
 alphabet
 With thy stout Berkshire hills and the
 arms of thy Bay,—
 They are staves from the burly old
 Mayflower lay.
 If the drones of the Old World, in
 querulous ease,
 Ask thy Art and thy Letters, point
 proudly to these,
 Or, if they deny these are Letters and Art,
 Toil on with the same old invincible
 heart ;
 Thou art rearing the pedestal broad based
 and grand
 Whereon the fau shapes of the Artist
 shall stand,
 And creating, through labours undaunted
 and long,
 The theme for all Sculpture and Painting
 and Song !

“ But my good mother Baystate wants
 no prize of mine,
 She learned from *her* mother a precept
 divine
 About something that butters no painsips,
her forte
 In another direction lies, work is her
 sport
 (Though she'll curtsy and set her cap
 straight, that she will,
 If you talk about Plymouth and red
 Bunker's hull).
 Dear, notable goodwife ! by this time of
 night,
 Her hearth is swept neatly, her fire
 burning bright,
 And she sits in a chair (of home plan and
 make) rocking,
 Musing much, all the while, as she darns
 on a stocking,
 Whether turkeys will come pretty high
 next Thanksgiving,
 Whether flour 'll be so dear, for, as sure
 as she's living,
 She will use rye-and-injun then, whether
 the pig

By this time ain't got pretty tolerable
 big,
 And whether to sell it outright will be
 best,
 Or to smoke hams and shoulders and
 salt down the rest,—
 At this minute, she'd swop all my verses,
 ah, cruel !
 For the first patent stove that is saving
 of fuel ;
 So I'll just let Apollo go on, for his phiz
 Shows I've kept him awaiting too long
 as it is ”

“ If our friend, then, who seems a
 reporter, is done
 With his burst of emotion, why, I will
 go on,’
 Said Apollo ; some smiled, and, indeed,
 I must own
 There was something sarcastic, perhaps,
 in his tone ,

“ There's Holmes, who is matchless
 among you for wit ,
 A Leyden jar always full charged, from
 which flit
 The electrical tingles of hit after hit ;
 In long poems 'tis painful sometimes, and
 invites
 A thought of the way the new telegraph
 writes,
 Which pricks down its little sharp
 sentences spitefully
 As if you got more than you'd title to
 rightfully,
 And you find yourself hoping its wild
 father Lightning
 Would flame in for a second and give you
 a fright'ning
 He has perfect sway of what I call a
 sham metre,
 But many admire it, the English penta-
 meter,
 And Campbell, I think, wrote most
 commonly worse,
 With less nerve, swing, and fire in the
 same kind of verse,
 Nor e'er achieved aught n't so worthy
 of praise

As the tribute of Holmes to the grand
Marseillaise.

You went crazy last year over Bulwer's
New Timon ;—

Why, if B., to the day of his dying,
should rhyme on,

Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon
tomes,

He could ne'er reach the best point and
vigour of Holmes.

His are just the fine hands, too, to weave
you a lyric

Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with
satiric

In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the
toes

That are trodden upon are your own or
your foes'.

"There is Lowell, who's striving Par
nassus to climb

With a whole bale of *isms* tied together
with rhyme,

He might get on alone, spite of brambles
and boulders,

But he can't with that bundle he has on
his shoulders,

The top of the hill he will ne'er come
nigh reaching

Till he learns the distinction 'twixt
singing and pierching :

His lyre has some chords that would ring
pretty well,

But he'd rather by half make a drum of
the shell,

And rattle away till he's old as Methusa-
lem,

At the head of a march to the last new
Jerusalem

"There goes Halleck, whose Fanny's
a pseudo Don Juan,

With the wickedness out that gave salt
to the true one,

He's a wit, though, I hear, of the very
first order,

And once made a pun on the words soft
Recorder ;

More than this, he's a very great poet,
I'm told,

And has had his works published in
crimson and gold,

With something they call 'Illustrations,'
to wit,

I like those with which Chapman obscured
Holy Writ,¹

Which are said to illustrate, because, as
I view it,

Like *lucus a non*, they precisely don't do
it ;

Let a man who can write what himself
understands

Keep clear, if he can, of designing men's
hands,

Who buy the sense, if there's any worth
having,

And then very honestly call it engraving.
But, to quit *badinage*, which there isn't
much wit in,

Halleck's better, I doubt not, than all
he has written ;

In his verse a clear glimpse you will
frequently find,

If not of a great, of a fortunate mind,
Which contrives to be true to its natural
loves

In a world of back-offices, ledgers, and
stoves.

When his heart breaks away from the
brokers and banks,

And kneels in his own private shrine to
give thanks,

There's a genial manliness in him that
cans

Our sincerest respect (read, for instance,
his 'Burns'),

And we can't but regret (seek excuse
where we may)

That so much of a man has been peddled
away.

"But what's that? a mass-meeting?
No, there come in lots,

The American Bulwer, Disraelis, and
Scotts,

And in short the American everything
elses,

Each charging the others with envies and
jealousies ;—

¹ (Cut's rightly called wooden, as all must admit.)

By the way, 'tis a fact that displays what
 profusions
 Of all kinds of greatness bless free insti-
 tutions,
 That while the Old World has produced
 barely eight
 Of such poets as all men agree to call
 great,
 And of other great characters hardly a score
 (One might safely say less than that
 rather than more),
 With you every year a whole crop is be-
 gotten,
 They're as much of a staple as corn is, or
 cotton ;
 Why, there's scarcely a huddle of log-
 huts and shanties
 That has not brought forth its own
 Miltons and Dantes ;
 I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge,
 three Shelleys,
 'Two Raphaels, six Titians, (I think) one
 Apelles,
 Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as
 lichens,
 One (but that one is plenty) American
 Dickens,
 A whole flock of Lambs, any number of
 Tennysons,—
 In short, if a man has the luck to have
 any sons,
 He may feel pretty certain that one out
 of twain
 Will be some very great person over
 again.
 There is one inconvenience in all this,
 which lies
 In the fact that by contrast we estimate
 size,¹
 And, where there are none except Titans,
 great stature
 Is only the normal proceeding of nature.
 What puff the strained sails of your praise
 will you furl at, if

¹ That is in most cases we do, but not all,
 Past a doubt, there are men who are innately
 small,
 Such as Blank, who, without being 'minished
 a tittle,
 Might stand for a type of the Absolute Little.

The calmest degree that you know is
 superlative ?
 At Rome, all whom Charon took into
 his wherry must,
 As a matter of course, be well *issimust*
 and *crimust*,
 A Greek, too, could feel, while in that
 famous boat he tost,
 That his friends would take care he was
istost and *watost*,
 And formerly we, as through graveyards
 we past,
 Thought the world went from bad to
 worst fearfully fast ;
 Let us glance for a moment, 'tis well
 worth the pains,
 And note what an average graveyard
 contains ;
 There lie levellers levelled, duns done up
 themselves,
 There are booksellers finally laid on their
 shelves,
 Horizontally there lie upright politi-
 cians,
 Dose-a-dose with their patients sleep
 faultless physicians,
 There are slave-drivers quietly whipped
 underground,
 There bookbinders, done up in boards,
 are fast bound.
 There card-players wait till the last trump
 be played,
 There all the choice spirits get finally
 laid,
 There the babe that's unborn is supplied
 with a berth,
 There men without legs get their six feet
 of earth,
 There lawyers repose, each wrapped up
 in his case,
 There seekers of office are sure of a
 place,
 There defendant and plaintiff get equally
 cast,
 There shoemakers quietly stick to the
 last,
 There brokers at length become silent as
 stocks,
 There stage-drivers sleep without quitting
 their box,

And so forth and so forth and so forth
 and so on,
 With this kind of stuff one might endlessly go on;
 To come to the point, I may safely assert
 you
 Will find in each yard every cardinal
 virtue;¹
 Each has six truest patriots: four discoverers of ether,
 Who never had thought on't nor mentioned it either;
 Ten poets, the greatest who ever wrote
 rhyme:
 Two hundred and forty first men of their
 time:
 One person whose portrait just gave the
 least hint
 Its original had a most horrible squint:
 One critic, most (well do they call it?)
 reflective,
 Who never had used the phrase and-or
 subjective:
 Forty fathers of Freedom, of whom
 twenty died
 Their sons for the rich swamps, at so
 much a head,
 And their daughters for—fugh! thirty
 mother of Giacchi:
 Non-resistants who gave many a spiritual
 black-eye:
 Eight true friends of their kind, one of
 whom was a jauler:
 Four captains almost as astounding as
 Taylor:
 Two dozen of Italy's exiles who shoot us
 his
 Kaisership daily, stern pen-and-ink
 Brutuses,
 Who, in Yankee back parlours, with
 crucified smile,²
 Mount serenely their country's funeral
 pile:
 Ninety-nine Irish heroes, ferocious
 rebellers

¹ (And at this just conclusion will surely arrive,
 That the goodness of earth is more dead than
 alive.)

² Not forgetting their tea and their toast,
 though, the while.

'Gainst the Saxon in cis-marine garrets
 and cellars,
 Who shake their dread fists o'er the sea
 and all that,—
 As long as a copper drops into the hat:
 Nine hundred Teutonic republicans stark
 From Vaterland's battles just won—in
 the Park,
 Who the happy profession of martyrdom
 take
 Whenever it gives them a chance at a
 steak:
 Sixty-two second Washingtons: two or
 three Jacksons:
 And so many everythings-else that it
 racks one's
 Poor memory too much to continue the
 list,
 Especially now they no longer exist;—
 I would merely observe that you've taken
 to giving
 The puffs that belong to the dead to the
 living,
 And that somehow your trump-of-con-
 temporary-doom's tones
 Is tuned after old dedications and tomb-
 stones."

Here the critic came in and a thistle
 presented—¹
 From a frown to a smile the god's features
 relented,
 As he stared at his envoy, who, swelling
 with pride,
 To the god's asking look, nothing
 daunted, replied,—
 "You're surprised, I suppose, I was
 absent so long,
 But your godship respecting the lilies
 was wrong;
 I hunted the garden from one end to
 t'other,
 And got no reward but vexation and
 bother,
 Till, tossed out with weeds in a corner
 to wither,

¹ Turn back now to page—goodness only knows
 what,
 And take a fresh hold on the thread of my
 plot.

"This one lily I found and made haste to bring hither."

"Did he think I had given him a book to review?

I ought to have known what the fellow would do,"

Muttered Phœbus aside, "for a thistle will pass

Beyond doubt for the queen of all flowers with an ass;

He has chosen in just the same way as he'd choose

His specimens out of the books he reviews;

And now, as this offers an excellent text, I'll give 'em some brief hints on criticism next."

So, musing a moment, he turned to the crowd,

And, clearing his voice, spoke as follows aloud:—

"My friends, in the happier days of the muse,

We were luckily free from such things as reviews;

Then naught came between with its fog to make clearer

The heart of the poet to that of his hearer;

Then the poet brought heaven to the people, and they

Felt that they, too, were poets in hearing his lay;

Then the poet was prophet, the past in his soul

Precreated the future, both parts of one whole;

Then for him there was nothing too great or too small,

For one natural deity sanctified all;

Then the bard owned no clipper and meter of moods

Save the spirit of silence that hovers and broods

O'er the seas and the mountains, the rivers and woods;

He asked not earth's verdict, forgetting the clods,

His soul soared and sang to an audience of gods;

'Twas for them that he measured the thought and the line,

And shaped for their vision the perfect design,

With as glorious a foresight, a balance as true,

As swung out the worlds in the infinite blue;

Then a glory and greatness invested man's heart,

The universal, which now stands estranged and apart,

In the free individual moulded, was Art;

Then the forms of the Artist seemed thrilled with desire

For something as yet unattained, fuller, higher,

As once with her lips, lifted hands, and eyes listening,

And her whole upward soul in her countenance glistening,

Eurydice stood—like a beacon unfired, Which, once touched with flame, will

leap heavenward inspired—

And waited with answering kindle to mark

The first gleam of Orpheus that pained the red Dark.

Then painting, song, sculpture did more than relieve

The need that men feel to create and believe,

And as, in all beauty, who listens with love

Hears these words oft repeated— 'beyond and above,'

So these seemed to be but the visible sign

Of the grasp of the soul after things more divine;

They were ladders the Artist erected to climb

O'er the narrow horizon of space and of time,

And we see there the footsteps by which men had gained

To the one rapturous glimpse of the never-attained,

As shepherds could erst sometimes trace
in the sod
The last spurning print of a sky cleaving
god

"But now, on the poet's dispriced
moods
With *do this* and *do that* the pett critic
intrudes,
While he thinks he's been barely fulfilling
his duty
To interpret 'twixt men and their own
sense of beauty,
And has striven, while others sought
honour or pelf,
To make his kind happy as he was
himself,
He finds he's been guilty of horrid
offences
In all kinds of moods, numbers, genders,
and tenses;
He's been *ob* and *subjective*, what Kettle
calls Pot,
Precisely, at all events, what he ought
not,
You have done this, says one judge *done*
that, says another,
You should have done this, grumbles one,
that, says t'other;
Never mind what he touches, one shrieks
out *I aboo!*
And while he is wondering what he shall
do,
Since each suggests opposite topics for
song,
They all shout together *you're right!* and
you're wrong!

"Nature fits all her children with
something to do,
He who would write and can't write can
surely review,

Can set up a small booth as critic and
sell us his
Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies;
Thus a lawyer's apprentice, just out of his
teens,
Will do for the Jeffrey of six magazines;
Having read Johnson's lives of the poets
half through,
There's nothing on earth he's not com-
petent to,
He reviews with as much nonchalance as
he whistles,
He goes through a book and just picks
out the thistles;
It matters not whether he blame or
commend,
If he's bad as a foe, he's far worse as a
friend
Let an author but write what's above his
poor scope,
He goes to work gravely and twists up a
rope,
And, inviting the world to see punishment
done,
Hangs himself up to bleach in the wind
and the sun,
'Tis delightful to see, when a man comes
along
Who has anything in him peculiar and
strong,
Every cockboat that swims clear its herce
(pop) gundek at him,
And make as he passes its ludicrous Peek
at him—"

Here Miranda came up and began,
"As to that"
Apollo at once seized his gloves, cane,
and hat,
And, seeing the place getting rapidly
cleared,
I too snatched my notes and forthwith
disappeared

THE UNHAPPY LOT OF MR. KNOTT

PART I

SHOWING HOW HE BUILT HIS HOUSE
AND HIS WIFE MOVED INTO IT

My worthy friend, A. Gordon Knott,
From business snug withdrawn,
Was much contented with a lot
That would contain a Tudor cot
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden-plot,
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had laid business on the shelf
To give his taste expansion,
And, since no man, retired with pelf,
The building mania can shun,
Knott, being middle-aged himself,
Resolved to build (unhappy elf !)
A mediæval mansion.

He called an architect in counsel ;
"I want," said he, "a—you know
what,
(You are a builder, I am Knott,)
A thing complete from chimney-pot
Down to the very grounsel ;
Here's a half-acre of good land ;
Just have it nicely mapped and planned
And make your workmen drive on ;
Meadow there is, and upland too,
And I should like a water-view,
D'you think you could contrive one ?
(Perhaps the pump and trough would do,
If painted a judicious blue ?)
The woodland I've attended to ;"
[He meant three pines stuck up askew,
Two dead ones and a live one.]
"A pocket-full of rocks 'twould take
To build a house of freestone,
But then it is not hard to make
What nowadays is *the* stone ;
The cunning painter in a trice
Your house's outside petrifies,
And people think it very gneiss
Without inquiring deeper ;
My money never shall be thrown

Away on such a deal of stone,
When stone of deal is cheaper."

And so the greenest of antiques
Was reared for Knott to dwell in :
The architect worked hard for weeks
In venting all his private peaks
Upon the roof, whose crop of leaks
Had satisfied Fluellen ;
Whatever anybody had
Out of the common, good or bad,
Knott had it all worked well in ;
A donjon-keep, where clothes might dry,
A porter's lodge that was a sty,
A campanile slim and high,
Too small to hang a bell in ;
All up and down and here and there,
With Lord-knows-whats of round and
square
Stuck on at random everywhere,—
It was a house to make one stare,
All corners and all gables ;
Like dogs let loose upon a bear,
Ten emulous styles *slaboyed* with care,
The whole among them seemed to tear,
And all the oddities to spare
Were set upon the stables.

Knott was delighted with a pile
Approved by fashion's leaders :
(Only he made the blunder smile,
By asking every little while,
Why that was called the Twodoor style,
Which certainly had *three* doors ?)
Yet better for this luckless man
If he had put a downright ban
Upon the thing *in limine* ;
For, though to quit affairs his plan,
Ere many days, poor Knott began
Perforce accepting draughts, that ran
All ways—except up chimney ;
The house, though painted stone to mock,
With nice white lines round every block,
Some trepidation stood in,
When tempests (with petrific shock,

So to speak,) made it really rock,
 Though not a whit less wooden;
 And painted stonc, how'er well done,
 Will not take in the prodigal sun
 Whose beams are never quite at one
 With our terrestrial lumber;
 So the wood shrank around the knots,
 And gaped in disconcerting spots,
 And there were lots of dots and rots
 And crannies without number,
 Wherethrough, as you may well presume,
 The wind, like water through a flume,
 Came rushing in ecstatic,
 Leaving, in all three floors, no room
 That was not a rheumatic;
 And, what with points and squares and
 rounds
 Grown shaky on their poises,
 The house at nights was full of pounds,
 Thumps, bumps, creaks, scratchings,
 raps—till—"Zounds!"
 Cried Knott, "this goes beyond all
 bounds;
 I do not deal in tongues and sounds,
 Nor have I let my house and grounds
 To a family of Noyeses!"

But, though Knott's house was full of airs,
He had but one,—a daughter;
 And, as he owned much stocks and
 shares,
 Many who wished to render theirs
 Such vain, unsatisfying cares,
 And needed wives to sew their tears,
 In matrimony sought her;
 They vowed her gold they wanted not,
 Their faith would never falter,
 They longed to tie this single Knott
 In the Hymeneal halter;
 So daily at the door they rang,
 Cards for the belle delivering,
 Or in the choir at her they sang,
 Achieving such a rapturous twang
 As set her nerves ashivering.

Now Knott had quite made up his mind
 That Colonel Jones should have her;
 No beauty he, but oft we find
 Sweet kernels 'neath a roughish rind,
 So hoped his Jenny 'd be resigned

And make no more palaver;
 Glanced at the fact that love was blind,
 That girls were ratherish inclined
 To pet their little crosses,
 Then nosologically defined
 The rate at which the system pined
 In those unfortunates who dined
 Upon that metaphoric kind
 Of dish—their own proboscis.

But she, with many tears and moans,
 Besought him not to mock her,
 Said 'twas too much for flesh and bones
 To marry mortgages and loans,
 That fathers' hearts were stocks and
 stones,
 And that she'd go, when Mrs. Jones,
 To Davy Jones's locker;
 Then gave her head a little toss
 That said as plain as ever was,
 If men are always at a loss
 Mere womankind to bridle—
 To try the thing on woman cross
 Were fifty times as idle;
 For she a strict resolve had made
 And registered in private,
 That either she would die a maid,
 Or else be Mrs. Doctor Slade,
 If woman could contrive it;
 And, though the wedding-day was set,
 Jenny was more so, rather,
 Declaring, in a pretty pet,
 That, howsoe'er they spread their net,
 She would out-Jennyrail them yet,
 The colonel and her father.

Just at this time the Public's eyes
 Were keenly on the watch, a stir
 Beginning slowly to arise
 About those questions and replies,
 Those raps that unwrapped mysteries
 So rapidly at Rochester,
 And Knott, already nervous grown
 By lying much awake alone,
 And listening, sometimes to a moan,
 And sometimes to a clatter,
 Whene'er the wind at night would rouse
 The gingerbread-work on his house,
 Or when some hasty-tempered mouse,
 Behind the plastering, made a towse

About a family matter,
 Began to wonder if his wife,
 A paralytic half her life,
 Which made it more surprising,
 Might not to rule him from her urn,
 Have taken a peripatetic turn
 For want of exercising

This thought, once nestled in his head,
 Ere long contagious grew, and spread
 Infecting all his mind with dread,
 Until at last he lay in bed
 And heard his wife, with well known
 tread,

Entering the kitchen through the shed,
 (Or was t his fancy, mocking?)
 Opening the pantry, cutting bread,
 And then (she'd been some ten years
 dead)

Closets and drawers unlocking;
 Or, in his room (his breath grew thick)
 He heard the long familiar click
 Of slender needles flying quick,
 As if she knit a stocking;
 For whom? —he played that years might
 fit

With puns rheumatic shooting,
 Before those ghostly things she knit
 Upon his unfleshed sole might fit,
 He did not fancy it a bit,

To stand upon that footing;
 At other times, his frightened hair—

Above the bedclothes trusting,
 He heard her, full of household cares,
 (No dream entrapped in supper's snares,
 The foal of horrible nightmares,
 But broad awake, as he declares,)
 Go bustling up and down the stairs,
 Or setting back last evening's chairs,

Or with the poker thrusting
 The raked up sea coal's hardened crust—
 And —what ' impossible ' it must '
 He knew she had returned to dust,
 And yet could scarce his senses trust,
 Hearing her as she poked and fussed
 About the parlour, dusting '

Night after night he strove to sleep
 And take his ease in spite of it;
 But still his flesh would chill and creep,

And, though two night-lamps he might
 keep,

He could not so make light of it
 At last, quite desperate, he goes
 And tells his neighbours all his woes,
 Which did but their amount enhance,
 They made such mockery of his fears
 That soon his days were of all jeers,
 His nights of the rueful countenance;
 "I thought most folks," one neighbour
 said,

"Gave up the ghost when they were
 dead?"

Another gravely shook his head,
 Adding, "From all we hear, it's
 Quite plain poor Knott is going mad—
 For how can he at once be said
 And think he's full of spirits?"

A third declared he knew a knife
 Would cut this Knott much quicker,
 "The surest way to end all strife,
 And lay the spirit of a wife,
 Is just to take and lick her!"
 A temperance man caught up the word,
 "Ah, yes," he groaned, "I've always
 heard

Our poor friend somewhat slanted
 Tow'rd taking liquor overmuch;
 I fear these spirits may be Dutch,
 (A sort of gins, or something such,)

With which his house is haunted,
 I see the thing as clear as light,—
 If Knott would give up getting tight,
 Naught farther would be wanted'
 So all his neighbours stood aloof
 And, that the spirits 'neath his roof
 Were not entirely up to proof,
 Unanimously granted

Knott knew that cocks and sprites were
 foes,
 And so bought up, Heaven only knows
 How many, for he wanted crows
 To give ghosts caws, as I suppose,
 To think that day was breaking;
 Moreover what he called his park,
 He turned into a kind of ark
 For dogs, because a little bark
 Is a good tonic in the dark,
 If one is given to waking;

But things went on from bad to worse,
His curs were nothing but a curse,

And, what was still more shocking,
Ioul ghosts of living fowl made scoff
And would not think of going off

In spite of all his cocking
Shringhais, Bucks counties, Dominiques,
Malays (that didn't lay for weeks,)

Polanders, Bantams, Doinkings,
(Waiving the cost, no trifling ill,
Since each brought in his little bill,
By day or night were never still,
But every thought of rest would kill

With cacklings and with quorkings,
Henry the Eighth of wives got free

By a way he had of axing,
But poor Knott's Ludor Henry
Was not so fortunate, and he

Still found his trouble waxing,
As for the dogs the rows they made,
And how they howled, snarled, barked
and bayed

Beyond all human knowledge is,
All night, as wit awake as gnats,
The tarsiers rumpused after rats,
Or, just for practice, taught their brats
To worry cast off shoes and hats,
The bull dogs settled private spits,
All chased imaginary cats,
Or raved behind the fence's slats
At real ones, or, from their mits,
With friends, miles off, held pleasant
chats,

Or, like some fells in white cravats,
Contumptuous of sharps and flats,
Sat up and sang dogsologics
Meanwhile the cats set up a squall,
And, safe upon the garden wall,

All night kept cat a walling,
As if the feline race were all,
In one wild cataleptic sprawl,
Into love's tortures falling

PART II

SHOWING WHAT IS MEANT BY A FLOW
OF SPIRITS

At first the ghosts were somewhat shy,
Coming when none but Knott was nigh,

And people said 'twas all their eye,
(Or rather his) a flam, the sly

Digestion & machination
Some recommended a wet sheet,
Some a nice broth of pounded peat,
Some a cold flat iron to the feet,
Some a decoction of lamb's bleat,
Some a southwesterly grain of wheat;
Meat was by some pronounced unmeet,
Others thought fish most indiscreet,
And that 'twas worse than all to eat
Of vegetables, sour or sweet,
(Except, perhaps, the skin of beet,)

In such a concatenation
One quack his button gently plucks
And murmurs, "Biliary ducks!"

Says Knott, "I never ate one",
But all, though bimming full of wrath,
Homœo, Allo, Hydropath,
Concurred in this—that t'other's path

To death's door was the straight one.
Still, spite of medical advice,

The ghosts came thicker, and a spice
Of mischief grew apparent,
Nor did they only come at night,
But seemed to fancy broad daylight,
Till Knott, in horror and affright,

His unoffending hair rent,
Whene'er with handkerchief on lap,
He made his elbow chair a trap,
To catch an after dinner nap,
The spirits, always on the tap,
Would make a sudden *rap, rap, rap*,
The half spun cord of sleep to snap,
(And what is life without its nap
But threadbareness and mere mishap?)

As 'twere with a percussion cap
The trouble's climax capping,
It seemed a party dried and grim
Of mummies had come to visit him,
Each getting off from every limb

Its multitudinous wrapping,
Scratchings sometimes the walls ran
round,

The merest penny-weights of sound;
Sometimes 'twas only by the pound

They carried on their dealing,
A thumping 'neath the parlour floor,
Thump bump-thump-bumping o'er and
o'er,

As if the vegetables in store
(Quiet and orderly before)

Were all together peeling ;

* You would have thought the thing was
done

By the spirit of some son of a gun,

And that a forty-two-pounder,

Or that the ghost which made such sounds
Could be none other than John Pounds,

Of Ragged Schools the founder.

Through three gradations of affright,
The awful noises reached their height ;

At first they knocked nocturnally,

Then, for some reason, changing quite,

(As mourners, after six months' flight,
Turn suddenly from dark to light,)

Began to knock diurnally,

And last, combining all their stocks,

(Scotland was ne'er so full of Knox,)

Into one Chaos (father of Nox,)

Noise pluit—they showered knocks,

And knocked, knocked, knocked,
eternally ;

Ever upon the go, like buoys,

(Wooden sea-urchins,) all Knott's joys,

They turned to troubles and a noise

That preyed on him internally.

Soon they grew wider in their scope ;

Whenever Knott a door would ope,

It would ope not, or else elope

And fly back (curbless as a trope

Once started down a stanza's slope

By a bard that gave it too much rope—)

Like a clap of thunder slamming ;

And, when kind Jenny brought his hat,

(She always, when he walked, did that,)

Just as upon his head it sat,

Submitting to his settling pat,

Some unseen hand would jam it flat,

Or give it such a furious bat

That eyes and nose went cramming

Up out of sight, and consequently,

As when in life it paddled free,

His beaver caused much damning ;

If these things seem o'erstrained to be,

Read the account of Doctor Dee,

'Tis in our college library ;

Read Wesley's circumstantial plea,

And Mrs. Crowe, more like a bee,

Sucking the nightshade's honeyed fec,

And Stilling's Pneumatology ;

Consult Scot, Glanvil, grave Wie-

rus, and both Mathers ; further see,

Webster, Casaubon, James First's trea-

tise, a right royal Q. E. D.

Writ with the moon in perigee,

Bodin de la Demonomanie—

(Accent that last line gingerly)

All full of learning as the sea

Of fishes, and all disagree,

Save in *Sathanas apace* !

Or, what will surely put a flea

In unbelieving ears --with glee,

Out of a paper (sent to me

By some friend who forgot to P...

A...Y.... I use cryptography

Lest I his vengeful pen should dree—

His P...O...S...T...A...G...E...)

Things to the same effect I cut,

About the tantrums of a ghost,

Not more than three weeks since, at most,

Near Stratford, in Connecticut.

Knott's Upas daily spread its roots,

Sent up on all sides livelier shoots,

And bore more pestilential fruits ;

Theghosts behaved like downright brutes,

They snipped holes in his Sunday suits,

Practised all night on octave flutes,

Put peas (not peace) into his boots,

Whereof grew corns in season,

They scotched his sheets, and, what was
worse,

Stuck his silk nightcap full of burrs,

Till he, in language plain and terse,

(But much unlike a Bible verse,)

Swore he should lose his reason.

The tables took to spinning, too,

Perpetual yarns, and arm-chairs grew

To prophets and apostles ;

One footstool vowed that only he

Of law and gospel held the key,

That teachers of whate'er degree

To whom opinion bows the knee

Wern't fit to teach Truth's a b c,

And were (the whole lot) to a T

Mere fogies all and fossils ;

A teapoy, late the property

Of Knox's Aunt Keziah,
 (Whom Jenny most irreverently
 Had nicknamed her aunt-tipathy)
 With tips emphatic claimed to be
 The prophet Jeremiah;
 The tins upon the kitchen-wall,
 Turned tintinnabulators all,
 And things that used to come at call
 For simple household services
 Began to hop and whirl and prance,
 Fit to put out of countenance
 The *Commis* and *Grisettes* of France
 Or Turkey's dancing *Dervises*.

Of course such doings, far and wide,
 With rumours filled the county-side,
 And (as it is our nation's pride
 To think a Truth not verified
 Till with majorities allied)
 Parties sprung up, affirmed, denied,
 And candidites with questions plied,
 Who, like the cucus-riders, tried
 At once both hobbies to bestride,
 And each with his opponent vied
 In being inexplicit.

Earnest inquirers multiplied;
 Folks, whose tenth cousins lately died,
 Wrote letters long, and Knott replied;
 All who could either walk or ride
 Gathered to wonder or decide,

And paid the house a visit;
 Horses were to his pine-trees tied,
 Mourners in every corner sighed,
 Widows brought children there that cried,
 Swarms of lean Seekers, eager-eyed,
 (People Knott never could abide,)
 Into each hole and cranny pried
 With strings of questions cut and dried
 From the Devout Inquirer's Guide,
 For the wise spirits to decide—

As, for example, is it
 True that the damned are fried or
 boiled?

Was the Earth's axis greased or oiled?
 Who cleaned the moon when it was
 soiled?

How baldness might be cured or foiled?

How heal diseased potatoes?

Did spirits have the sense of smell?

Where would departed spinsters dwell?

If the late Zenas Smith were well?

If Earth were solid or a shell?

Were spirits fond of Doctor Fell?

Did the bull toll Cock-Robin's knell?

What remedy would bugs expel?

If Paine's invention were a sell?

Did spirits by Webster's system spell?

Was it a sin to be a belle?

Did dancing sentence folks to hell?

If so, then where most torture fell—

On little toes or great toes?

If life's true seat were in the brain?

Did Ensign mean to marry Jane?

By whom, in fact, was Morgan slain?

Could matter ever suffer pain?

What would take out a chert-stain?

Who picked the pocket of Seth Crane,

Of Waldo precinct, State of Maine?

Was Sir John Franklin sought in vain?

Did primitive Christians ever train?

What was the family-name of Cain?

Them spoons, were they by Betty ta'en?

Would earth-worm poultice cure a
 sprain?

Was Socraes so dreadful plain?

What teamster guided Charles's wain?

Was Uncle Ethan mad or sane,

And could his will in force remain?

If not, what counsel to retain?

Did Le Sage steal Gil Blas from Spain?

Was Junius writ by Thomas Paine?

Were ducks discomfited by rain?

How did Britannia rule the main?

Was Jonas coming back again?

Was vital truth upon the wane?

Did ghosts, to scare folks, drag a chain?

Who was our Huldah's chosen swain?

Did none have teeth pulled without
 payin',

Ere ether was invented?

Whether mankind would not agree,

If the universe were tuned in C?

What was it ailed Lucindy's knee?

Whether folks eat folks in Feejee?

Whether *his* name would end with T?

If Saturn's rings were two or three,

And what bump in Phenology

They truly represented?

These problems dark, wherein they
 groped,

Wherewith man's reason vainly coped,
Now that the spirit-world was oped,
In all humility they hoped

Would be resolved *instantly*;
Each of the miscellaneous rout
Brought his, or her, own little doubt,
And wished to pump the spirits out,
Through his or her own private spout,
Into his or her decanter

PART III

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT THE
MOST ARDENT SPIRITS ARE MORE
ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL

MANY a speculating wight
Came by express trains, day and night,
To see if Knott would "sell his right,"
Meaning to make the ghosts a sight—

What they called a "meenaygerie",
One threatened, if he would not "trade,"
His run of custom to invade,
(He could not these sharp folks persuade
That he was not, in some way, paid.)

And stamp him as a plagiarist,
By coming down, at one fell swoop,
With THE ORIGINAL KNOCKING-
TROUPE,

Come recently from Hades,
Who (for a quarter dollar heard)
Would ne'er rap out a hasty word
Whence any blame might be incurred

From the most fastidious ladies;
The late lamented Jesse Soule
To stir the ghosts up with a pole
And be director of the whole,

Who was engaged the rather
For the rare merits he'd combine,
Having been in the spirit line,
Which trade he only did resign,
With general applause, to shine,
Awful in mail of cotton fine,

As ghost of Hamlet's father
Another a fair plan reveals
Never yet hit on, which, he feels,
To Knott's religious sense appeals—
"We'll have your house set up on
wheels,
A speculation pious;

For music, we can shortly find
A barrel organ that will grind
Psalm tunes—an instrument designed
For the New England town—refined
From secular dioses, and inclined
To an unworldly turn, (combined
With no sectarian bias.)

Then, travelling by stages slow,
Under the style of Knott & Co.,
I would accompany the show
As moral lecturer, the foe
Of Rationalism, while you could throw
The rappings in, and make them go
Strict Puritan principles, you know,
(How do you make 'em? with your toe?)
And the receipts which thence might
flow,

We could divide between us,
Still more attractions to combine,
Beside these services of mine,
I will throw in a very fine
(It would do nicely for a sign)

Original Fitton's Venus
Another offered handsome fees
If Knott would get Demosthenes
(Nay, his mere knuckles, for more ease)
To rap a few short sentences;
Or if, for want of proper keys,

His Greek might make confusion,
Then just to get a rap from Burke,
To recommend a little work

On Public Location
Meanwhile, the spirits made replies
To all the reverent *whats* and *whys*,
Resolving doubts of every *why*,
And giving secrets grave and wise,
Who came to know their destinies,
A rap turous reception,
When unbelievers void of grace
Came to investigate the place,
(Creatures of Saldustic race,
With grovelling intellects and base,)
They could not find the slightest trace

To indicate deception;
Indeed, it is declared by some
That spirits (of this sort) are glum,
Almost, or wholly, deaf and dumb,
And (out of self respect) quite mum
To skeptic natures cold and numb,
Who of *this* kind of Kingdom Come

Have not a just conception :
True, there were people who demurred
That, though the raps no doubt were
 heard

Both under them and o'er them,
Yet, somehow, when a search they made,
They found Miss Jenny sore afraid,
Or Jenny's lover, Doctor Slade,
Equally awestruck and dismayed,
Or Deborah, the chambermaid,
Whose terrors not to be gainsaid,
In laughs hysteric were displayed,

Was always there before them ;
This had its due effect with some
Who straight departed, muttering, Hum !

Transparent hoax ! and Gammon !
But these were few : believing souls,
Came, day by day, in larger shoals,
As the ancients to the windy holes
'Neath Delphi's tripod brought their
 doles,

Or to the shrine of Ammon

The spirits seemed exceeding tame,
Call whom you fancied, and he came ;
The shades august of eldest fume

You summoned with an awful ease ;
As grosser spirits gurgled out
From chair and table with a spout,
In Auerbach's cellar once, to flout
The senses of the rabble rout,
Where'er the gimlet twined about

Of cunning Mephistopheles,
So did these spirits seem in store,
Behind the wainscot or the door,
Ready to thrill the being's core
Of every enterprising bore

With their astounding glamour ;
Whatever ghost one wished to hear,
By strange coincidence, was near
To make the past or future clear
(Sometimes in shocking grammar)

By raps and taps, now there, now here—
It seemed as if the spirit queer
Of some departed auctioneer

Were doomed to practise by the year
With the spirit of his hammer ;
Whate'er you asked was answered, yet
One could not very deeply get
Into the obliging spirits' debt,

Because they used the alphabet

In all communications,
And new revealings (though sublime)
Rapped out, one letter at a time,

With boggles, hesitations,
Stoppings, beginnings o'er again,
And getting matters into train,
Could hardly overload the brain

With too excessive rations,
Since just to ask *if two and two*
Really make four ? or, *How d'ye do ?*
And get the fit replies thereto

In the tramundane rat-tat-too,
Might ask a whole day's patience.

'Twas strange ('mongst other things) to
 find

In what odd sets the ghosts combined,

Happy forthwith to thump any
Piece of intelligence inspired,
The truth whereof had been inquired

By some one of the company ;
For instance, Fielding, Mialbeau,
Orator Henley, Cicero,
Paley, John Zisca, Maivaux,
Melancthon, Robertson, Junot,
Scaliger, Chesterfield, Rousseau,
Hakluyt, Boccaccio, South, De Foe,
Diaz, Josephus, Richard Roe,
Odin, Arminius, Charles *le gros*,
Tiresias, the late James Crow,
Casabianca, Giose, Pideaux,
Old Grimes, Young Norval, Swift,

 Bissot,

Maimonides, the Chevalier D'O,
Socrates, Fenelon, Job, Stow,
The inventor of *Elisir pro*,
Euripides, Spinoza, Poe,
Confucius, Hiram Smith, and Fo,
Came (as it seemed, somewhat *de trop*)
With a disembodied Esquimaux,
To say that it was so and so,

With Frankhn's expedition ;
One testified to ice and snow,
One that the mercury was low,
One that his progress was quite slow,
One that he much desired to go,
One that the cook had frozen his toe,
(Dissented from by Dandolo,
Wordsworth, Cynaeirus, Boileau,

La Hontan, and Sir Thomas Roe,)
 One saw twelve white bears in a row,
 One saw eleven and a crow,
 With other things we could not know
 (Of great statistic value, though,)
 By our mere mortal vision.

Sometimes the spirits made mistakes,
 And seemed to play at ducks and drakes
 With bold inquiry's heaviest stakes

In science or in mystery;
 They knew so little (and that wrong)
 Yet rapped it out so bold and strong,
 One would have said the unnumbered
 throng

Had been Professors of History;
 What made it odder was, that those
 Who, you would naturally suppose,
 Could solve a question, if they chose,
 As easily as count their toes,

Were just the ones that blundered;
 One day, Ulysses happening down,
 A reader of Sir Thomas Browne

And who (with him) had wondered
 What song it was the Sirens sang,
 Asked the shrewd Ithacan—*bang! bang!*
 With this response the chamber rang,

"I guess it was Old Hundred."
 And Franklin, being asked to name
 The reason why the lightning came,
 Replied, "Because it thundered."

On one sole point the ghosts agreed,
 One fearful point, than which, indeed,

Nothing could seem absurd;
 Poor Colonel Jones they all abused
 And finally downright accused

The poor old man of murder;
 'Twas thus; by dreadful raps was shown
 Some spirit's longing to make known
 A bloody fact, which he alone
 Was privy to, (such ghosts more prone
 In Earth's affairs to meddle are;)

Who are you? with awe-stricken looks,
 All ask: his airy knuckles he crooks,
 And raps, "I *was* Eliab Snooks,

'That used to be a pedler;
 Some on ye still are on my books!"
 Whereat, to inconspicuous nooks,
 (More fearing this than common spooks,)

Shrank each indebted meddler;
 Further the vengeful ghost declared
 That while his earthly life was spared,
 About the country he had fared,

A duly licensed follower
 Of that much-wandering trade that wins
 Slow profit from the sale of tins

And various kinds of hollow-ware;
 That Colonel Jones enticed him in,
 Pretending that he wanted tin,
 There slew him with a rolling-pin,
 Hid him in a potato-bin,

And (the same night) him ferried
 Across Great Pond to t'other shore,
 And there, on land of Widow Moore,
 Just where you turn to Larkin's store,

Under a rock him buried;
 Some friends (who happened to be by)
 He called upon to testify

That what he said was not a lie,
 And that he did not stir this
 Foul matter, out of any spite
 But from a simple love of right;—

Which statements the Nine Worthies,
 Rabbi Akiba, Charlemagne,
 Seth, Colley Cibber, General Wayne,
 Cambyases, Tasso, Tubal-Cain,
 The owner of a castle in Spain,
 Jehanghire, and the Widow of Nain,
 (The friends aforesaid,) made more plain

And by loud raps attested;
 To the same purport testified
 Plato, John Wilkes, and Colonel Pride
 Who knew said Snooks before he died,

Had in his wares invested,
 Thought him entitled to belief
 And freely could concur, in brief,
 In everything the rest did.

Eliab this occasion seized,
 (Distinctly here the spirit sneezed,)
 To say that he should ne'er be eased
 Till Jenny married whom she pleased,

Free from all checks and urgin's,
 (This spirit dropt his final g's)
 And that, unless Knott quickly sees
 This done, the spirits to appease,
 They would come back his life to tease,
 As thick as mites in ancient cheese,
 And let his house on an endless lease

To the ghosts (terrific rappers these
And veritable Lumenides)

Of the Eleven Thousand Virgins !

Knott was perplexed and shook his head,
He did not wish his child to wed

With a suspected murderer,
(For, true or false, the rumour spread,) But as for this roiled life he led,

"It would not answer," so he said,

"To have it go no furdurer."

At last, scarce knowing what it meant,
Reluctantly he gave consent

That Jenny, since 'twas evident
That she *would* follow her own bent,

Should make her own election ;

For that appeared the only way
These frightful noises to allay
Which had already turned him gray
And plunged him in dejection.

Accordingly, this artless maid
Her father's ordinance obeyed,
And, all in whitest crape arrayed,
(Miss Pulsifer the dresses made
And wishes here the fact displayed
That she still carries on the trade,
The third door south from Bagg's
Arcade,)

A very faint "I do" essayed
And gave her hand to Hiram Slade,
From which time forth, the ghosts were
laid,

And ne'er gave trouble after ;
But the Selectmen, be it known,
Dug underneath the aforesaid stone,
Where the poor pedler's corpse was
thrown,

And found thereunder a jaw-bone,
Though, when the crowner sat thereon,
He nothing hatched, except alone

Successive broods of laughter ;
It was a frail and dingy thing,
In which a grinder or two did cling,

In colour like molasses,
Which surgeons, called from far and
wide,

Upon the horror to decide,

Having put on their glasses,
Reported thus : "To judge by looks,

These bones, by some queer hooks or
crooks,

May have belonged to Mr. Snooks,
But, as men deepest-read in books

Are perfectly aware, bones,
If buried fifty years or so,
Lose their identity and grow
From human bones to bare bones."

Still, if to Jaalam you go down,
You'll find two parties in the town,
One headed by Benaiah Brown,
And one by Perez Tinkham ;
The first believe the ghosts all through
And vow that they shall never rue
The happy chance by which they knew
That people in Jupiter are blue,
And very fond of Irish stew,
Two curious facts which Prince Lee
Boo

Rapped clearly to a chosen few—

Whereas the others think 'em
A trick got up by Doctor Slade
With Deborah the chambermaid
And that sly creetur Jinny.
That all the revelations wise,
At which the Brownites made big eyes,
Might have been given by Jared Keyes,
A natural fool and ninny,
And, last week, didn't Eliab Snooks
Come back with never better looks,
As shap as new-bought mackerel hooks,

And bright as a new pin, eh ?
Good Parson Wilbur, too, avers
(Though to be mixed in parish stirs
Is worse than handling chestnut-burrs)
That no case to his mind occurs
Where spirits ever did converse,
Save in a kind of guttural Erse,
(So say the best authorities ;)

And that a charge by raps conveyed
Should be most scrupulously weighed

And searched into, before it is
Made public, since it may give pain
That cannot soon be cured again,
And one word may infix a stain

Which ten cannot gloss over,
Though speaking for his private part,
He is rejoiced with all his heart

Miss Knott missed not her lover.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM

I AM a man of forty, sirs, a native of
First Haddam,
And have some reason to surmise that I
descend from Adam ;
But what's my pedigree to you ? That I
will soon unravel ;
I've sucked my Haddam-Eden dry,
therefore desire to travel,
And, as a natural consequence, presume
I needn't say,
I wish to write some letters home and
have those letters p—
[I spare the word suggestive of those
grim Next Morns that mount
Clump, clump, the stairways of the brain
with—" *Sir, my small account*,"
And, after every good we gain—I love,
Fame, Wealth, Wisdom—still,
As punctual as a cuckoo clock, hold up
then little bill,
The *garçons* in our Cafe of Life, by
dreaming us forgot—
Sitting, like Homer's heroes, full and
musing (God knows what, —
Till they say, bowing, *S'il vous plait*,
voilà, Messieurs, la note !]
I would not hint at this so soon, but in
our callous day,
The tollman Debt, who drops his bar
across the world's highway,
Great Cæsar in mid-march would stop, if
Cæsar could not pay ;
Pilgrimage's dearest than it was : men
cannot travel now
Scot-free from Dan to Beersheba upon a
simple vow ;
Nay, as long back as Bess's time, when
Walsingham went over
Ambassador to Cousin France, at Canter
bury and Dover
He was so fleeced by innkeepers that,
ere he quitted land,
He wrote to the Prime Minister to take
the knaves in hand.
If I with staff and scallop shell should
try my way to win,

Would Boniface quarrel as to who should
take me in ?

Or would my pilgrim's progress end
where Bunyan started his on,
And my grand tour be round and round
the backyard of a prison ?

I give you here a saying deep and there-
fore, haply true ;

'Tis out of Merlin's prophecies, but quite
as good is new

*The question boath for men and meates
longe voyages yt beginne
Lyes in a nutshell, rather sape lyes in
a case of tinne.*

But, though men may not travel now, as
in the Middle Ages,

With self-sustaining retinues of little gilt
edged pages,

Yet one may manage pleasantly, where'er
he likes to roam,

By sending his small pages (at so much
per small page) home,

And if a staff and scallop shall won't
serve so well as then,

Our outlay is about as small—just paper,
ink, and pen

Be thankful ! Humbugs never die,
more than the wandering Jew ;

Bankrupt, they publish their own deaths,
slink for a while from view,

Then take an *alias*, change the sign, and
the old trade renew ;

Indeed, 'tis wondrous how each Age,
though laughing at the Past,

Insists on having its tight shoe made on
the same old last ;

How it is sure its system would break up
at once without

The bunion which it *will* believe heredi-
tary gout ;

How it takes all its swans for geese, nay,
stranger yet and sadder,

Sees in its treadmill's fruitless jog a
heavenward Jacob's ladder,

Shouts, *Lo, the Shining Heights are
reached ! One moment more
aspire !*

Frots into cramps its poor, dear legs,
gets never an inch the higher,

And like the others, ends with pipe and mug beside the fire.
 There, 'tween each doze, it whiffs and sips and watches with a sneer
 The green recruits that trudge and sweat where it had swinked whilere,
 And sighs to think this soon spent zeal should be in simple truth
 The only interval between old Foggyhood and Youth :
 "Well," thus it muses, "well, what odds? 'Tis not for us to warn ;
 'Twill be the same when we are dead, and was ere we were born ;
 Without the Treadmill, too, how grind our store of winter's corn ?
 Had we no stock, nor twelve per cent. received from Treadmill shares,
 We might . . . but these poor devils at last will get our easy-chairs.
 High aims and hopes have great rewards, they, too, serene and snug,
 Shall one day have their soothing pipe and their enlivening mug ;
 From Adam, empty-handed Youth hath always heard the hum
 Of Good Times Coming, and will hear until the last day come ;
 Young ears hear forward, old ones back, and, while the earth rolls on,
 Full-handed Eld shall hear recede the steps of Good Times Gone ;
 Ah what a cackle we set up when'er an egg was laid !
Cack-cack-cack-cackle ! rang around, the scratch for worms was stayed,
Cut-cut-ca-dah-cut ! from this egg the coming cock shall stalk !
 The great New Era dawns, the age of Deeds and not of Talk !
 And every stupid hen of us hugged close his egg of chalk,
 Thought, —sure, I feel life stir within, each day with greater strength,
 When lo, the chick ! from former chicks he differed not a jot,
 But grew and crew and scratched and went, like those before, to pot !"
 So muse the dim *Emeriti*, and, mournful though it be,

I must confess a kindred thought hath sometimes come to me,
 Who, though but just of forty turned, have heard the rumor of fame
 Of nine and ninety Coming Men, all—coming till they came.
 Pure Mephistopheles all this? the vulgar nature jeers?
 Good friend, while I was writing it, my eyes were dim with tears ;
 Thrice happy he who cannot see, or who his eyes can shut,
 Life's deepest sorrow is contained in that small word there—But !

 We're pretty nearly crazy here with change and go ahead,
 With flinging our caught bird away for two i' th' bush instead,
 With butting 'gainst the wall which we declare *shall* be a portal,
 And questioning Deeps that never yet have opened their lips to mortal ;
 We're growing pale and hollow-eyed, and out of all condition,
 With *mediums* and prophetic chairs, and crickets with a mission,
 (The most astounding oracles since Baalam's donkey spoke,—
 'Twould seem our furniture was all of Dodonean oak.)
 Make but the public laugh, be sure 'twill take you to be somebody ;
 'Twill wrench its button from your clutch, my densely earnest glum body ;
 'Tis good, this noble earnestness, good in its place, but why
 Make great Achilles' shield the pan to bake a penny pie?
 Why, when we have a kitchen-range, insist that we shall stop,
 And bore clear down to central fires to broil our daily chop?
 Excalibur and Durandart are swords of price, but then
 Why draw them sternly when you wish to trim your nails or pen?
 Small gulf between the ape and man ;
 you bridge it with your staff ;

But it will be impassable until the ape
can laugh ;—
No, no, be common now and then, be
sensible, be funny,
And, as Siberians bait their traps for
bears with pots of honey,
From which ere they'll withdraw their
snouts, they'll suffer many a club-
lick,
So bait your moral figure-of-four to
catch the Orson public.
Look how the dead leaves melt their
way down through deep-drifted
snow ;
They take the sun-warmth down with
them—pearls could not conquer
so ;
There is a moral here, you see ; if you
would preach, you must
Steep all your truths in sunshine would
you have them pierce the crust ;
Brave Jeremiah, you are grand and
terrible, a sign
And wonder, but were never quite a
popular divine ;
Fancy the figure you would cut among
the nuts and wine !
I, on occasion, too, could preach, but
hold it wiser far
To give the public sermons it will take
with its cigar,
And morals fugitive, and vague as are
these smoke-wreaths light
In which . . . I trace . . . a . . . let me
see—bless me ! 'tis out of sight.
There are some goodish things at sea ;
for instance, one can feel
A grandeur in the silent man forever at
the wheel,
That bit of two-legged intellect, that
particle of drill,
Who the huge-floundering hulk inspires
with reason, brain, and will,
And makes the ship, though skies are
black and headwinds whistle loud,
Obey her conscience there which feels
the loadstar through the cloud ;
And when by lusty western gales the
full-sailed barque is hurled

Towards the great moon which, setting
on the silent underworld,
Rounds luridly up to look on ours, and
shoots a broadening line,
Of palpitant light from crest to crest
across the idgy brine,
Then from the bows look back and feel
a thrill that never stales,
In that full-bosomed, swan-white pomp
of onward-yearning sails ;
Ah, when dear cousin Bull laments that
you can't make a poem,
Take him aboard a clipper-ship, young
Jonathan, and show him
A work of art that in its grace and
grandeur may compare
With any thing that any race has
fashioned any where ;
'Tis not a statue, grumbles John ; nay,
if you come to that,
We think of Hyde Park Corner, and
concede you beat us flat
With your equestrian statue to a Nose
and a Cocked-hat ;
But 'tis not a cathedral ; well, e'en that
we will allow,
Both statues and cathedrals are anachro-
nistic now ;
Your minsters, coz, the monuments of
men who conquered you,
You'd sell a bargain, if we'd take the
deans and chapters too ;
No ; mortal men build nowadays, as
always heretofore,
Good temples to the gods which they in
very truth adore ;
The shepherds of this Broker Age, with
all their willing flocks,
Although they bow to stones no more, do
bend the knee to stocks,
And churches can't be beautiful though
crowded, floor and gallery,
If people worship preacher, and if preacher
worship salary ;
'Tis well to look things in the face, the
god o' the modern universe,
Hermes, cares naught for halls of art and
libraries of puny verse,
If they don't sell, he notes them thus upon
his ledger—say, *per*

Contra to a loss of so much stone, best
 Russia duck and paper ;
 And, after all, about this Art men talk a
 deal of fudge,
 Each nation has its path marked out,
 from which it must not budge ;
 The Romans had as little art as Noah in
 his ark,
 Yet somehow on this globe contrived to
 make an epic mark :
 Religion, painting, sculpture, song—for
 these they ran up jolly ticks
 With Greece and Egypt, but they were
 great artists in their politics,
 And if we make no ministers, John, nor
 epics, yet the Fates
 Are not entirely deaf to men who *can*
 build ships and states ;
 The arts are never pioneers, but men
 have strength and health
 Who, called on suddenly, can improvise
 a commonwealth,
 Nay, can more easily go on and frame
 them by the dozen,
 Than you can make a dinner-speech,
 dear sympathising cousin :
 And, though our restless Jonathan have
 not your graver bent, sure he
 Does represent this hand-to-mouth, pert,
 rapid, nineteenth century ;

This is the Age of Scramble ; men move
 faster than they did
 When they pried up the imperial Past's
 deep-dusted coffin-lid,
 Searching for scrolls of precedent ; the
 wire-leashed lightning now
 Replaces Delphos—men don't leave the
 steamer for the scow ;
 What public, were they new to-day,
 would ever stop to read
 The Iliad, the Shanameh, or the Nibel-
 ungenlied ?
 Their public's gone, the artist Greek, the
 lettered Shah, the hairy Graf—
 Folio and plesiosaur sleep well ; we
 weary o'er a paragraph :
 The mind moves planet-like no more, it
 fizzes, cracks, and bustles ;
 From end to end with journals dry the
 land o'ershadowed rustles,
 As with dead leaves a winter-beech, and,
 with their breath-roused jars
 Amused, we care not if they hide the
 eternal skies and stars ;
 Down to the general level of the Board
 of Brokers sinking,
 The Age takes in the newspapers, or, to
 say sooth unshrinking,
 The newspapers take in the Age, and
 stocks do all the thinking.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE

SOMEWHERE in India, upon a time,
 (Read it not Injah, or you spoil the verse,)
 There dwelt two saints whose privilege
 sublime
 It was to sit and watch the world grow
 wiose,
 Their only care (in that delicious
 clime)
 At proper intervals to pray and curse ;
 Pracrit the dialect each prudent brother
 Used for himself, Damnonian for the
 other.

I
 One half the time of each was spent in
 praying
 For blessings on his own unworthy
 head,
 The other half in fearfully portray-
 ing
 Where certain folks would go when they
 were dead ;
 This system of exchanges—there's no
 saying
 To what more solid barter 'twould have
 led,

But that a river, vexed with boils and swellings
At rainy times, kept peace between their dwellings.

III

So they two played at wordy battle-dore
And kept a curse forever in the air,
Flying this way or that from shore to shore ;
Nor other labour did this holy pair,
Clothed and supported from the lavish store
Which crowds lanigerous brought with daily care ;
They toiled not, neither did they spin ;
their bias
Was tow'rd the harder task of being pious.

IV

Each from his hut rushed six score times a day,
Like a great canon of the Church full rammed
With cartidge theologic, (so to say,) Touched himself off, and then, recoiling, slammed
His hovel's door behind him in a way
That to his foe said plainly,—*you'll* be damned ;
And so like Potts and Wainwright, shrill and strong
The two D—D'd each other all day long.

V

One was a dancing Dervise, a Moham-medan,
The other was a Hindoo, a gymnosophist ;
One kept his what'd'yecallit and his Ramadan,
Laughing to scorn the sacred rites and laws of his
Transfluvial rival, who, in turn, called Ahmed an
Old top, and, as a clincher, shook across a fist

With nails six inches long, yet lifted not
His eyes from off his navel's mystic knot.

VI

"Who whirls not round six thousand times an hour
Will go," screamed Ahmed, "to the evil place ;
May he eat dirt, and may the dog and Giaour
Defile the graves of him and all his race ;
Allah loves faithful souls and gives them power
To spin till they are purple in the face ;
Some folks get you know what, but he that pure is
Earns Paradise and ninety thousand homies."

VII

"Upon the silver mountain, South by East,
Sits Brahma fed upon the sacred bean ;
He loves those men whose nails are still increased,
Who all their lives keep ugly, foul, and lean ;
'Tis of his grace that not a bird or beast
Adorned with claws like mine was ever seen ;
The suns and stars are Brahma's thoughts divine
Even as these trees I seem to see are mine."

VIII

"Thou seem'st to see, indeed !" roared Ahmed back ;
"Were I but once across this plaguy stream,
With a stout sapling in my hand, one whack
On those lank ribs would rid thee of that dream !

Thy Brahma-blasphemy is ipecac
 To my soul's stomach; couldst thou
 grasp the scheme
 Of true redemption, thou wouldst know
 that Deity
 Whils by a kind of blessed spontaneity.

IX

"And this it is which keeps our earth
 here going
 With all the stars."—"Oh, vile! but
 there's a place
 Prepared for such; to think of Brahma
 throwing
 Worlds like a juggler's balls up into Space!
 Why, not so much as a smooth lotos
 blowing
 Is e'er allowed that silence to efface
 Which broods round Brahma, and our
 earth, 'tis known,
 Rests on a tortoise, moveless as this
 stone."

X

So they kept up their bannan am-
 bean,
 When suddenly came floating down the
 stream
 A youth whose face like an incarnate
 pean
 Glowed, 'twas so full of grandeur and of
 gleam;
 "If there *be* gods, then, doubtless,
 this must be one,"
 Thought both at once, and then began to
 scream,
 "Surely, whate'er immortals know,
 thou knowest,
 Decide between us twain before thou
 goest!"

XI

The youth was drifting in a slim canoe
 Most like a huge white water-lily's petal,
 But neither of our theologians knew
 Whereof 'twas made; whether of heavenly
 metal
 Seldseen, or of a vast pearl split in two
 And hollowed, was a point they could
 not settle;

'Twas good debate-seed, though, and
 bore large fruit
 In after years of many a tart dispute.

XII

There were no wings upon the stranger's
 shoulders,
 And yet he seemed so capable of rising
 That, had he soared like thistledown,
 beholders
 Had thought the circumstance noways
 surprising;
 Enough that he remained, and, when
 the scolders
 Hailed him as umpire in their vocal
 prize-ving,
 The painter of his boat he lightly
 threw
 Around a lotos-stem, and brought her
 to.

XIII

The strange youth had a look as if he
 might
 Have trod far planets where the atmo-
 sphere
 (Of nobler temper) steeped the face with
 light,
 Just as our skins are tanned and freckled
 here;
 His air was that of a cosmopolite
 In the wide universe from sphere to
 sphere;
 Perhaps he was (his face had such
 grave beauty)
 An officer of Saturn's; guards off duty.

XIV

Both saints began to unfold their tales
 at once,
 Both wished their tales, like simial ones,
 prehensile,
 That they might seize his ear; *fool!*
knave! and *dunce!*
 Flew zigzag back and forth, like strokes
 of pencil
 In a child's fingers; voluble as duns,

They jabbered like the stones on that
immense hill
In the Arabian Nights; until the
stranger
Began to think his ear-drums in some
danger.

XV

In general those who nothing have to
say
Contrive to spend the longest time in
doing it;
They turn and vary it in every way,
Hashing it, stewing it, mincing it,
ragoulizing it;
Sometimes they keep it purposely at
bay,
Then let it slip to be again pursuing it;
They drone it, groan it, whisper it and
shout it,
Refute it, flout it, swear to't, prove it,
doubt it.

XVI

Our saints had practised for some
thirty years;
Their talk, beginning with a single stem,
Spread like a banyan, sending down
live piers,
Colonies of digression, and, in them,
Germs of yet new dispersion; once by
the ears,
They could convey damnation in a hem,
And blow the pinch of premise-priming
off
Long syllogistic batteries, with a
cough.

XVII

Each had a theory that the human
ear
A providential tunnel was, which led
To a huge vacuum (and surely here
They showed some knowledge of the
general head),
For cant to be decanted through, a
mere

Auricular canal or mill-race fed
All day and night, in sunshine and in
shower,
From their vast heads of milk-and-
water-power.

XVIII

The present being a peculiar case,
Each with unwonted zeal the other
scouted,
Put his spurred hobby through its every
pace,
Pished, pshawed, poohed, horrified, ⁺
baked, jeered, sneered, flouted,
Sniffed, nonsensed, infideled, fudged,
with his face
Looked scorn too nicely shaded to be
shouted,
And, with each inch of person and of
vesture,
Contrived to hint some most disdainful
gesture.

XIX

At length, when their breath's end was
come about,
And both could now and then just gasp
"impostor!"
Holding their heads thrust menacingly
out,
As staggering cocks keep up their fighting
posture,
The stranger smiled and said, "Beyond
a doubt
'Tis fortunate, my friends, that you have
lost your
United parts of speech, or it had
been
Impossible for me to get between.

XX

"Produce! says Nature,— what have
you produced?
A new strait-waistcoat for the human
mind;
Are you not limbed, nerved, jointed,
arteried, juiced,

As other men? yet, faithless to your
kind,
Rather like noxious insects you are
used
To puncture life's fair fruit, beneath the
rind
Laying your creed-eggs, whence in
time there spring
Consumers new to eat and buzz and
sting.

XXI

"Work! you have no conception how
'twill sweeten
Your views of Life and Nature, God and
Man;
Had you been forced to earn what
you have eaten,
Your heaven had shown a less dyspeptic
plan;
At present your whole function is to
eat ten
And talk ten times as rapidly as you
can;
Were your shape true to cosmogonic
laws,
You would be nothing but a pair of
jaws.

XXII

"Of all the useless beings in creation
The earth could spare most easily you
bakers
Of little clay gods, formed in shape
and fashion
Precisely in the image of their makers;
Why, it would almost move a saint to
passion,
To see these blind and deaf, the hourly
breakers
Of God's own image in their brother
men,
Set themselves up to tell the how,
where, when,

XXIII

"Of God's existence; one's digestion's
worse—

So makes a god of vengeance and of
blood;
Another,—but no matter, they reverse
Creation's plan, out of their own vile
mud
Pat up a god, and burn, drown, hang,
or curse
Whoever worships not; each keeps his
stud
Of texts which wait with saddle on
and bridle
To hunt down atheists to their ugly
idol.

XXIV

"This, I perceive, has been your
occupation;
You should have been more usefully
employed;
All men are bound to earn their daily
ration,
Where States make not that primal
contract void
By cramps and limits; simple devasta-
tion
Is the worm's task, and what he has
destroyed
His monument; creating is man's
work
And that, too, something more than
mist and murk."

XXV

So having said, the youth was seen no
more,
And straightway our sage Brahmin, the
philosopher,
Cried, "That was aimed at thee, thou
endless bore,
Idle and useless as the growth of moss
over
A rotting tree-trunk!" "I would
square that score
Full soon," replied the Dervise, "could
I cross over
And catch thee by the beard. Thy
nails I'd trim
And make thee work, as was advised
by him."

XXVI

"Work? Am I not at work from
morn till night
Sounding the deeps of oracles umbilical
Which for man's guidance never come
to light,
With all their various aptitudes, until I
call?"
"And I, do I not twirl from left to
right
For conscience' sake? Is that no work?
Thou silly gull,
He had thee in his eye; 'twas Gabriel
Sent to reward my faith, I know him
well."

XXVII

"'Twas Vishnu, thou vile whirlgig!"
and so
The good old quarrel was begun anew;
One would have sworn the sky was
black as slue,
Had but the other dared to call it blue;
Nor were the followers who fed them
slow
To treat each other with their curses,
too,
Each hating t'other (moves it tears or
laughter?)
Because he thought him sure of hell
hereafter.

XXVIII

At last some genius built a bridge of
boats
Over the stream, and Ahmed's zealots
filed
Across, upon a mission to (cut throats
And) spread religion pure and undefiled;
They sowed the propagandist's wildest
oats,
Cutting off all, down to the smallest
child,
And came back, giving thanks for such
fat mercies,
To find their harvest gone past
prayers or curses.

XXIX

All gone except their saint's religious
hops,
Which he kept up with more than com-
mon flourish;
But these, however satisfying crops
For the inner man, were not enough to
nourish
The body politic, which quickly drops
Reserve in such sad junctures, and turns
currish;
So Ahmed soon got cursed for all the
famine
Where'er the popular voice could edge
a damn in.

XXX

At first he pledged a miracle quite
boldly,
And, for a day or two, they growled and
waited;
But, finding that this kind of manna
coldly
Sat on their stomachs, they ere long
berated
The saint for still persisting in that
old lie,
Till soon the whole machine of saintship
grated,
Ran slow, creaked, stopped, and,
wishing him in Tophet,
They gathered strength enough to
stone the prophet.

XXXI

Some stronger ones contrived (by
eating leather,
Their weaker friends, and one thing or
another)
The winter months of scarcity to
weather;
Among these was the late saint's younger
brother,
Who, in the spring, collecting them
together,
Persuaded them that Ahmed's holy
pother

Had wrought in their behalf, and that
the place
Of Saint should be continued to his
race.

XXXII

Accordingly, 'twas settled on the spot
That Allah favoured that peculiar breed ;

Beside, as all were satisfied, 'twould not
Be quite respectable to have the need
Of public spiritual food forgot ;
And so the tribe, with proper forms,
decreed
That he, and, failing him, his next of
kin,
Forever for the people's good should
spin.

UNDER THE WILLOWS, AND OTHER POEMS

TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

AGRO DOUCE

THE wind is roistering out of doors,
My windows shake and my chimney
roars ;
My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning
to me,
As of old, in their moody, minor key,
And out of the past the hoarse wind
blows,
As I sit in my arm-chair, and toast my
toes.

"Ho ! ho ! nine-and-forty," they seem
to sing,

"We saw you a little toddling thing,
We knew you child and youth and man,
A wonderful fellow to dream and plan,
With a great thing always to come, --
who knows ?

Well, well ! 'tis some comfort to toast
one's toes.

"How many times have you sat at gaze
Till the mouldering fire forgot to blaze,
Shaping among the whimsical coals
Fancies and figures and shining goals !
What matters the ashes that cover
those ?

While hickory lasts you can toast your
toes.

"O dream-ship-builder ! where are they
all,
Your grand three-deckers, deep-chested
and tall,
That should crush the waves under canvas
piles,
And anchor at last by the Fortunate
Isles ?
There's gray in your beard, the years
turn foes,
While you muse in your arm-chair, and
toast your toes."

I sit and dream that I hear, as of yore,
My Elmwood chimneys' deep-throated
roar ;

If much be gone, there is much remains ;
By the embers of loss I count my gains,
You and yours with the best, till the old
hope glows
In the fanciful flame, as I toast my toes.

Instead of a fleet of broad-browed
ships,
To send a child's armada of chips !
Instead of the great guns, tier on tier,
A freight of pebbles and grass-blades
sere !

"Well, maybe more love with the less
gift goes,"
I growl, as, half moody, I toast my
toes.

UNDER THE WILLOWS

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field
and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading
tree,
June is the pearl of our New England
year.
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in
wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws
coily back,
Then, from some southern ambush in
the sky,
With one great gush of blossom storms
the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The bluebird, shifting his light load of
song
From post to post along the cheerless
fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come;
But now, oh rapture! sunshine winged
and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm wild
breath of the West
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy
cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, water, all in
one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the
soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
*Save June! Dear June! Now God be
praised for June.*

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real Spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with
eastern wind;
Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,
And, with her handful of anemones,
Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,
The season need but turn his hourglass
round,
And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead May in
his arms,

Her budding breasts and wan dislusted
front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his
white beard
All overblown. Then, warmly walled
with books,
While my wood-fire supplies the sun's
defect,
Whispering old forest-sagas in its dreams,
I take my May down from the happy
shelf
Where perch the world's rare song-birds
in a row,
Waiting my choice to open with full
breast,
And beg an alms of springtime, ne'er
denied
Indoors by vernal Chaucer, whose fresh
woods
Throb thick with merle and mavis all
the year.

July breathes hot,allows the crispy
fields,
Curls up the wan leaves of the hlae-
hedge,
And every eve cheats us with show of
clouds
That braze the horizon's western rim, or
hang
Motionless, with heaped canvas drooping
idly,
Like a dim fleet by starving men be-
sieged,
Conjectured half, and half deserted afar,
Helpless of wind, and seeming to slip
back
Adown the smooth curve of the oily sea.

But June is full of invitations sweet,
Forth from the chimney's yawn and
thrice-read tomes
To leisurely delights and sauntering
thoughts
That brook no ceiling narrower than
the blue.
The cherry, diest for bridal, at my pane
Brushes, then listens, *Will he come!*
The bee,
All dusty as a miller, takes his toll

Of powdery gold, and grumbles. What
a day
To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I
think
Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its
cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings
of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid
thought,
Except for him who hath the secret
learned
To mix his blood with sunshine, and to
take
The winds into his pulses. Hush! 'tis
he!
My uncle, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the packthread I had lightly
wound
About the bough to help his housekeep-
ing,
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing
his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Not, more than wise we in our affairs,
Divines the providence that hides and
helps
Heave, ho! Heave, ho! he whistles as
the twine
Slackens its hold; *once more, now!* and
a flash
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm
Where his mate dangles at her cup of
felt.
Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails
My loosened thought with it along the
air,
And I must follow, would I ever find
The inward rhyme to all this wealth of
life.
I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam; let them please their
whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,

Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us. Surely there are
times
When they consent to own me of their
kin,
And condescend to me, and call me
cousin,
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with
thrills
Moving the lips, though fruitless of all
words.
And I have many a lifelong leafy friend,
Never estranged nor careful of my soul,
That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes
me
Within his tent as if I were a bird,
Or other free companion of the earth,
Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men.
Among them one, an ancient willow,
spreads
Eight balanced limbs, springing at once
all round
His deep-ridged trunk with upward slant
diverse,
In outline like enormous beaker, fit
For hand of Jotun, where mid snow and
mist
He holds unwieldy revel. This tree,
spared,
I know not by what grace,—for in the
blood
Of our New World subduers lingers yet
Hereditary feud with trees, they being
('They and the red-man most) our fathers'
foes,—
Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,
The seventh fallen, that lean along the
brink
Where the steep upland dips into the
marsh,
Their roots, like molten metal cooled in
flowing,
Stiffened in coils and runnels down the
bank.
The friend of all the winds, wide-armed
he towers
And glints his steely aglets in the sun,
Or whitens fitfully with sudden bloom

Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as when a
 shoal
 Of devious minnows wheel from where a
 pike
 Lurks balanced 'neath the lily-pads, and
 whirl
 A rood of silver bellies to the day.

Alas ! no acorn from the British oak
 'Neath which slim fairies tripping wrought
 those rings

Of greenest emerald, wherewith fireside
 life

Did with the invisible spirit of Nature wed,
 Was ever planted here ! No darnel
 fancy

Might choke one useful blade in Puritan
 fields ;

With horn and hoof the good old Devil
 came,

The witch's broomstick was not contra-
 band,

But all that superstition had of fair,
 Or piety of native sweet, was doomed.
 And if there be who nurse unholy faiths,
 Fearing their god as if he were a wolf
 That snuffed round every home and was
 not seen,

There should be some to watch and keep
 alive

All beautiful beliefs. And such was that,-
 By solitary shepherd first surmised
 Under Thessalian oaks, loved by some
 maid

Of royal stirp, that silent came and
 vanished,

As near her nest the hermit thrush, nor
 dared

Confess a mortal name,—that faith which
 gave

A Hamadryad to each tree ; and I
 Will hold it true that in this willow dwells
 The open-handed spirit, frank and blithe,
 Of ancient Hospitality, long since,
 With ceremonious thrift, bowed out of
 doors.

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
 While the blithe season comforts every
 sense,

Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals
 the heart,

Brimming it o'er with sweetness un-
 awares,

Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
 Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
 And tenderly lines some last-year robin's
 nest.

There muse I of old times, old hopes,
 old friends,

Old friends ! 'The writing of those words
 has borne

My fancy backward to the gracious past,
 The generous past, when all was possible,
 For all was then untried ; the years
 between

I have taught some sweet, some bitter
 lessons, none

Wiser than this,—to spend in all things
 else,

But of old friends to be most miserly.
 Each year to ancient friendships adds a
 ring,

As to an oak, and precious more and
 more,

Without deservingness or help of ours,
 They grow, and, silent, wider spread,
 each year,

Their unbought ring of shelter or of
 shade.

Sacred to me the lichens on the bark,
 Which Nature's milliners would scrape
 away ;

Most dear and sacred every withered
 limb !

'Tis good to set them early, for our faith
 Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles
 come,

Few plant, but water dead ones with vain
 tears.

This willow is as old to me as life ;
 And under it full often have I stretched,
 Feeling the warm earth like a thing
 alive,

And gathering virtue in at every pore
 Till it possessed me wholly, and thought
 ceased,

Or was transfused in something to which
 thought

Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was
lost,

Gone from me like an ache, and what
remained

Become a part of the universal joy.

My soul went forth, and, mingling with
the tree,

Danced in the leaves; or, floating in the
cloud,

Saw its white double in the stream
below;

Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,

Dilated in the broad blue over all.

I was the wind that dappled the lush
grass,

The tide that crept with coolness to its
roots,

The thin-winged swallow skating on the
air;

The life that gladdened everything was
mine.

Was I then truly all that I beheld?

Or is this stream of being but a glass

Where the mind sees its visionary self,

As, when the kingfisher flits o'er his bay,

Across the river's hollow heaven below

His picture flits, - another, yet the same?

But suddenly the sound of human voice

Or footfall, like the drop a chemist pours,

Doth in opacous cloud precipitate

The consciousness that seemed but now
dissolved

Into an essence rarer than its own,

And I am narrowed to myself once more.

For here not long is solitude secure,

Nor Fantasy left vacant to her spell.

Here, sometimes, in this paradise of
shade,

Rippled with western winds, the dusty
Tramp,

Seeing the treeless causeway burn beyond,

Halts to unroll his bundle of strange
food

And munch an unearned meal. I cannot
help

Liking this creature, lavish Summer's
bedesman,

Who from the almshouse steals when
nights grow warm,

Himself his large estate and only charge,
To be the guest of haystack or of hedge,

Nobly superior to the household gear
That forfeits us our privilege of nature.

I bait him with my match-box and my
pouch,

Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy of
smoke,

His equal now, divinely unemployed.

Some smack of Robin Hood is in the
man,

Some secret league with wild wood-
wandering things;

He is our ragged Duke, our barefoot
Earl,

By right of birth exonerate from toil,
Who levies rent from us his tenants all.

And serves the state by merely being.
Here

The Scissor-grinder, pausing, doffs his
hat,

And lets the kind breeze, with its delicate
fan,

Winnow the heat from out his dank gray
hair,--

A grimy Ulysses, a much-wandered man,
Whose feet are known to all the populous
ways,

And many men and manners he hath
seen,

Not without fruit of solitary thought.

He, as the habit is of lonely men,--

Unused to try the temper of their mind

In fence with others, - positive and shy,

Yet knows to put an edge upon his
speech,

Pithily Saxon in unwilling talk.

Him I entrap with my long-suffering
knife,

And, while its poor blade hums away in
sparks,

Sharpen my wit upon his gritty mind,

In motion set obsequious to his wheel,

And in its quality not much unlike.

Nor wants my tree more punctual
visitors.

The children, they who are the only
rich,

Creating for the moment, and possessing

Whate'er they choose to feign,—for still
with them

Kind Fancy plays the fairy godmother,
Strewing their lives with cheap material
For winged horses and Aladdin's lamps,
Pure elfin-gold, by manhood's touch pro-
fane

To dead leaves disenchanted,—long ago
Between the branches of the tree fixed
seats,

Making an o'turned box their table.
Oft

The shrilling girls sit here between
school hours,

And play at *What's my thought like?*
while the boys,

With whom the age chivalric ever bides,
Pricked on by knightly spurs of female
eyes,

Climb high to swing and shout on perilous
boughs,

Or, from the willow's armoury equipped
With musket dumb, green banner, edge-
less sword,

Make good the rampart of their tree-
redoubt

'Gainst eager British storming from
below,

And keep alive the tale of Bunker's Hill.

Here, too, the men that mend our village
ways,

Vexing Macadam's ghost with pounded
slate,

Their nooning take; much noisy talk
they spend

On horses and their ills; and, as John
Bull

Tells of Lord This or That, who was his
friend,

So these make boast of intimacies long
With famous teams, and add large
estimates,

By competition swelled from mouth to
mouth,

Of how much they could draw, till one,
ill pleased

To have his legend overbid, retorts:
"You take and stretch truck-horses in a
string

From here to Long Wharf end, one
thing I know,

Not heavy neither, they could never
draw,—

Ensign's long bow!" Then laughter loud
and long.

So they in their leaf-shadowed microcosm
Image the larger world; for wheresoe'er
Ten men are gathered, the observant eye
Will find mankind in little, as the stars
Glide up and set, and all the heavens
revolve

In the small welkin of a drop of dew.

I love to enter pleasure by a postern,
Not the broad popular gate that gulps
the mob;

To find my theatres in roadside nooks,
Where men are actors, and suspect it
not;

Where Nature all unconscious, works her
will,

And every passion moves with easy gait,
Unhampered by the buskin or the train.
Hating the crowd, where we gregarious
men

Lead lonely lives, I love society,
Nor seldom find the best with simple
souls

Unswerved by culture from their native
bent,

The ground we meet on being primal
man

And nearer the deep bases of our lives.

But oh, half heavenly, earthly half, my
soul,

Canst thou from those late ecstasies
descend,

Thy lips still wet with the miraculous
wine

That transubstantiates all thy baser stuff
To such divinity that soul and sense,
Once more commingled in their source,
are lost,—

Canst thou descend to quench a vulgar
thirst

With the mere dregs and rinsings of the
world?

Well, if my nature find her pleasure so,

I am content, nor need to blush ; I take
My little gift of being clean from God,
Not haggling for a better, holding it
Good as was ever any in the world,
My days as good and full of miracle.
I pluck my nutriment from any bush,
Finding out poison as the first men did
By tasting and then suffering, if I must.
Sometimes my bush burns, and some-
times it is

A leafless wilding shivering by the wall ;
But I have known when winter bar-
beries

Pricked the effeminate palate with im-
prise

Of savour whose mere harshness seemed
divine.

Oh, benediction of the higher mood
And human-kindness of the lower ! for
both

I will be grateful while I live, nor
question

The wisdom that hath made us what we
are,

With such large range as from the ale-
house bench

Can reach the stars and be with both at
home.

They tell us we have fallen on prosy
days,

Condemned to glean the leavings of
earth's feast

Where gods and heroes took delight of
old ;

But though our lives, moving in one dull
round

Of repetition infinite, become

Stale as a newspaper once read, and
though

History herself, seen in her workshop,
seem

To have lost the art that dyed those
glorious panes,

Rich with memorial shapes of saint and
sage,

That pave with splendour the Past's
dusky aisles,—

Panes that enchant the light of common
day

With colours costly as the blood of kings,
Till with ideal hues it edge our thought,—
Yet while the world is left, while nature
lasts,

And man the best of nature, there shall
be

Somewhere contentment for these human
hearts,

Some freshness, some unused material
For wonder and for song. I lose myself
In other ways where solemn guide-posts
say,

*This way to Knowledge, This way to
Repose,*

But here, here only, I am ne'er betrayed,
For every by-path leads me to my love.

God's passionless reformers, influences,
That purify and heal and are not seen,
Shall man say whence your virtue is, or
how

Ye make medicinal the wayside weed ?
I know that sunshine, through whatever
rift

How shaped it matters not, upon my
walls

Paints discs as perfect-rounded as its
source,

And, like its antitype, the ray divine,
However finding entrance, perfect still,
Repeats the image unimpaired of God.

We, who by shipwreck only find the
shores

Of divine wisdom, can but kneel at first ;
Can but exult to feel beneath our feet,
That long stretched vainly down the
yielding deeps,

The shock and sustenance of solid earth ;
Inland afar we see what temples gleam
Through immemorial stems of sacred
groves,

And we conjecture shining shapes therein ;
Yet for a space we love to wander here
Among the shells and seaweed of the
beach.

So mused I once within my willow-tent.
One brave June morning, when the bluff
north-west,

Thrusting aside a dank and snuffling day
 That made us bitter at our neighbours' sins,
 Brimmed the great cup of heaven with sparkling cheer
 And roared a lusty stave; the sliding Charles,
 Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,
 Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes
 Look once and look no more, with southward curve
 Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair
 Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold;
 From blossom-clouded orchards, far away
 The bobolink tinkled; the deep meadows flowed
 With multitudinous pulse of light and shade
 Against the bases of the southern hills,
 While here and there a drowsy island rick
 Slept and its shadow slept; the wooden bridge
 Thundered, and then was silent; on the roofs
 The sun-warped shingles rippled with the heat;
 Summer on field and hill, in heart and brain,
 All life washed clean in this high tide of June.

DARA

WHEN Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
 Wilted with harem-heats, and all the land
 Was hovered over by those vulture ills
 That snuff decaying empire from afar,
 Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
 Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.
 He who had governed fleecy subjects well
 Made his own village by the selfsame spell

Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
 Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees
 Under his sway, to neighbour villages
 Order returned, and faith and justice old.
 Now when it fortune'd that a king more wise
 Endued the realm with brain and hands and eyes,
 He sought on every side men brave and just;
 And having heard our mountainshepherd's praise,
 How he refilled the mould of elder days,
 To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
 Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
 Than in his crook before; but envy finds
 More food in cities than on mountains bare;
 And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
 Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.
 Soon it was hissed into the royal ear,
 That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
 Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
 Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
 Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
 Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said, that, wheresoe'er he went,
 A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
 Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
 What was therein, save only Dara's own;
 But, when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
 To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The King set forth for Dara's province
straight;

There, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at
hand,

A camel with the chest was seen to
stand:

The King's brow reddened, for the guilt
was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-
chest!"

'Twas done; and only a worn shepherd's
vest

Was found therein. Some blushed and
hung the head;

Not Dar; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and "O my lord, behold the
proof

That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo all the spell I had!
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad
Still to the unstained past kept true and
leal,

Still on these plains could breathe her
mountain air,

And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and
make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small
skill,

Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my
way."

Strange dew in royal eyes grew round
and bright,

And stained the throbbing lids; before
'twas night

Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden furies of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood:
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the
wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it
snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so
high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed
her;
And she, kissing back, could not
know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

THE SINGING LEAVES

A BALLAD

I

"WHAT fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am bound,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds
great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled
crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy
leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and
nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the
silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first
thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing
Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
"Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess
Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed
and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
 "And woe, but they cost me dear!"
 She took the packet, and the smile
 Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
 And then gushed up again,
 And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
 Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
 Sang: "I am Walter the page,
 And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
 Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang "But in the
 land
 That is neither on earth nor sea,
 My lute and I are lords of more
 Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be
 mine!"
 And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
 Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
 And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
 At the second she turned aside,
 At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
 With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
 "I have my hope thrice o'er,
 For they sing to my very heart," she
 said,
 "And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
 But and broad earldoms three,
 And he made her queen of the broader
 lands
 He held of his lute in fee.

SEAWEED

Not always unimpeded can I play,
 Nor, pitying saint, thine intercession
 claim;
 Too closely clings the burden of the day,

And all the mint and anise that I pay
 But swells my debt and deepens my self-
 blame.

Shall I less patience have than Thou,
 who know
 That Thou revisit'st all who wait for Thee,
 Nor only fill'st the unsounded deeps
 below,

But dost refresh with punctual overflow
 The rifts where unregarded mosses be?

The drooping seaweed hears, in night
 abyssed,
 Far and more far the wave's receding
 shocks,
 No doubts, for all the darkness and the
 mist,
 That the pale shepherdess will keep her
 trust,
 And shoreward lead again her foam-
 fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that tims the Carib
 shore
 With momentary hede of pearl and gold,
 Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its
 roar
 Lorn woods bound fast on rocks of Lab-
 ador,
 By love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

And, though Thy healing waters far with-
 draw,
 I, too, can wait and feed on hope of Thee
 And of the dear recurrence of Thy law,
 Sure that the parting grace my morning
 saw
 Abides its time to come in search of me.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore
 What once a tortoise seived to cover;
 A year and more, with rush and roar,
 The surf had rolled it over,
 Had played with it, and flung it by,
 As wind and weather might decide it,
 Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
 Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had
burned it ;

With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it ;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor cstray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of
things

In shape, material, and dimension !
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention !"

So said, so done ; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disclaimed a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken !

NEW-YEAR'S EVE, 1850

THIS is the midnight of the century,—
hark !

Through aisle and arch of Godminster
have gone

Twelve throbs that tolled the zenith of
the dark,

And mornward now the starry hands
move on ;

"Mornward !" the angelic watchers say,
"Passed is the sorest trial ;

No plot of man can stay

The hand upon the dial ;

Night is the dark stem of the lily Day."

If we, who watched in valleys here below,
Toward streaks, misdeemed of morn, our
faces turned

When volcan glares set all the east aglow,

We are not poorer that we wept and
yearned ;

Though earth swing wide from God's
intent,

And though no man nor nation

Will move with full consent

In heavenly gravitation,

Yet by one Sun is every orbit bent.

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH

THOUGH old the thought and oft exprest,
'Tis his at last who says it best,—
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic !" so we try
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin ! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah, with what lofty hope we came !
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.

AL FRESCO

THE dandelions and buttercups
Gild all the lawn ; the drowsy bee
Stumbles among the clover-tops,
And summer sweetens all but me :
Away, unfruitful lore of books,
For whose vain idiom we reject
The soul's more native dialect,
Aliens among the birds and brooks,
Dull to interpret or conceive
What gospels lost the woods retrieve !
Away, ye critics, city-bred,
Who springes set of thus and so,

And in the first man's footsteps tread,
Like those who toil through drifted
snow !

Away, my poets, whose sweet spell
Can make a garden of a cell !
I need ye not, for I to-day
Will make one long sweet verse of play.

Snap, chord of manhood's tender
strain !

To day I will be a boy again ;
The mind's pursuing element,
Like a bow slackened and unbent,
In some dark corner shall be leant
The robin sings, as of old, from the
limb !

The cat-bird croons in the lilac-bush !
Through the dim arbour, himself more
dim,

Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
The withered leaves keep dumb for him ;
The irrelevant buccaneering bee
Hath stormed and rifled the nunnery
Of the lily, and scattered the sacred
floor

With haste-dropt gold from shine to
door ;

There, as of yore,
The rich, milk-tingeing buttercup
Its tiny polished urn holds up,
Filled with ripe summer to the edge,
The sun in his own wine to pledge ;
And our tall elm, this hundredth year
Doge of our leafy Venice here,
Who, with an annual ring, doth wed
The blue Adriatic overhead,
Shadows with his palatial mass
The deep canals of flowing grass.

O unstranged birds and bees !
O face of Nature always true !
O never-unsympathising trees !
O never-rejecting roof of blue,
Whose rash disherison never falls
On us unthinking prodigals,
Yet who convictest all our ill,
So grand and unappeasable !
Methinks my heart from each of these
Plucks part of childhood back again,
Long there imprisoned, as the breeze

Doth every hidden odour seize
Of wood and water, hill and plain ;
Once more am I admitted peer
In the upper house of Nature here,
And feel through all my pulses run
The royal blood of wind and sun.

Upon these elm-arched solitudes
No hum of neighbour toil intrudes ;
The only hammer that I hear
Is wielded by the woodpecker,
The single noisy calling his
In all our leaf-hid Sybaris ;
The good old time, close-hidden here,
Persists, a loyal cavalier,
While Roundheads prim, with point of
fox,
Probe wainscot-chink and empty box ;
Here no hoarse-voiced iconoclast
Insults thy statues, royal Past ;
Myself too prone the axe to wield,
I touch the silver side of the shield
With lance reversed, and challenge
peace,
A willing convert of the trees.

How chanced it that so long I tost
A cable's length from this rich coast,
With foolish anchors hugging close
The beckoning weeds and lazy ooze,
Nor had the wit to wreck before
On this enchanted island's shore,
Whither the current of the sea,
With wiser drift, persuaded me ?

Oh, might we but of such rare days
Build up the spirit's dwelling-place !
A temple of so Païan stone
Would brook a marble god alone,
The statue of a perfect life,
Far-shrined from earth's bestaining strife.
Alas ! though such felicity
In our vext world here may not be,
Yet, as sometimes the peasant's hut
Shows stones which old religion cut
With text inspired, or mystic sign
Of the Eternal and Divine,
Torn from the consecration deep
Of some fallen nunnery's mossy sleep,
So, from the ruins of this day

Crumbling in golden dust away,
The soul one gracious block may draw,
Carved with some fragment of the law,
Which, set in life's prosaic wall,
Old benedictions may recall,
And lure some nunlike thoughts to take
Their dwelling here for memory's sake.

MASACCIO

IN THE BRANCACCI CHAPL

HE came to Florence long ago,
And painted here these walls, that
 shone
For Raphael and for Angelo,
With secrets deeper than his own,
Then shrank into the dark again,
And died, we know not how or when.

The shadows deepened, and I turned
Halt sadly from the fresco grand;
"And is this," mused I, "all ye earned,
High-vaulted brain and cunning hand,
That ye to greater men could teach
The skill yourselves could never reach?"

"And who were they," I mused, "that
 wrought
Through pathless wilds, with labour
 long,
The highways of our daily thought?
Who reared those towers of earliest
 song
That lift us from the crowd to peace
Remote in sunny silences?"

Out clanged the Ave Mary bells,
And to my heart this message came:
Each clamorous throat among them tells
What strong-souled martyrs died in flame
To make it possible that thou
Shouldst here with brother sinners bow.

Thoughts that great hearts once broke
 for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbled once in saints and heroes rare,

Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.

Henceforth, when rings the health to
 those
Who live in story and in song,
O nameless dead, that now repose
Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong,
One cup of recognition true
Shall silently be drained to you!

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

MY coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the
 door;
I hear him with his brethren sweat,
As I could do, - but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go.
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my aim
'Nerth its white-gloved and jewelled
 load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Heaving the merry coiks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sow and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
With which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my shroud of din,
And I his quiet '—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

Nay, when, once paid my mortal fee,
Some idler on my headstone grim
Traces the moss-blurred name, will he
Think me the happier, or I him?

GODMINSTER CHIMES

WRITTEN IN AID OF A CHIME OF
BELLS FOR CHRIST CHURCH, CAM-
BRIDGE

GODMINSTER? Is it Fancy's play?
I know not, but the word
Sings in my heart, not can I say
Whether 'twas dreamed or heard;
Yet fragrant in my mind it clings
As blossoms after rain,
And buds of half-remembered things
This vision in my brain

Through aisles of long-drawn centuries
My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes,
Which God's own pity wrought;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The Church's Fast is there,
The Ages one great minster seem,
That throbs with praise and prayer

And all the way from Calvary down
The craven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's
crown
And safe in God repose;
The saints of many a warring creed
Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where Self the feet have spurned.

And, as the mystic aisles I pace,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the Cross I trace
Alike through grace and guilt,
One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With ointment from her eyes,

With spikenard one, and both are sweet,
For both are sacrifice.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost friend;
One prayer soars cleansed with martyr
fire,
One choked with sinner's tears,
In heaven both meet in one desire,
And God one music hears

Whilst thus I dicam, the bells clash out
Upon the Sabbath air,
Each seems a hostile faith to shout,
A selfish form of prayer;
My dream is shattered, yet who knows
But in that heaven so near
These discords find harmonious close
In God's atoning ear?

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that I aster moan
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say *My Brother* here,
And hear *My Son* in heaven!

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Who hath not been a poet? Who hath
not
With life's new quiver full of winged
years,
Shot at a venture, and then, following on,
Stood doubtful at the Parting of the
Ways?

There once I stood in dream, and as I
paused,
Looking this way and that, came forth
to me
The figure of a woman veiled, that said,
"My name is Duty, turn and follow
me";
Something there was that chilled me in
her voice;

I felt Youth's hand grow slack and cold
in mine,

As if to be withdrawn, and I exclaimed:
"Oh, leave the hot wild heart within my
breast !

Duty comes soon enough, too soon comes
Death ;

This slippery globe of life whirls of itself,
Hasting out youth away into the dark ;
These senses, quivering with electric
heats,

Too soon will show, like nests on wintry
boughs

Obtrusive emptiness, too palpable wick,
Which whistling north-winds line with
downy snow

Sometimes, or fringe with foliaged rime,
in vain,

Thither the singing birds no more
return."

Then glowed to me a maiden from the
left,

With bosom half disclosed, and naked
arms

More white and undulant than necks of
swans ;

And all before her steps an influence ran
Warm as the whispering South that opens
buds

And swells the laggard sails of Northern
May.

"I am called Pleasure, come with
me !" she said,

Then laughed, and shook out sunshine
from her hair,

Nor only that, but, so it seemed, shook
out

All memory too, and all the moonlit
past,

Old loves, old aspirations, and old
dreams,

More beautiful for being old and gone.

So we two went together ; downward
sloped

The path through yellow meads, or so I
dreamed,

Yellow with sunshine and young green,
but I

Saw naught nor heard, shut up in one
close joy ;

I only felt the hand within my own,
Transmuting all my blood to golden
fire,

Dissolving all my brain in throbbing
mist.

Suddenly shrank the hand ; suddenly
burst

A cry that split the torpor of my brain,
And as the first sharp thrust of lightning
loosens

From the heaped cloud its rain, loosened
my sense :

"Save me !" it thrilled ; "oh, hide me !
there is Death !

Death the divider, the unmerciful,
That digs his pitfalls under Love and
Youth,

And covers Beauty up in the cold
ground ;

Horrible Death ! hunger of endless dark ;
Let him not see me ! hide me in thy
breast !"

Thereat I strove to clasp her, but my
arms

Met only what slipped crumbling down,
and fell,

A handful of gray ashes at my feet.

I would have fled, I would have followed
back

That pleasant path we came, but all was
changed ;

Rocky the way, abrupt, and hard to find ;
Yet I toiled on, and, toiling on, I
thought,

"That way lies Youth, and Wisdom, and
all Good ;

For only by unlearning Wisdom comes
And climbing backward to diviner
Youth ;

What the world teaches profits to the
world,

What the soul teaches profits to the soul,
Which then first stands erect with God-
ward face,

When she lets fall her pack of withered
facts,

The gleamings of the outward eye and ear,
And looks and listens with her finer
sense,
Not truth nor knowledge cometh from
without

After long, weary days I stood again
And waited at the Parting of the Ways
Again the figure of a woman veiled
Stood forth and beckoned, and I followed
now

Down to no bower of roses led the path,
But through the streets of towns where
chattering Gossamer

Hewed wood for fires whose glow was
own and hence,

Where nakedness wore garments of
warm wool

Not for itself, or through the fields it
led

Where Hunger reaped the unattainable
grain

Where Idleness enforced I saw idle land,
I saw the unequalled soil the common
earth,

Walked round with paper against God
and Man

'I cannot tell I growed "not only
these

The heart grows hardened with perpetual
wont,

And I utter with a feigned necessity,
bragging with itself to be content
I let me behold thy face

The Form replied

"Men follow Duty, never overtake
Duty nor lifts her veil nor looks behind
But as she speaks, a loosened lock of
hair

Slipped from beneath her hood, and I,
who looked

To see it gray and thin, saw amplest
gold,

Not that dull metal dug from sordid
earth,

but such as the retuning sunset flood
Leaves heaped on hyssop and cypripedium
island cloud

"O Guide divine," I prayed, "although
not yet

I may repair the virtue which I feel
Gone out at touch of untuned things and
fool

With thoughts of Beauty, yet declare
how soon!"

"Fruitless and faint of heart, the voice
returned,

"Thou seest no beauty save thou make
it first,

Man, Woman, Nature, each is but a
glass

Where the soul sees the image of her
self,

Visible echoes, offsprings of herself
But, since thou need'st assurance of how
soon,

Wait till that angel comes who opens all,
The reconciler he who lifts the veil,
The reunion, the rest bringer, Death'

I waited, and methought he came, but
how,

Or in what shape, I doubted, for no sign,
By touch or mark, he gave me as he
passed

Only I knew truly that I held
Snatched below the head and shivelled
up,

I then turned my Guide and looked at me
unveiled,

And I beheld no face of matron stern,
But that enchantment I had followed erst,
Only more fair, more clear to eye and
brain,

Heightened and chastened by a house
hold drum,

She smiled, and "Which is fairer," said
her eyes,

"The hag's unreal Flourel or mine?"

ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp,
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,

And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain !

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver
bright

For the one that is mine no more ;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again ;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain !

AN INVITATION

TO J. I. H.

NINE years have slipped like hour-glass
sand

From life's still-emptying globe away,
Since last, dear friend, I clasped your
hand,

And stood upon the impoverished land,
Watching the steamer down the bay.

I held the token which you gave,
While slowly the smoke-pennon curled
O'er the vague rim 'tween sky and
wave,

And shut the distance like a grave,
Leaving me in the colder world ;

The old, worn world of hurry and heat,
The young, fresh world of thought and
scope ;

While you, where beckoning billows fleet
Climb far sky-beaches still and sweet,
Sank wavering down the ocean-slope.

You sought the new world in the old,
I found the old world in the new,
All that our human hearts can hold,
The inward world of deathless mould,
The same that Father Adam knew.

He needs no ship to cross the tide,
Who, in the lives about him, sees
Fair window-prospects opening wide
O'er history's fields on every side,
To Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece.

Whatever moulds of various brain
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,
Whatever empires' wax and wane,
To him that hath not eyes in vain,
Our village-microcosm can show.

Come back our ancient walks to tread,
Dear haunts of lost or scattered friends,
Old Harvard's scholar factories red,
Where song and smoke and laughter sped
The nights to proctor-haunted ends.

Constant are all our former loves,
Unchanged the icehouse-girdled pond,
Its hemlock glooms, its shadowy coves,
Where floats the coot and never moves,
Its slopes of long-tamed green beyond.

Our old familiars are not laid,
Though swept our wards and sunk our
books ;

They beckon, not to be gainsaid,
Where, round broad meads that mowers
wade,

The Charles his steel-blue sickle crooks.

Where, as the cloudbergs eastward blow,
From glow to gloom the hillsides shift
Their plumps of orchard-trees arow,
Their lakes of rye that wave and flow,
Their snowy whiteweed's summer drift.

There have we watched the West unfurl
A cloud Byzantium newly born,
With flickering spires and domes of
pearl,

And vapoury surfs that crowd and curl
Into the sunset's Golden Horn.

There, as the flaming occident
Burned slowly down to ashes gray,
Night pitched o'erhead her silent tent,
And glimmering gold from Hesper
sprent

Upon the darkened river lay,

Where a twin sky but just before
Deepened, and double swallows skimmed,
And from a visionary shore
Hung visioned trees, that more and more
Grew dusk as those above were dimmed,

Then eastward saw we slowly grow
 Clean edged the lines of roof and spire,
 While great elm masses blacken slow,
 And lindens ticks their round heads show
 Against a flush of widening hue

Doubtful at first and far away,
 The moon flood creeps more wide and
 wide,
 Up a ridged berth of cloudy gray,
 Curved round the east as round a bay,
 It slips and spreads its gradual tide

Then suddenly, in lurid mood,
 The disk looms large o'er town and tree
 As upon Adam, red like blood,
 'Tween him and Eden's happy wood,
 Glared the commissioned angel's shield

Or let us seek the seaside, there
 So wonder idly as we list,
 Whether, on rocky headlands bare,
 Sharp cedars hoars, like breakers, beat
 The trailing finges of gray mist,

Or whether, under skies full flown,
 The brightening swirls, with form y dim,
 Their breeze caught forelocks backward
 blown,
 Against the arch's yellow zone
 Curl slow, and plunge forever in

And, as we watch those canvas towers
 That lean along the horizon rim,
 "Sail on," I'll say, "in my sunniest
 hours

Convoy you from this land of ours,
 Since from my side you bear not him "

For years thine thine, wise Horace said,
 A poem rare let silence bind,
 And love may ripen in the shade,
 Like ours, for mine long seasons lured
 In deepest arches of the mind

Come back! Not ours the Old World's
 good,
 The Old World's ill, thank God, not
 ours,
 But here, far better understood,
 The days enforce our native mood,
 And challenge all our manlier powers.

Kindlier to me the place of birth
 That first my tottering footsteps trod,
 There may be furer spots of earth,
 But all their glories are not worth
 The virtue in the native soil

Thence climbs an influence more benign
 Through pulse and nerve, through heart
 and brain;
 Sacred to me those fibres fine
 That first clasped earth. Oh, ne'er be
 mine
 The alien sun and alien rain!

These nourish not like homelier glows
 Or waterings of familiar skies,
 And nature fairer blooms bestows
 On the heaped hush of wintry snows,
 In pastures dear to childhood's eyes,

Than where Italian earth receives
 The partial sunshine's ampler boons,
 Where vines curve freezes 'neath the
 arcs,
 And, in dark turnments of leaves,
 The orange lifts its golden moons

THE NOMADES

WHAT Nature makes in any mood
 To me is warranted for good,
 Though long before I learned to see
 She did not set us moral these,
 And scorned to have her sweet caprices
 Strait waistcoated in you or me

I, who take root and firmly cling,
 Thought fixcdness the only thing;
 Why Nature made the butterflies,
 (Those dreams of wings that float and
 hover
 At noon the slumberous poppies over,)
 Was something hidden from mine eyes,
 Till once, upon a rock's brown bosom,
 Bright as a thorny cactus-blossom,
 I saw a butterfly at rest;
 Then first of both I felt the beauty;
 The airy whim, the grim-set duty,
 Each from the other took its best.

Clearer it grew than winter sky
That Nature still had reasons why ;
And, shifting sudden as a breeze,
My fancy found no satisfaction,
No antithetic sweet attraction,
So great as in the Nomades.

Scythians, with Nature not at strife,
Light Arabs of our complex life,
They build no houses, plant no mills
To utilise Time's sliding river,
Content that it flow waste forever,
If they, like it, may have their wills.

An hour they pitch their shifting tents
In thoughts, in feelings, and events ;
Beneath the palm-trees, on the grass,
They sing, they dance, make love, and
 chatter,
Vex the grim temples with their clatter,
And make Truth's fount their looking-
 glass.

A picnic life ; from love to love,
From faith to faith they lightly move,
And yet, hard-eyed philosopher,
The flightiest maid that ever hovered
To me your thought-webs fine (dis-
 covered,
No lens to see them through, like her.

So witchingly her finger-tips
To Wisdom, as away she trips,
She kisses, waves such sweet farewells
To Duty, as she laughs "To-morrow !"
That both from that mad contrast borrow
A perfectness found nowhere else.

The beach-bird on its pearly verge
Follows and flies the whispering surge,
While, in his tent, the rock-stayed shell
Awaits the flood's star-timed vibrations,
And both, the flutter and the patience,
The sauntering poet loves them well.

Fulfil so much of God's decree
As works its problem out in thee,
Nor dream that in thy breast alone
The conscience of the changeful seasons,
The Will that in the planets reasons
With space-wide logic, has its throne.

Thy virtue makes not vice of mine,
Unlike, but none the less divine ;
Thy toil adorns, not chides, my play ;
Nature of sameness is so chary,
With such wild whim the freakish fairy
Picks presents for the christening-day.

SELF-STUDY

A PRESENCE both by night and day,
That made my life seem just begun,
Yet scarce a presence, rather say
The warning aureole of one.

And yet I felt it everywhere ;
Walked I the woodland's aisles along,
It seemed to brush me with its hair ;
Bathed I, I heard a mermaid's song.

How sweet it was ! A buttercup
Could hold for me a day's delight,
A bird could lift my fancy up
To ether free from cloud or blight.

Who was the nymph ? Nay, I will see,
Methought ; and I will know her near ;
If such, divined, her charm can be,
Seen and possessed, how triply dear !

So every magic art I tried,
And spells as numberless as sand,
Until, one evening, by my side
I saw her glowing fulness stand.

I turned to clasp her, but "Farewell,"
Parting she sighed, "we meet no more ;
Not by my hand the curtain fell
That leaves you conscious, wise, and poor.

"Since you have found me out, I go ;
Another lover I must find,
Content his happiness to know,
Nor strive its secret to unwind."

PICTURES FROM APPLIEDORE

I

A HEAP of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached
 jags,

That wait and growl for a ship to be
lost ;

No island, but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten
one,

Where, aons ago, with half-shut eye,
The sluggish saurian crawled to die,
Gasping under titanic ferns ;
Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,
Round which, though the winds in
heaven be shut,

The nightmared ocean murmurs and
yarns,

Welters, and swashes, and tosses, and
turns,

And the dreary black seaweed lolls and
wags ;

Only rock from shore to shore,
Only a moan through the bleak clefts
blown,

With sobs in the rifts where the coarse
kelp shifts,

Falling and lifting, tossing and drifting,
And under all a deep, dull roar,
Dying and swelling, forevermore,—

Rock and moan and roar alone,
And the dead of some nameless thing
unknown,

These make Appledore.

These make Appledore by night :

Then there are monsters left and right ;
Every rock is a different monster ;

All you have read of, fancied, dreamed,
When you waked at night because you
screamed,

There they lie for half a mile,
Jumbled together in a pile,
And (though you know they never once
stir)

If you look long, they seem to be moving
Just as plainly as plain can be,
Crushing and crowding, wading and
shoving

Out into the awful sea,
Where you can hear them snort and
spout

With pauses between, as if they were
listening,

Then tumult anon when the surf breaks
glistening

In the blackness where they wallow
about.

· 11

All this you would scarcely comprehend,
Should you see the isle on a sunny day ;
Then it is simple enough in its way, --
Two rocky bulges, one at each end,
With a smaller bulge and a hollow be-
tween ;

Patches of whortleberry and bay ;
Accidents of open green,
Sprinkled with loose slabs square and
gray,

Like graveyards for ages deserted ; a
few

Unsocial thistles ; an elder or two,
Foamed over with blossoms white as
spray ;

And on the whole island never a tree
Save a score of sumachs, high as your
knee,

That crouch in hollows where they may,
(The cellars where once stood a village,
men say,)

Huddling for warmth, and never grew
Tall enough for a peep at the sea ;
A general dazzle of open blue ;
A breeze always blowing and playing rat-
tat

With the bow of the ribbon round your
hat ;

A score of sheep that do nothing but
stare

Up or down at you everywhere ;
Three or four cattle that chew the cud
Lying about in a listless despair ;
A medrick that makes you look overhead
With short, sharp scream, as he sights
his prey,

And, dropping straight and swift as lead,
Splits the water with sudden thud ;—
This is Appledore by day.

A common island, you will say ;
But stay a moment : only climb
Up to the highest rock of the isle,
Stand there alone for a little while,

And with gentle approaches it grows
sublime,

Dilating slowly as you win

A sense from the silence to take it in.
So wide the loneliness, so lucid the air,
The granite beneath you so savagely bare,
You well might think you were looking
down

From some sky silenced mountain's crown,
Whose waist belt of pines is wont to tear
Locks of wool from the topmost cloud
Only he sure you go alone,

For Gaudium is inaccessibly proud,
And never yet has backward thrown
Her veil to feed the stare of a crowd ;

To more than one was never shown
That awful front, nor is it fit
That she, Citharus shod, stand bowed
Until the self approving pit

Enjoy the gust of its own wit
In babbling plaudits cheaply loud ;
She hides her mountains and her sea
From the harriers of scenery,

Who hunt down sunsets, and huddle and
lay,

Mouthing and mumbling the dying day.

Trust me, 'tis something to be cast
Face to face with one's Self at last,
To be taken out of the fuss and strife,
The endless clatter of plate and knife,
The bore of looks and the bores of the
street,

From the singular mess we agree to call
Life,

Where that is, best which the most fools
vote is,

And planted firm on one's own two feet
So nigh to the great warm heart of God,
You almost seem to feel it beat
Down from the sunshine and up from the
sod ;

To be compelled, as it were, to notice
All the beautiful changes and chances
Through which the landscape flits and
glances,

And to see how the face of common clay
Is written all over with tender histories,
When you study it that intense way
In which a lover looks at his mistress

I'll now you dreamed not what could be
done

With a bit of rock and a ray of sun ;
But look, how fade the lights and shades
Of keen bare edge and crevice deep !
How doubtfully it fades and fades,
And glows again, yon craggy steep,
O'er which, though colour's dimmest
grades,

The musing sunbeams pause and creep '
Now pink it blooms, now glimmers gray,
Now shadows to a filmy blue,
Tries one, tries all, and will not stay,
But flits from opal hue to hue,
And runs through every tenderest range
Of change that seems not to be change,
So rare that sweep, so nice the art,
That lays no stress on any part,
But shifts and lingers and persuades,
So soft that sun blush in the west,
That asks no costlier pigments' aids
But mingling knobs, flares, angles, dints,
Indifferent of worst or best,
Inchants the cliffs with wriths and
hints

And gracious precludings of hints,
Where all seems fixed, yet all evades,
And indubitably provides
Perpetual movement with perpetual rest !

III

Away northcast is Boone Island light ;
You might mistake it for a ship,
Only it stands too plumb upright,
And like the others does not slip
Behind the sea's unsteady brink,
Though, if a cloud shade chance to dip
Upon it a moment, twill suddenly sink,
Levelled and lost in the darkened main,
Till the sun builds it suddenly up again,
As if with a rub of Aladdin's lamp
On the mainland you see a misty camp
Of mountains pitched tumultuously -
That one looming so long and large
Is Saddleback, and that point you see
Over yon low and rounded marge,
Like the boss of a sleeping giant's targe
Laid over his breast, is Ossipee ;
That shadow there may be Kearsarge ;

That must be Great Haystack ; I love
 these names,
 Wherewith the lonely farmer tames
 Nature to mute companionship
 With his own mind's domestic mood,
 And strives the surly world to chip
 In the aims of familiar habitude
 'Tis well he could not contrive to make
 A Saxon of Agimenticus
 He glowers thence to the north of us,
 Wropt in his blanket of blue haze,
 Unconvertibly savage, and scorns to take
 The white man's baptism on his ways.
 Him first on shore the coarser divines
 Through the curly grass, and sees him
 shike
 The morning mist from his sculp lock of
 pines,
 Him first the skipper make out in the
 west,
 I see the culdest sunstick shoot tremu-
 lous,
 Plashing with orange the palpitant lines
 Of mutable billow, crest after crest,
 And murmurs *Agimenticus* !
 As if it were the name of a saint
 But is that a mountain playing cloud,
 Or a cloud playing mountain, just there,
 so fuint ?
 I look along over the low right shoulder
 Of Agimenticus into that crowd
 Of brassy thunderheads behind it ;
 Now you have caught it, but, ere you are
 older
 By half an hour, you will lose it and find it
 A score of times, while you look us
 gone,
 And, just as you've given it up, anon
 It is there again, till your weary eyes
 Fancy they see it waver and rise,
 With its brother clouds ; it is Agiochook,
 There if you seek not, and gone it you
 look,
 Ninety miles off as the eagle flies
 But mountains make not all the shore
 The mainland shows to Appledore ;
 Eight miles the heaving water spreads
 To a long, low coast with beaches and

That run through unimagined mares,
 As the lights and shades and magical
 hazes
 Put them away or bring them near,
 Shimmering, sketched out for thirty miles
 Between two capes that waver like
 threads,
 And sink in the ocean, and reappear,
 Crumbled and melted to little isles,
 With filmy trees, that seem the mere
 Half fancies of drowsy atmosphere ;
 And see the beach there, where it is
 Flat as a threshing floor, beaten and
 packed
 With the flashing flots of weariless seas,
 How it lifts and looms to a piccance,
 O'er whose square front, a dream, no
 more,
 The steep and wind stripes seem to pour,
 A mumurless vision of extract,
 You almost fancy you hear a roar,
 Fitful and fuint from the distance wander-
 ing,
 But 'tis only the blind old ocean mander-
 ing,
 Raking the shingle to and fro,
 Aimlessly clutching and letting go
 The kelp haired sedges of Appledore,
 Slipping down with a sleepy forgetting,
 And anon his ponderous shoulder setting,
 With a deep, hoarse print against Apple-
 dore

IV

Eastward as far as the eye can see,
 Still eastward, eastward, endlessly,
 The sparkle and tremor of purple sea
 That rises before you, a flickering hill,
 On and on to the shut of the sky,
 And beyond, you fancy it sloping until
 The same multitudinous throb and thrill
 That vibrate under your dizzy eye
 In ripples of orange and pink are sent
 Where the poppled sails doze on the
 yard,
 And the clumsy junk and proa lie
 Sunk deep with precious woods and nard
 'Mid the palmy isles of the Orient.
 Those leaning towers of clouded white
 On the farthest brink of doubtful ocean,

That shorten and shorten out of sight,
 Yet seem on the selfsame spot to stay,
 Receding with a motionless motion,
 Fading to dubious films of gray,
 Lost, dimly found, then vanished wholly,
 Will rise again, the great world under,
 First films, then towers, then high-heaped
 clouds,

Whose nearing outlines sharpen slowly
 Into tall ships with cobweb shrouds,
 That fill long Mongol eyes with wonder,
 Crushing the violet wave to spray
 Past some low headland of Cathay ;—
 What was that sigh which seemed so
 near,

Chilling your fancy to the core ?
 'Tis only the sad old sea you hear,
 That seems to seek forevermore
 Something it cannot find, and so,
 Sighing, seeks on, and tells its woe
 To the pitiless breakers of Appledore.

v

How looks Appledore in a storm ?

I have seen it when its crags seemed
 frantic,

Butting against the mad Atlantic,
 When surge on surge would heap enorme,
 Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
 That lifted and lifted, and then let go
 A great white avalanche of thunder,
 A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
 Monadnock might have trembled under ;
 And the island, whose rock-roots
 pierce below

To where they are warned with the
 central fire,

You could feel its granite fibres racked,
 As it seemed to plunge with a shudder
 and thrill

Right at the breast of the swooping
 hill,

And to rise again snorting a cataract
 Of rage-froth from every cranny and
 ledge,

While the sea drew its breath in
 hoarse and deep,

And the next vast breaker curled its edge,
 Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs
 and breakers

You would never dream of in smooth
 weather,

That toss and gore the sea for acres,
 Bellowing and gnashing and snarling
 together ;

Look northward, where Duck Island
 lies,

And over its crown you will see arise,

Against a background of slaty skies,

A row of pillars still and white.

That glimmer, and then are gone from
 sight,

As if the moon should suddenly kiss,

While you crossed the gusty desert by
 night,

The long colonnades of Persepolis ;

Look southward for White Island light,

The lantern stands ninety feet o'er the
 tide ;

There is first a half-mile of tumult and
 fight,

Of dash and roar and tumble and
 fright,

And surging bewilderment wild and
 wide,

Where the breakers struggle left and
 right,

Then a mile or more of rushing sea,

And then the lighthouse slim and lone ;
 And whenever the weight of ocean is
 thrown

Full and fair on White Island head,
 A great mist-jotun you will see

Lifting himself up silently

High and huge o'er the lighthouse top,
 With hands of wavering spray outspread,

Groping after the little tower,

That seems to shrink and shorten and
 cower,

Till the monster's arms of a sudden
 drop,

And silently and fruitlessly

He sinks back into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched you
 stand,

Awaken once more to the rush and
 roar,

And on the rock-point tighten your hand,
As you turn and see a valley deep,
That was not there a moment before,
Suck rattling down between you and a
 heap
Of toppling billow, whose infant fall
Must sink the whole island once for all,
Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas
Feeling their way to you more and
 more ;
If they once should clutch you high as the
 knees,
They would whirl you down like a sprig
 of kelp,
Beyond all reach of hope or help ;
And such in a storm is Appledore.

VI

'Tis the sight of a lifetime to behold
The great shorn sun as you see it now,
Across eight miles of undulant gold
That widens landward, weltered and
 loll'd,
With freaks of shadow and crimson
 stains ;
To see the solid mountain brow
As it notches the disk, and gains and
 gains
Until there comes, you scarce know
 when,
A tremble of fire o'er the parted lips
Of cloud and mountain, which vanishes ;
 then
From the body of day the sun-soul slips
And the face of earth darkens ; but now
 the strips
Of western vapour, straight and thin,
From which the horizon's swervings win
A grace of contrast, take fire and burn
Like splinters of touchwood, whose edges
 a mould
Of ashes o'erfeathers ; northward turn
For an instant, and let your eye grow
 cold
On Agamenticus, and when once more
You look, 'tis as if the land-breeze,
 growing,
From the smouldering brands the film
 were blowing,

And brightening them down to the very
 core ;
Yet they momentarily cool and dampen and
 deaden,
The crimson turns golden, the gold turns
 laden,
Hardening into one black bar
O'er which, from the hollow heaven afar,
Shoots a splinter of light like diamond,
Half seen, half fancied ; by and by
Beyond whatever is most beyond
In the uttermost waste of desert sky,
Grows a star ;
And over it, visible spirit of dew,—
Ah, stir not, speak not, hold your
 breath,
Or surely the miracle vanisheth,—
The new moon, tranced in unpeakable
 blue '
No frail illusion ; this were true,
Rather, to call it the canoe
Hollowed out of a single pearl,
That floats us from the Present's whirl
Back to those beings which were ours,
When wishes were winged things like
 powers !
Call it not light, that mystery tender,
Which broods upon the brooding ocean,
That flush of ecstasied surrender
To indefinable emotion,
That glory, mellowed than a mist
Of pearl dissolved with amethyst,
Which rims Square Rock, like what they
 paint
Of mitigated heavenly splendour
Round the stern forehead of a Saint !

No more a vision, reddened, largened,
The moon dips toward her mountain
 nest,
And, fringing it with palest argent,
Slow sheathes herself behind the mar-
 gent
Of that long cloud-bar in the West,
Whose nether edge, erelong, you see
The silvery chrim in turn anoint,
And then the tiniest rosy point
Touched doubtfully and timidly
Into the dark blue's chilly strip,
As some mute, wondering thing below,

Awakened by the thrilling glow,
 Might, looking up, see Dian dip
 One lucent foot's delaying tip
 In Latmian fountains long ago.

Knew you what silence was before?
 Here is no stattle of dreaming bird
 That sings in his sleep, or strives to sing;
 Here is no sough of branches stirred,
 Nor noise of any living thing,
 Such as one hears by night on shore;
 Only, now and then, a sigh,
 With fickle intervals between,
 Sometimes far, and sometimes nigh,
 Such as Andromeda might have heard,
 And fancied the huge sea-beast unween
 Turning in sleep; it is the sea
 That welters and wavers uneasily
 Round the lonely reefs of Appledore.

THE WIND-HARP

I TREASURE in secret some long, fine hair
 Of tenderest brown, but so inwardly
 golden

I half used to fancy the sunshine there,
 So shy, so shifting, so waywardly rare,
 Was only caught for the moment and
 holden

While I could' say *Dearest!* and kiss it,
 and then

In pity let go to the summer again.

I twisted this magic in gossamer strings
 Over a wind-harp's Delphian hollow;
 Then called to the idle breeze that swings
 All day in the pine-tops, and clings, and
 sings

'Mid the musical leaves, and said,
 "Oh, follow

The will of those tears that deepen my
 words,
 And fly to my window to waken these
 chords."

So they trembled to life, and, doubtfully
 Feeling their way to my sense, sang,
 "Say whether

They sit all day by the greenwood tree,
 The lover and loved, as it wont to be,

When we—" But grief conquered, and
 all together

They swelled such weird murmur as
 haunts a shore

Of some planet dispeopled, - "Never-
 more!"

Then from deep in the past, as seemed
 to me,

The strings gathered sorrow and sang
 forsaken,

"One lover still waits neath the green-
 wood tree,

But 'tis dark," and they shuddered,
 "where lieth she

Dark and cold! Forever must one be
 taken?"

But I groined, "O harp of all ruth
 bereft,

This Scripture is sadder,---'the other
 left'!"

There murmured, as if one strove to
 speak,

And tears came instead; then the sad
 tones wandered

And faltered among the uncertain chords
 In a troubled doubt between sorrow and
 words;

At last with themselves they questioned
 and pondered,

"Hereafter?--who knoweth?" and so
 they sighed

Down the long steps that lead to silence
 and died.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

"SUMMER

THE little gate was reached at last,
 Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
 She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
 A wistful look she backward cast,
 And said,—"Auf wiedersehen!"

With hand on latch, a vision white
 Lingered reluctant, and again
 Half doubting if she did aright,
 Soft as the dews that fell that night,
 She said,—"Auf wiedersehen!"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair ;
 I linger in delicious pain ;
 Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
 To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
 Thinks she,—“ *Auf wiedersehen !* ” . . .

'Tis thirteen years ; once more I press
 The turf that silences the lane ;
 I hear the rustle of her dress,
 I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
 I hear “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !
 The English words had seemed too
 faint,
 But these—they drew us heart to heart,
 Yet held us tenderly apart ;
 She said, “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

PALINODE

AUTUMN

STILL thirteen years : 'tis autumn now
 On field and hill, in heart and brain ;
 The naked trees at evening sigh ;
 The leaf to the forsaken bough
 Sighs not, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,
 That now is void, and dank with rain,
 And one,—oh, hope more frail than
 foam !

The bird to his deserted home
 Sings not, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

The loath gate swings with rusty creak ;
 Once, parting there, we played at
 pain ;

There came a parting, when the weak
 And fading lips essayed to speak
 Vainly, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
 Though thou in outer dark remain ;
 One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
 And still, for eighteen centuries saith
 Softly, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

If earth another grave must bear,
 Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,

And something whispers my despair,
 That, from an orient chamber there,
 Floats down, “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

AFTER THE BURIAL

YES, faith is a goodly anchor ;
 When skies are sweet as a psalm,
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
 In its bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
 The tattered surges are hurled,
 It may keep our head to the tempest,
 With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
 What help in its iron thews,
 Still true to the broken hawser,
 Deep down among sea-weed and ooze ?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
 When the helpless feet stretch out
 And find in the deeps of darkness
 No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
 One broken plank of the Past,
 That our human heart may cling to,
 Though hopeless of shore at last !

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
 To the flesh its sweet despair,
 Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
 With its anguish of deathless hair !

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
 Who doubts it of such as she?
 But that is the pang's very secret,—
 Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
 Would scarce stay a child in his race,
 But to me and my thought it is wider
 Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
 Your moral most dearly true ;
 But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
 I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it,
Tis a well meant thus of breath,
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,—
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down

THE DEAD HOUSE

HERE once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the foot it had known before

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the
grate,
And shadows advance on the ceiling
Danced blither with mine for a mate

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the
arm chair,
"This corner, you know, is your
seat",
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed
the fender,
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like
brain",
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again

Sang the pillow, "My down once
quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew

Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's ease,
The Present plucks rue for us men!
I come back that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one the home?

I was just a womanly presence,
An influence uncapricious,
But a rose she had worn, on my gravesod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew
conscious,
And put on her looks and ways

Were it mine I would close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral hue should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is dead

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

A MOOD

I go to the ridge in the forest
I haunted in days gone by,
But thou, O Memory, pourest
No magical drop in mine eye,
Nor the gleam of the secret restorest

That hath faded from earth and sky :
 A Presence autumnal and sober
 Invests every rock and tree,
 And the aureole of October
 Lights the maples, but darkens me.

Pine in the distance,
 Patient through sun or rain,
 Meeting with graceful persistence,
 With yielding but rooted resistance,
 The northwind's wrench and strain,
 No memory of past existence
 Brings thee pain ;
 Right for the zenith heading,
 Friendly with heat or cold,
 Thine arms to the influence spreading
 Of the heavens, just from of old,
 Thou only aspirest the more,
 Unregretful the old leaves shedding
 That fringed thee with music before,
 And deeper thy roots embedding
 In the grace and the beauty of yore ;
 Thou sigh'st not, " Alas, I am older,
 The green of last summer is scar !"
 But loftier, hopefuller, bolder,
 Winnest broader horizons each year.

To me 'tis not cheer thou art singing :
 There's a sound of the sea,
 O mournful tree,
 In thy boughs forever clinging,
 And the far-off roar
 Of waves on the shore
 A shattered vessel flinging.

As thou musest still of the ocean
 On which thou must float at last,
 And seem'st to foreknow
 The shipwreck's woe
 And the sailor wrenched from the broken
 mast,
 Do I, in this vague emotion,
 This sadness that will not pass,
 Though the air throb with wings,
 And the field laughs and sings,
 Do I forebode, alas !
 The ship-building longer and wearier,
 The voyage's struggle and strife,
 And then the darker and drearier
 Wreck of a broken life ?

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND

I

BIÖRN'S BECKONERS

Now Biörn, the son of Heriulf, had ill
 days
 Because the heart within him seethed
 with blood
 That would not be allayed with any toil,
 Whether of war or hunting or the oar,
 But was anhungered for some joy untried :
 For the brain grew not weary with the
 limbs,
 But, while they slept, still hammered like
 a Troll,
 Building all night a bridge of solid dream
 Between him and some purpose of his
 soul,
 Or will to find a purpose. With the
 dawn
 The sleep-laid timbers, crumbled to soft
 mist,
 Denied all foothold. But the dream
 remained,
 And every night with yellow-bearded
 kings
 His sleep was haunted,—mighty men of
 old,
 Once young as he, now ancient like the
 gods,
 And safe as stars in all men's memories.
 Strange sagas read he in their sea-blue
 eyes
 Cold as the sea, grandly compassionless ;
 Like life, they made him eager and then
 mocked.
 Nay, broad awake, they would not let
 him be ;
 They shaped themselves gigantic in the
 mist,
 They rose far-beckoning in the lamps of
 heaven,
 They whispered invitation in the winds,
 And breath came from them, mightier
 than the wind,
 To strain the lagging sails of his resolve,
 Till that grew passion which before was
 wish.

And youth seemed all too costly to be
 staked
 On the soiled cards, wherewith men
 played their game,
 Letting Time pocket up the larger life,
 Lost with base gain of raiment, food,
 and roof.
 "What helpeth lightness of the feet?"
 they said,
 "Oblivion runs with swifter foot than
 they;
 Or strength of sinew? New men come
 as strong,
 And those sleep nameless; or renown in
 war?
 Swords grave no name on the long-
 memoried rock
 But moss shall hide it; they alone who
 wring
 Some secret purpose from the unwilling
 gods
 Survive in song for yet a little while
 To vex, like us, the dreams of later men,
 Ourselves a dream, and dreamlike all we
 did."

II

THORWALD'S LAY

So Biorn went comfortless but for his
 thought,
 And by his thought the more dis-
 comforted,
 Till Eric Thurlson kept his Yule-tide
 feast:
 And thither came he, called among the
 rest,
 Silent, lone-minded, a church-door to
 mirth:
 But, ere deep draughts forbade such
 serious song
 As the grave Skald might chant nor after
 blush,
 Then Eric looked at Thorwald where he
 sat
 Mute as a cloud amid the stormy hall,
 And said: "O Skald, sing now an olden
 song,
 Such as our fathers heard who led great
 lives;

And, as the bravest on a shield is borne
 Along the waving host that shouts him
 king,
 So rode their thrones upon the thronging
 seas!"
 Then the old man arose; white-haired
 he stood,
 White-bearded, and with eyes that looked
 afar
 From their still region of perpetual snow,
 Beyond the little smokes and stus of
 men:
 His head was bowed with gathered flakes
 of years,
 As winter bends the sea-foreboding pine,
 But something triumphed in his brow and
 eye,
 Which whoso saw it could not see and
 crouch:
 Loud rang the emptied beakers as he
 mused,
 Brooding his eyried thoughts; then, as
 an eagle
 Circles smooth-winged above the wind-
 vexed woods,
 So wheeled his soul into the air of song
 High o'er the stormy hall; and thus he
 sang:
 "The fletcher for his arrow-shaft picks out
 Wood closest-grained, long-seasoned,
 straight as light;
 And from a quiver full of such as these
 The wary Bowman, matched against his
 peers,
 Long doubting, singles yet once more the
 best.
 Who is it needs such flawless shafts as
 Fate?
 What archer of his arrows is so choice,
 Or hits the white so surely? They are
 men,
 The chosen of her quiver; nor for her
 Will every reed suffice, or cross-grained
 stick
 At random from life's vulgar fagot
 plucked:
 Such answer household ends; but she
 will have
 Souls straight and clear, of toughest
 fibre, sound

Down to the heart of heart ; from these
 she strips
 All needless stuff, all sapwood ; seasons
 them ;
 From circumstance untoward feathers
 plucks
 Crumpled and cheap ; and barbs with
 iron will :
 The hour that passes is her quiver-boy :
 When she draws bow, 'tis not across the
 wind,
 Nor 'gainst the sun her haste-snatched
 arrow sings,
 For sun and wind have plighted faith to
 her :
 Ere men have heard the sinew twang,
 behold
 In the butt's heart her trembling mes-
 senger !

"The song is old and simple that I sing ;
 But old and simple are despised as cheap,
 Though hardest to achieve of human
 things :
 Good were the days of yore, when men
 were tried
 By ring of shields, as now by ring of
 words ;
 But while the gods are left, and hearts of
 men,
 And wide boared ocean, still the days
 are good.
 Still o'er the earth hastes Opportunity,
 Seeking the ready soul that seeks for
 her.
 Be not abroad, nor deaf with household
 cares
 That chatter loudest as they mean the
 least ;
 Swift-willed is thrice-willed : late means
 nevermore ;
 Impatient is her foot, nor turns again."
 He ceased ; upon his bosom sank his
 head
 Sadly, as one who oft had seen her pass
 Nor stayed her : and forthwith the frothy
 tide
 (Of interrupted wassail roared along.
 But Biörn, the son of Heriulf, sat apart
 Musing, and, with his eyes upon the fire,

Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon as
 seen.
 "A ship," he muttered, "is a winged
 bridge
 That leadeth every way to man's desire,
 And ocean the wide gate to manful luck."
 And then with that resolve his heart was
 bent,
 Which, like a humming shaft, through
 many a stripe
 Of day and night, across the unpathwayed
 seas
 Shot the brave prow that cut on Vinland
 sands
 The first rune in the Saga of the West.

III

GUDRIDA'S PROPHECY

Four weeks they sailed, a speck in sky-
 shut seas,
 Life, where was never life that knew
 itself,
 But tumbled lubber-like in blowing
 whales ;
 Thought, where the like had never been
 before
 Since Thought primeval brooded the
 abyss ;
 Alone as men were never in the world.
 They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,
 White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,
 Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night
 In monstrous hush ; or sometimes in the
 dark
 The waves broke ominous with paly
 gleams
 Crushed by the prow in sparkles of cold
 fire.
 Then came green stripes of sea that
 promised land
 But brought it not, and on the thirtieth
 day
 Low in the west were wooded shores like
 cloud.
 They shouted as men shout with sudden
 hope ;
 But Biörn was silent, such strange loss
 there is

Between the dream's fulfilment and the
 dream,
 Such sad abatement in the goal attained.
 Then Gudrida, that was a prophetess,
 Rapt with strange influence from Atlantis,
 sang :
 Her words : the vision was the dreaming
 shore's.

Looms there the New Land :
 Locked in the shadow
 Long the gods shut it,
 Niggards of newness
 They, the o'er-old.

Little it looks there,
 Slim as a cloud-streak ;
 It shall fold peoples
 Even as a shepherd
 Foldeth his flock.

Silent it sleeps now ;
 Great ships shall seek it,
 Swarming as salmon ;
 Noise of its numbers
 Two seas shall hear.

Men from the Northland,
 Men from the Southland,
 Haste empty-handed ;
 No more than manhood
 Bring they, and hands.

Dark hair and fair hair,
 Red blood and blue blood,
 There shall be mingled ;
 Force of the ferment
 Makes the New Man.

Pick of all kindreds,
 Kings' blood shall theirs be,
 Shoots of the eldest
 Stock upon Midgard,
 Sons of the poor.

Them waits the New Land ;
 They shall subdue it,
 Leaving their sons' sons
 Space for the body,
 Space for the soul.

Leaving their sons' sons
 All things save song-craft,
 Plant long in growing,
 Thrusting its tap-root
 Deep in the Gone.

Here men shall grow up
 Strong from self-helping ;
 Eyes for the present
 Bring they as eagles',
 Blind to the Past.

They shall make over
 Creed, law, and custom ;
 Driving-men, doughty
 Builders of empire,
 Builders of men.

Here is no singer ;
 What should they sing of ?
 They, the unresting ?
 Labour is ugly,
 Loathsome is change.

These the old gods hate,
 Dwellers in dream-land,
 Drinking delusion
 Out of the empty
 Skull of the Past.

These hate the old gods,
 Warring against them ;
 Fatal to Odin,
 Here the wolf Fenrir
 Lieth in wait

Here the gods' Twilight
 Gathers, earth-gulping ;
 Blackness of battle,
 Fierce till the Old World
 Flare up in fire.

Doubt not, my Northmen ;
 Fate loves the fearless ;
 Fools, when their roof-tree
 Falls, think it doomsday ;
 Firm stands the sky.

Over the ruin
 See I the promise ;
 Crisp waves the cornfield,

Peace-walled, the homestead
Waits open-doored.

There lies the New Land ;
Yours to behold it,
Not to possess it ;
Slowly Fate's perfect
Fulness shall come

Then from your strong loins
Seed shall be scattered,
Men to the marrow,
Wilderness tammers,
Walkers of waves

Jerlous, the old gods
Shut it in shadow,
Wisely they ward it,
Lagg of the serpent,
Bane to them all

Stronger and sweeter
New gods shall seek it,
Fill it with man folk
Wise for the future,
Wise from the past

Here all is all men's,
Save only Wisdom ;
King he that wins her ,
Him hail they helmsman,
Highest of heart

Might makes no mister
Here any longer ;
Sword is not swayer ,
Here e'en the gods are
Selfish no more

Walking the New Earth,
Lo, a divine One
Greets all men godlike,
Calls them his kindred,
He, the Divine

Is it Thor's hammer
Rays in his right hand ?
Weaponless walks he ;
It is the White Christ,
Stronger than Thor.

Here shall a realm rise
Mighty in manhood ;
Justice and Mercy
Here set a stronghold
Safe without spear

Weak was the Old World,
Wearily war-fenced ;
Out of its ashes,
Strong as the morning,
Springeth the New.

Beauty of promise,
Promise of beauty,
Safe in the silence
Sleep thou, till cometh
Light to thy lids !

Thee shall awaken
Flame from the furnace,
Bath of all brave ones,
Cleanser of conscience,
Welder of will

Lowly shall love thee,
Thee, open handed !
Stalwart shall shield thee,
Thee, worth their best blood,
Waif of the West '

Then shall come singers,
Singing no swan song,
Birth-carols, rather,
Meet for the man child
Mighty of bone.

MAHMOOD THE IMAGE- BREAKER

OLD events have modern meanings ; only
that survives
Of past history which finds kindred in all
hearts and lives

Mahmood once, the idol-breaker, spreader
of the Faith,
Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as the
legend saith.

In the great pagoda's centre, monstrous
and abhorred,
Granite on a throne of granite, sat the
temple's lord.

Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by
the silent face
That, with eyes of stone unwavering, awed
the ancient place.

Then the Brahmins knelt before him, by
his doubt made bold,
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless
gems and gold.

Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood, but
of precious use,
Since from it the roots of power suck a
potent juice.

"Were yon stone alone in question, this
would please me well,"
Mahmood said; "but, with the block
there, I my truth must sell.

"Wealth and rule slip down with For-
tune, as her wheel turns round;
He who keeps his faith, he only cannot
be discrowned.

"Little were a change of station, loss of
life or crown,
But the wreck were past retrieving if the
Man fell down."

So his iron mace he lifted, smote with
might and main,
And the idol, on the pavement tumbling,
burst in twain.

Luck obeys the downright striker; from
the hollow core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged
all the floor.

INVITA MINERVA

THE Bardling came where by a river
grew
The pennoned reeds, that, as the west-
wind blew,

Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as if they
knew

What music slept enchanted in each stem,
Till Pan should choose some happy one
of them,
And with wise lips enliven it through and
through.

The Bardling thought, "A pipe is all I
need;

Once I have sought me out a clear,
smooth reed,

And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed
To breathe such strains as, yonder mid
the rocks,

The strange youth blows, that tends
Admetus' flocks,

And all the maidens shall to me pay
heed."

The summer day he spent in questful
round,

And many a reed he marred, but never
found

A conjuring-spell to free the imprisoned
sound;

At last his vainly wearied limbs he laid
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering shade,
And sleep about his brain her cobweb
wound.

Then strode the mighty Mother through
his dreams,

Saying: "The reeds along a thousand
streams

Are mine, and who is he that plots and
schemes

To snare the melodies wherewith my
breath

Sounds through the double pipes of
Life and Death,

Atoning what to men mad discord seems?

"He seeks not me, but I seek oft in
vain

For him who shall my voiceful reeds
constrain,

And make them utter their melodious
pain;

He flies the immortal gift, for well he
knows
His life of life must with its overflows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come again.

"Thou fool, who dost my harmless
subjects wrong,
'Tis not the singer's wish that makes the
song :
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb, how
long,
Nor stoops to any daintiest instrument,
Till, found its mated lips, their sweet
consent
Makes mortal breath than Time and Fate
more strong."

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

I

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes,
That whistle to cheer it
All day in the bushes,
This woodland is haunted :
And in a small clearing,
Beyond sight or hearing
Of human annoyance,
The little fount gushes,
First smoothly, then dashes
And gurgles and flashes,
To the maples and ashes
Confiding its joyance ;
Unconscious confiding,
Then, silent and glossy,
Slips winding and hiding
Through alder-stems mossy,
Through gossamer roots
Fine as nerves,
That tremble, as shoots
Through their magnetised curves
The allurements delicious
Of the water's capricious
Thrills, gushes, and swerves.

II

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
I am writing no fiction ;

And this fount, its sole daughter,
To the woodland was granted
To pour holy water
And win benediction ;
In summer-noon flushes,
When all the wood hushes,
Blue dragon-flies knitting
To and fro in the sun,
With sidelong jerk flitting
Sink down on the rushes,
And, motionless sitting,
Hear it hubble and run,
Hear its low inward singing,
With level wings swinging
On green tasselled rushes,
To dream in the sun.

III

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
The great August noonlight,
Through myriad rifts slanted,
Leaf and bole thickly sprinkles
With flickering gold ;
There, in warm August gloaming,
With quick, silent brightenings,
From meadow-lands roaming,
The firefly twinkles
His fitful heat-lightnings ;
There the magical moonlight
With meek, saintly glory
Steeps summit and wold ;
There whippoorwill's plain in the soli-
tudes hoary
With lone cries that wander
Now hither, now yonder,
Like souls doomed of old
To a mild purgatory ;
But through noonlight and moonlight
The little fount tinkles
Its silver saints'-bells,
That no sprite ill-boding
May make his abode in
Those innocent dells.

IV

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
When the phebe scarce whistles
Once an hour to his fellow,
And, where red lilies flaunted,

Balloons from the thistles
 Tell summer's disasters,
 The butterflies yellow,
 As caught in an eddy
 Of air's silent ocean,
 Sink, waver, and steady
 O'er goats'-beard and asters,
 Like souls of dead flowers,
 With aimless emotion
 Still lingering unready
 To leave their old bowers ;
 And the fount is no dumber,
 But still gleams and flashes,
 And gurgles and splashes,
 To the measure of summer ;
 The butterflies hear it,
 And spell-bound are holden,
 Still balancing near it
 O'er the goats'-beard so golden.

v

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
 A vast silver willow,
 I know not how planted,
 (This wood is enchanted,
 And full of surprises,)
 Stands stemming a billow,
 A motionless billow
 Of ankle-deep mosses ;
 Two great roots it crosses
 To make a round basin,
 And there the Fount rises ;
 Ah, too pure a mirror
 For one sick of error
 To see his sad face in !
 No dew-drop is stiller
 In its lupin-leaf setting
 Than this water moss-bounded ;
 But a tiny sand-pillar
 From the bottom keeps jetting,
 And mermaid ne'er sounded
 Through the wreaths of a shell,
 Down amid crimson dulces
 In some cavern of ocean,
 A melody sweeter
 Than the delicate pulses,
 The soft, noiseless metre,
 The pause and the swell
 Of that musical motion :

I recall it, not see it ;
 Could vision be clearer ?
 Half I'm fain to draw nearer
 Half tempted to flee it ;
 The sleeping Past wake not,
 Beware !
 One forward step take not,
 Ah ! break not
 That quietude rare !
 By my step unaffrighted
 A thrush hops before it,
 And o'er it
 A birch hangs delighted,
 Dipping, dipping, dipping its tremulous
 hair ;
 Pure as the fountain, once
 I came to the place,
 (How dare I draw nearer ?)
 I bent o'er its mirror,
 And saw a child's face
 Mid locks of bright gold in it ;
 Yes, pure as this fountain once,—
 Since, how much error !
 Too holy a mirror
 For the man to behold in it
 His harsh, bearded countenance !

vi

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
 Ah, fly unreturning !
 Yet stay ;—
 'Tis a woodland enchanted,
 Where wonderful chances
 Have sway ;
 Luck flees from the cold one
 But leaps to the bold one
 Half-way ;
 Why should I be daunted ?
 Still the smooth mirror glances,
 Still the amber sand dances,
 One look,—then away !
 O magical glass !
 Canst keep in thy bosom
 Shades of leaf and of blossom
 When summer days pass,
 So that when thy wave hardens
 It shapes as it pleases,
 Unharm'd by the breezes,
 Its fine hanging gardens ?

Hast those in thy keeping,
 And canst not uncover,
 Enchantedly sleeping,
 The old shade of thy lover?
 It is there! I have found it!
 He wakes, the long sleeper!
 'The pool is grown deeper,
 The sand dance is ending,
 The white floor sinks, blending
 With skies that below me
 Are deepening and bending,
 And a child's face alone
 That seems not to know me,
 With hair that fades golden
 In the heaven-glow round it,
 Looks up at my own;
 Ah, glimpse through the portal
 That leads to the throne,
 That opens the child's olden
 Regions Elysian!
 Ah, too holy vision
 For thy skirts to be holden
 By soiled hand of mortal!
 It wavers, it scatters,
 'Tis gone past recalling!
 A tear's sudden falling
 The magic cup shatters,
 Breaks the spell of the waters,
 And the sand cone once more,
 With a ceaseless renewing,
 Its dance is pursuing
 On the silvery floor,
 O'er and o'er,
 With a noiseless and ceaseless renewing.

VII

"Tis a woodland enchanted!
 If you ask me, *Where is it?*
 I can but make answer,
 "Tis past my disclosing";
 Not to choice is it granted
 By sure paths to visit
 The still pool enclosing
 Its blithe little dancer;
 But in some day, the rarest
 Of many Septembers,
 When the pulses of air rest,
 And all things lie dreaming
 In drowsy haze steaming

From the wood's glowing embers,
 Then, sometimes, unheeding,
 And asking not whither,
 By a sweet inward leading
 My feet are drawn thither,
 And, looking with awe in the magical
 mirror,
 I see through my tears,
 Half doubtful of seeing,
 The face unperverted,
 The warm golden being
 Of a child of five years;
 And spite of the mists and the error,
 And the days overcast,
 Can feel that I walk undeserted,
 But forever attended
 By the glad heavens that bended
 O'er the innocent past;
 Toward fancy or truth
 Ooth the sweet vision win me?
 Dare I think that I cast
 In the fountain of youth
 The fleeting reflection
 Of some bygone perfection
 That still lingers in me?

YUSSOUF

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's
 tent,
 Saying, "Behold one outcast and in
 dread,
 Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
 Who flies, and hath not where to lay his
 head;
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes
 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but
 no more
 Than it is God's; come in, and be at
 peace;
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
 As I of His who buildeth over these
 Our tents His glorious roof of night and
 day;
 And at whose door none ever yet heard
 Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that
 night,
 And, waking him ere day, said: "Here
 is gold;
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy
 flight;
 Depart before the prying day grow bold."
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows
 less,
 So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face
 made grand,
 Which shines from all self-conquest;
 kneeling low,
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's
 hand,
 Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave
 thee so;
 I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf,
 "for with thee
 Into the desert, never to return,
 My one black thought shall ride away
 from me;
 First-born, for whom by day and night
 I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's
 decrees;
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep
 in peace!"

THE DARKENED MIND

THE fire is burning clear and blithely,
 Pleasantly whistles the winter wind;
 We are about thee, thy friends and
 kindred,
 On us all flickers the firelight kind;
 There thou sittest in thy wonted corner
 Lone and awful in thy darkened mind.

There thou sittest; now and then thou
 moonest;
 Thou dost talk with what we cannot see,
 Lookest at us with an eye so doubtful,
 It doth put us very far from thee;

There thou sittest; we would fain be
 nigh thee,
 But we know that it can never be.

We can touch thee, still we are no
 nearer;
 Gather round thee, still thou art alone;
 The wide chasm of reason is between us;
 Thou confutest kindness with a moan;
 We can speak to thee, and thou canst
 answer,
 Like two prisoners through a wall of
 stone.

Hardest heart would call it very awful
 When thou look'st at us and seest—oh,
 what?

If we move away, thou sittest gazing
 With those vague eyes at the selfsame
 spot,
 And thou mutterest, thy hands thou
 wringest,
 Seeing something,—us thou seest not.

Strange it is that, in this open brightness,
 Thou shouldst sit in such a narrow cell;
 Strange it is that thou shouldst be so
 lonesome

Where those are who love thee all so
 well;

Not so much of thee is left among us
 As the hum outliving the hushed bell.

WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID

RABBI JEHOSSA used to say
 That God made angels every day,
 Perfect as Michael and the rest
 First brooded in creation's nest,
 Whose only office was to cry
Hosanna! once, and then to die;
 Or rather, with Life's essence blent,
 To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehossa had the skill
 To know that Heaven is in God's will;
 And doing that, though for a space
 One heart-beat long, may win a grace
 As full of grandeur and of glow
 As Princes of the Chariot know.

'Twere glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine ;
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God,
Could I but find my nature's clue
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
And but for one rapt moment know
'Tis Heaven must come, not we must go,
Should win my place as near the throne
As the pearl-angel of its zone,
And God would listen mid the throng
For my one breath of perfect song,
That, in its simple human way,
Said all the Host of Heaven could say.

ALL-SAINTS

ONE feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep ;
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet :
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears

In dying eyes, by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE

I

BEAUTY on my-hearth-stone blazing !
To-night the triple Zoroaster
Shall my prophet be and master :
To-night will I pure Magian be,
Hymns to thy sole honour raising,
While thou leapest fast and faster,
Wild with self-delighted glee,
Or sink'st low and glowest faintly
As an aureole still and saintly,
Keeping cadence to my praising
Thee ! still thee ! and only thee !

II

Elfish daughter of Apollo !
Thee, from thy father stolen and bound
To serve in Vulcan's clangorous smithy,
Prometheus (primal Yankee) found,
And, when he had tampered with thee,
(Too confiding little maid !)
In a reed's precarious hollow
To our frozen earth conveyed :
For he swore I know not what ;
Endless ease should be thy lot,
Pleasure that should never falter,
Lifelong play, and not a duty
Save to hover o'er the altar,
Vision of celestial beauty,
Fed with precious woods and spices ;
Then, perfidious ! having got
Thee in the net of his devices,
Sold thee into endless slavery,
Made thee a drudge to boil the pot,
Thee, Helios' daughter, who dost bear
His likeness in thy golden hair ;
Thee, by nature wild and wavery,
Palpitating, evanescent
As the shade of Dian's crescent,
Life, motion, gladness, everywhere !

III

Fathom deep men bury thee
In the furnace dark and still,
There, with dreariest mockery,
Making thee eat, against thy will,

Blackest Pennsylvanian stone ;
 But thou dost avenge thy doom,
 For, from out thy catacomb,
 Day and night thy wrath is blown
 In a withering simoom,
 And, adown that cavern drear,
 Thy black pitfall in the floor,
 Staggers the lusty antique cheer,
 Despairing, and is seen no more !

IV

Elfish I may rightly name thee ;
 We enslave, but cannot tame thee ;
 With fierce snatches, now and then,
 Thou pluckest at thy right again,
 And thy down-trod instincts savage
 To stealthy insurrection creep
 While thy wittol masters sleep,
 And burst in undiscerning ravage :
 Then how thou shak'st thy bacchant
 locks !

While brazen pulses, far and near,
 Throb thick and thicker, wild with fear
 And dread conjecture, till the drear
 Disordered clangour every steeple rocks !

V

But when we make a friend of thee.
 And admit thee to the hall
 On our nights of festival,
 Then, Cinderella, who could see
 In thee the kitchen's stunted thrall ?
 Once more a Princess lithe and tall,
 Thou dancest with a whispering tread,
 While the bright marvel of thy head
 In crinkling gold floats all abroad,
 And gloriously dost vindicate
 The legend of thy lineage great,
 Earth-exiled daughter of the Pythian god !
 Now in the ample chimney-place,
 To honour thy acknowledged race,
 We crown thee high with laurel good,
 Thy shining father's sacred wood,
 Which, guessing thy ancestral right,
 Sparkles and snaps its dumb delight,
 And, at thy touch, poor outcast one,
 Feels through its gladdened fibres go
 The tingle and thrill and vassal glow
 Of instincts loyal to the sun.

VI

O thou of home the guardian Lar,
 And, when our earth hath wandered far
 Into the cold, and deep snow covers
 The walks of our New England lovers,
 Their sweet secluded evening-star !
 'Twas with thy rays the English Muse
 Ripened her mild domestic hues ;
 'Twas by thy flicker that she conned
 The fireside wisdom that enrings
 With light from heaven familiar things ;
 By thee she found the homely faith
 In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th,
 When Death, extinguishing his torch,
 Gropes for the latch-string in the porch ;
 The love that wanders not beyond
 His earliest nest, but sits and sings
 While children smooth his patient wings ;
 Therefore with thee I love to read
 Our brave old poets : at thy touch how
 stirs

Life in the withered words ! how swift
 recede

Time's shadows ! and how glows again
 Through its dead mass the incandescent
 verse,

As when upon the anvils of the brain
 It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
 By the fast-throbbing hammers of the
 poet's thought !

Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,
 The aspirations unattained,
 The rhythms so rathe and delicate,
 They bent and stained
 And broke, beneath the sombre weight
 Of any airiest mortal word.

VII

What warm protection dost thou bend
 Round curtained talk of friend with
 friend,

While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,
 To softest outline rounds the roof,
 Or the rude North with baffled strain
 Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane !
 Now the kind nymph to Bacchus born
 By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
 Gifted upon her natal morn
 By him with fire, by her with dreams,

Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
 Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
 We worship, unforbid of thee ;
 And, as her incense floats and curls
 In airy spires, and wayward whirls,
 Or poises on its tremulous stalk
 A flower of frailest revery,
 So winds and loiters, idly free,
 The current of unguided talk,
 Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
 In smooth, dark pools of deeper thought.
 Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
 A sweetly unobtrusive third ;
 For thou hast magic beyond wine,
 To unlock natures each to each ;
 The unspoken thought thou canst divine ;
 Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
 With whispers that to dream-land reach
 And frozen fancy-springs unchain
 In Arctic outskirts of the brain ;
 Sun of all inmost confidences,
 To thy rays doth the heart uncloze
 Its formal calyx of pretences,
 That close against rude day's offences,
 And open its shy midnight rose !

VIII

Thou holdest not the master key
 With which thy Sire sets free the mystic
 gates
 Of Past and Future : not for common
 fates
 Do they wide open fling,
 And, with a far-heard ring,
 Swing back their willing valves melodiously ;
 Only to ceremonial days,
 And great processions of imperial song
 That set the world at gaze,
 Doth such high privilege belong :
 But thou a postern-door canst ope
 To humbler chambers of the selfsame
 palace
 Where Memory lodges, and her sister
 Hope,
 Whose being is but as a crystal chalice
 Which, with her various mood, the elder
 fills
 Of joy or sorrow,

L

So colouring as she wills
 With hues of yesterday the unconscious
 morrow.

IX

Thou sinkest, and my fancy sinks with
 thee :
 For thee I took the idle shell,
 And struck the unused chords again,
 But they are gone who listened well ;
 Some are in heaven, and all are far from
 me :
 Even as I sing, it turns to pain,
 And with vain tears my eyelids throb and
 swell :
 Enough ; I come not of the race
 That hawk their sorrows in the market-
 place.
 Earth stops the ears I best had loved to
 please ;
 Then break, ye untuned chords, or rust
 in peace !
 As if a white-haired actor should come
 back
 Some midnight to the theatre void and
 black,
 And there rehearse his youth's great part
 Mid thin applauses of the ghosts,
 So seems it now : ye crowd upon my
 heart,
 And I bow down in silence, shadowy
 hosts !

FANCY'S CASUISTRY

How struggles with the tempest's swells
 That warning of tumultuous bells !
 The fire is loose ! and frantic knells
 Throb fast and faster,
 As tower to tower confusedly tells
 News of disaster.

But on my far-off solitude
 No harsh alarms can intrude ;
 The terror comes to me subdued
 And charmed by distance,
 To deepen the habitual mood
 Of my existence.

2 D

Are those, I muse, the Easter chimes?
 And listen, weaving careless rhymes
 While the loud city's griefs and crimes
 Pay gentle allegiance
 To the fine quiet that sublimine
 These dreamy regions.

And when the storm o'erwhelms the
 shore,
 I watch entranced as, o'er and o'er,
 The light revolves amid the roar
 So still and saintly,
 Now large and near, now more and more
 Withdrawing faintly.

This, too, despairing sailors see
 Flash out the breakers 'neath their lee
 In sudden snow, then lingeringly
 Wane tow'rd eclipse,
 While through the dark the shuddering
 sea
 Gropes for the ships.

And is it right, this mood of mind
 That thus, in revery enshrined,
 Can in the world mere topics find
 For musing stricture,
 Seeing the life of humankind
 Only as picture?

The events in line of battle go;
 In vain for me their trumpets blow
 As unto him that lieth low
 In death's dark arches,
 And through the sod hears throbbing
 slow
 The muffled marches.

O Duty, am I dead to thee
 In this my cloistered ecstacy,
 In this lone shallop on the sea
 That drifts tow'rd Silence?
 And are those visioned shores I see
 But sirens' islands?

My Dante frowns with lip-locked mien,
 As who would say, "'Tis those, I ween,
 Whom lifelong armour-clafe makes lean
 That win the laurel";
 But where *is* Truth? What does it mean,
 The world-old quarrel?

Such questionings are idle air:
 Leave what to do and what to spare
 To the inspiring moment's care,
 Nor ask for payment
 Of fame or gold, but just to wear
 Unspotted raiment.

TO MR. JOHN BARTLETT

WHO HAD SENT ME A SEVEN-POUND
 TROUF

FIT for an Abbot of Theleme,
 For the whole Cardinals' College, or
 The Pope himself to see in dream
 Before his lenten vision gleam,
 He lies there, the sogdologer!

His precious flanks with stais besprent,
 Worthy to swim in Castaly!
 The friend by whom such gifts are sent,
 For him shall bumpers full be spent,
 His health! be Luck his fast ally!

I see him trace the wayward brook
 Amid the forest mysteries,
 Where at their shades shy aspens look,
 Or where, with many a gurgling crook,
 It croons its w odland histories.

I see leaf-shade and sun-fleck lend
 Their tremulous, sweet vicissitude
 To smooth, dark pool, to crinkling
 bend, -
 (Oh, strew him, Ann, as 'twere your
 friend,
 With amorous solicitude!)

I see him step with caution due,
 Soft as if shod with moccasins,
 Grave as in church, for who plies you,
 Sweet craft, is safe as in a pew
 From all our common stock o' sins.

The unerring fly I see him cast,
 That as a rose-leaf falls as soft,
 A flash! a whirl! he has him fast!
 We tyros, how that struggle last
 Confuses and appals us oft.

Unflattered he : calm as the sky
 Looks on our tragi-comedies,
 This way and that he lets him fly,
 A sunbeam-shuttle, then to die
 Lands him, with cool *aplomb*, at ease.

The friend who gave our board such gust,
 Life's care may he o'erstep it half,
 And, when Death hooks him, as he
 must,
 He'll do it handsomely, I trust,
 And John H—— write his epitaph !

Oh, born beneath the Fishes' sign,
 Of constellations happiest,
 May he somewhere with Walton dine,
 May Horace send him Massic wine,
 And Burns Scotch drink, the nap-
 piest !

And when they come his deeds to weigh,
 And how he used the talents his,
 One trout-scale in the scales he'll lay
 (If trout had scales), and 'twill outway
 The wrong side of the balances.

ODE TO HAPPINESS

SPIRIT, that rarely comest now
 And only to contrast my gloom,
 Like rainbow-feathered birds that
 bloom

A moment on some autumn bough
 That, with the spurn of their farewell,
 Sheds its last leaves,—thou once didst
 dwell

With ine year-long, and make intense
 To boyhood's wisely vacant days
 Their fleet but all-sufficing grace
 Of trustful inexperience,
 While soul could still transfigure sense,
 And thrill, as with love's first caress,
 At life's mere unexpectedness.

Days when my blood would leap and
 run
 As full of sunshine as a breeze,
 Or spray tossed up by Summer seas
 That doubts if it be sea or sun !
 Days that flew swiftly like the band

That played in Grecian games at
 strife,
 And passed from eager hand to hand
 The onward-dancing torch of life !

Wing-footed ! thou abid'st with him
 Who asks it not ; but he who hath
 Watched o'er the waves thy waning
 path,
 Shall nevermore behold returning
 Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward yearning !

Thou first reveal'st to us thy face
 Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,
 A moment glimpsed, then seen no
 more,—
 Thou whose swift footsteps we can trace
 Away from every mortal door.

Nymph of the unreturning feet,
 How may I win thee back ? But no,
 I do thee wrong to call thee so ;
 'Tis I am changed, not thou art fleet :
 The man thy presence feels again,
 Not in the blood, but in the brain,
 Spirit, that lov'st the upper air
 Serene and passionless and rare,
 Such as on mountain heights we find
 And wide-viewed uplands of the mind ;
 Or such as scorns to coil and sing
 Round any but the eagle's wing
 Of souls that with long upward beat
 Have won an undisturbed retreat
 Where, poised like winged victories,
 They mirror in relentless eyes
 The life broad-basking 'neath their
 feet,—

Man ever with his Now at strife,
 Pained with first gasps of earthly air,
 Then praying Death the last to spare,
 Still fearful of the ampler life.

Not unto them dost thou consent
 Who, passionless, can lead at ease
 A life of unalloyed content
 A life like that of land-locked seas,
 Who feel no elemental gush
 Of tidal forces, no fierce rush
 Of storm deep-grasping scarcely spent
 'Twixt continent and continent.

Such quiet souls have never known
 Thy truer inspiration, thou
 Who lov'st to feel upon thy brow
 Spray from the plunging vessel thrown
 Grazing the tusked lee shore, the cliff
 That o'er the abrupt gorge holds its
 breath,

Where the frail hair-breadth of an *if*
 Is all that sunders life and death :
 These, too, are cared for, and round
 these

Bends her mild crook thy sister Peace :
 These in unvexed dependence lie,
 Each 'neath his strip of household
 sky ;

O'er these clouds wander, and the blue
 Hangs motionless the whole day through ;
 Stars rise for them, and moons grow
 large

And lessen in such tranquil wise
 As joys and sorrows do that rise
 Within their nature's sheltered marge ;
 Their hours into each other flit
 Like the leaf-shadows of the vine
 And fig-tree under which they sit,
 And their still lives to heaven incline
 With an unconscious habitude,
 Unhistoried as smokes that rise
 From happy hearths and sight elude
 In kindred blue of morning skies.

Wayward ! when once we feel thy lack,
 'Tis worse than vain to woo thee back !

Yet there is one who seems to be
 Thine elder sister, in whose eyes
 A faint far northern light will rise
 Sometimes, and bring a dream of
 thee ;

She is not that for which youth hoped,
 But she hath blessings all her own,
 Thoughts pure as lilies newly oped,
 And faith to sorrow given alone :
 Almost I deem that it is thou
 Come back with graver matron brow,
 With deepened eyes and bated breath,
 Like one that somewhere hath met
 Death :

But "No," she answers, "I am she
 Whom the gods love, Tranquillity ;
 That other whom you seek forlorn

Half earthly was ; but I am born
 Of the immortals, and our race
 Wears still some sadness on its face :
 He wins me late, but keeps me long,
 Who, dowered with every gift of passion,
 In that fierce flame can forge and fashion
 Of sin and self the anchor strong ;
 Can thence compel the driving force
 Of daily life's mechanic course,
 Nor less the nobler energies
 Of needful toil and culture wise ;
 Whose soul is worth the tempter's lure
 Who can renounce, and yet endure,
 To him I come, not lightly wooed,
 But won by silent fortitude."

VILLA FRANCA

1859

WAIT a little : do *we* not wait ?
 Louis Napoleon is not Fate,
 Francis Joseph is not Time ;
 There's one hath swifter feet than
 Crime ;
 Cannon-parliaments settle naught ;
 Venice is Austria's,—whose is Thought ?
 Minié is good, but, spite of change,
 Gutenberg's gun has the longest range.
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !
 In the shadow, year out, year in,
 The silent headsmen waits forever.

Wait, we say : our years are long :
 Men are weak, but Man is strong ;
 Since the stars first curved their rings,
 We have looked on many things ;
 Great wars come and great wars go,
 Wolf-tracks light on polar snow ;
 We shall see him come and gone,
 This second-hand Napoleon.
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !
 In the shadow, year out, year in,
 The silent headsmen waits forever.

We saw the elder Corsican,
 And Clotho muttered as she span,
 While crowned lackeys bore the train,

Of the pinchbeck Charlemagne :

"Sister, stint not length of thread !

Sister, stay the scissors dread !

On Saint Helen's granite bleak,

Hark, the vulture whets his beak !"

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !

Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !

In the shadow, year out, year in,

The silent headsman waits forever.

The Bonapartes, we know their bees

That wade in honey red to the knees ;

Their patent reaper, its sheaves sleep
sound

In dreamless garners underground :

We know false glory's spendthrift race

Pawning nations for feathers and lace ;

It may be short, it may be long,

"'Tis reckoning-day !" sneers unpaid
Wrong.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !

Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !

In the shadow, year out, year in,

The silent headsman waits forever.

The Cock that wears the Eagle's skin

Can promise what he ne'er could win :

Slavery reaped for fine words sown,

System for all, and rights for none,

Despots atop, a wild clan below,

Such is the Gaul from long ago ;

Wash the black from the Ethiop's face,

Wash the past out of man or race !

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !

Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !

In the shadow, year out, year in,

The silent headsman waits forever.

'Neath Gregory's throne a spider swings,

And snares the people for the kings ;

"Luther is dead ; old quarrels pass ;

The stake's black scars are healed with
grass" ;

So dreamers prate ; did man ere live

Saw priest or woman yet forgive ?

But Luther's broom is left, and eyes

Peep o'er their creeds to where it lies.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !

Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !

In the shadow, year out, year in,

The silent headsman waits forever.

Smooth sails the ship of either realm,

Kaiser and Jesuit at the helm ;

We look down the depths, and mark

Silent workers in the dark

Building slow the sharp-tusked reefs,

Old instincts hardening to new beliefs ;

Patience a little ; learn to wait ;

Hours are long on the clock of Fate.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !

Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !

Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,

But surely God endures forever !

THE MINER

DOWN 'mid the tangled roots of things

That coil about the central fire,

I seek for that which giveth wings

To stoop, not soar, to my desire.

Sometimes I hear, as 'twere a sigh,

The sea's deep yearning far above,

"Thou hast the secret not," I cry,

"In deeper deeps is hid my Love."

They think I burrow from the sun,

In darkness, all alone, and weak ;

Such loss were gain if He were won,

For 'tis the sun's own Sun I seek.

"The earth," they murmur, "is the tomb

That vainly sought His life to prison ;

Why grovel longer in the gloom ?

He is not here ; He hath arisen."

More life for me where He hath lain

Hidden while ye believed Him dead,

Than in cathedrals cold and vain,

Built on loose sands of *It is said*.

My search is for the living gold ;

Him I desire who dwells recluse,

And not His image worn and old,

Day-servant of our sordid use.

If Him I find not, yet I find

The ancient joy of cell and church,

The glimpse, the surety undefined,

The unquenched ardour of the search.

Happier to chase a flying goal
 Than to sit counting laurelled gains,
 To guess the Soul within the soul
 Than to be lord of what remains.

Hide still, best Good, in subtile wise,
 Beyond my nature's utmost scope ;
 Be ever absent from mine eyes
 To be twice present in my hope !

GOLD EGG : A DREAM-FANTASY

HOW A STUDENT IN SEARCH OF
 THE BEAUTIFUL FELL ASLEEP IN
 DRESDEN OVER HERR PROFESSOR
 DOCTOR VISCHER'S WISSENSCHAFT
 DES SCHÖNEN, AND WHAT CAME
 THEREOF

I SWAM with undulation soft,
 Adrift on Vischer's ocean,
 And, from my cockboat up aloft,
 Sent down my mental plummet oft
 In hope to reach a notion.

But from the metaphysic sea
 No bottom was forthcoming,
 And all the while (how drearily !)
 In one eternal note of B
 My German stove kept humming.

"What's Beauty?" mused I ; "is it told
 By synthesis? analysis?
 Have you not made us lead of gold?
 To feed your crucible, not sold
 Our temple's sacred chalices?"

Then o'er my senses came a change ;
 My book seemed all traditions,
 Old legends of profoundest range,
 Diabliery, and stories strange
 Of goblins, elves, magicians.

Old gods in modern saints I found,
 Old creeds in strange disguises ;
 I thought them safely underground
 And here they were, all safe and sound,
 Without a sign of phthisis.

Truth was, my outward eyes were
 closed,

Although I did not know it ;
 Deep into dream-land I had dozed,
 And thus was happily transposed
 From prosier into poet.

So what I read took flesh and blood,
 And turned to living creatures :
 The words were but the dingy bud
 That bloomed, like Adam, from the mud,
 To human forms and features.

I saw how Zeus was lodged once more
 By Baucis and Philemon ;
 The text said, "Not alone of yore,
 But every day, at every door,
 Knocks still the masking Demon."

DAIMON 'twas printed in the book
 And, as I read it slowly,
 The letters stirred and changed, and
 took
 Jove's stature, the Olympian look
 Of painless melancholy.

He paused upon the threshold worn :
 "With coin I cannot pay you ;
 Yet would I fain make some return ;
 The gift for cheapness do not spurn,
 Accept this hen, I pray you.

"Plain feathers wears my Hemera,
 And has from ages olden :
 She makes her nest in common hay,
 And yet, of all the birds that lay,
 Her eggs alone are golden."

He turned, and could no more be
 seen ;

Old Baucis stared a moment,
 Then tossed poor P'artlet on the green,
 And with a tone, half jest, half spleen,
 Thus made her housewife's comment :

"The stranger had a queerish face,
 His smile was hardly pleasant,
 And, though he meant it for a grace,
 Yet this old hen of barnyard race
 Was but a stingy present.

"She's quite too old for laying eggs,
Nay, even to make a soup of;
One only needs to see her legs, -
You might as well boil down the pegs
I made the brood-hen's coop of!

"Some eighteen score of such do I
Raise every year, her sisters;
Go, in the woods your fortunes try,
All day for one poor earthworm pry,
And scratch your toes to blisters!"

Philemon found the rede was good,
And, turning on the poor hen,
He clapt his hands, and stamped, and
shooed,
Hunting the exile tow'rd the wood,
To house with snipe and moor-hen.

A poet saw and cried: "Hold! hold!
What are you doing, madman?
Spurn you more wealth than can be told,
The fowl that lays the eggs of gold,
Because she's plainly clad, man?"

To him Philemon: "I'll not balk
Thy will with any shackle;
Wilt add a burden to thy walk?
There! take her without further talk:
You're both but fit to cackle!"

But scarce the poet touched the bird,
It swelled to stature regal;
And when her cloud-wide wings she
stirred,
A whisper as of doom was heard,
'Twas Jove's bolt-bearing eagle.

As when from far-off cloud-bergs springs
A crag, and, hurtling under,
From cliff to cliff the rumour flings,
So she from flight-foreboding wings
Shook out a murmurous thunder.

She gripped the poet to her breast,
And ever, upward soaring,
Earth seemed a new moon in the west,
And then one light among the rest
Where squadrons lie at mooring.

How tell to what heaven hallowed seat
The eagle bent his courses?
The waves that on its bases beat,
The gales that round it weave and fleet,
Are life's creative forces.

Here was the bird's primeval nest,
High on a promontory
Star-pharosed, where she takes her rest
To brood new æons 'neath her breast,
The future's unfledged glory.

I know not how, but I was there
All feeling, hearing, seeing;
It was not wind that stirred my hair
But living breath, the essence rare
Of unembodied being.

And in the nest an egg of gold
Lay soft in self-made lustre,
Gazing whereon, what depths untold
Within, what marvels manifold,
Seemed silently to muster!

Daily such splendours to confront
Is still to me and you sent?
It glowed as when Saint Peter's front,
Illumed, forgets its stony wont,
And seems to throb translucent.

One saw therein the life of man,
(Or so the poet found it,)
The yolk and white, conceive who can,
Were the glad earth, that, floating, span
In the glad heaven around it.

I knew this as one knows in dream,
Where no effects to cause
Are chained as in our work-day scheme,
And then was wakened by a scream
That seemed to come from Baucis.

"Bless Zeus!" she cried, "I'm safe
below!"

First pale, then red as coral;
And I, still drowsy, pondered slow,
And seemed to find, but hardly know,
Something like this for moral.

Each day the world is born anew
For him who takes it rightly;

Not fresher that which Adam knew,
Not sweeter that whose moonlit dew
Entranced Arcadia nightly.

Rightly? That's simply: 'tis to see
Some substance casts these shadows
Which we call Life and History,
That aimless seem to chase and flee
Like wind-gleams over meadows.

Simply? That's nobly: 'tis to know
That God may still be met with,
Nor groweth old, nor doth bestow
These senses fine, this brain aglow,
To grovel and forget with.

Beauty, Hear Doctor, trust in me,
No chemistry will win you;
Charis still rises from the sea:
If you can't find her, *might* it be
Because you seek within you?

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

ALIKE I hate to be your debtor,
Or write a mere perfunctory letter;
For letters, so it seems to me,
Our careless quintessence should be,
Our real nature's truant play
When Consciousness looks t'other way;
Not drop by drop, with watchful skill,
Gathered in Art's deliberate still,
But life's insensible completeness
Got as the ripe grape gets its sweetness,
As if it had a way to fuse
The golden sunlight into juice.
Hopeless my mental pump I try;
The boxes hiss, the tube is dry;
As those petroleum wells that spout
Awhile like M.C.'s, then give out,
My spring, once full as Arethusa,
Is a mere bore as dry's Creusa;
And yet you ask me why I'm glum,
And why my graver Muse is dumb.
Ah me! I've reasons manifold
Condensed in one,—I'm getting old!

When life, once past its fortieth year,
Wheels up its evening hemisphere,

The mind's own shadow, which the boy
Saw onward point to hope and joy,
Shifts round, irrevocably set
Tow'rd morning's loss and vain regret,
And, argue with it as we will,
The clock is unconverted still.

"But count the gains," I hear you say,
"Which far the seeming loss outweigh;
Friendships built firm 'gainst flood and
wind

On rock-foundations of the mind;
Knowledge instead of scheming hope;
For wild adventure, settled scope;
Talents, from surface-ore profuse,
Tempered and edged to tools for use;
Judgment, for passion's headlong whirls;
Old sorrows crystallized into pearls;
Losses by patience turned to gains,
Possessions now, that once were pains;
Joy's blossom gone, as go it must,
To ripen seeds of faith and trust;
Why heed a snow-flake on the roof
If fire within keep Age aloof,
Though blundering north-wind push and
strain
With palms benumbed against the pane?"

My dear old Friend, you're very wise;
We always are with others' eyes,
And see so clear! (our neighbour's deck
on)

What reef the idiot's sure to wreck on;
Folks when they learn how life has
quizzed 'em

Are fain to make a shift with Wisdom,
And, finding she nor breaks nor bends,
Give her a letter to their friends.
Draw passion's torrent whoso will
Through sluices smooth to turn a mill,
And, taking solid toll of grist,
Forget the rainbow in the mist,
The exulting leap, the aimless haste
Scattered in iridescent waste;
Prefer who likes the sure esteem
To cheated youth's midsummer dream,
When every friend was more than Damon,
Each quicksand safe to build a fame on;
Believe that prudence snug excels
Youth's gross of verdant spectacles,

Through which earth's withered stubble
seen

Looks autumn-proof as painted green,—
I side with Moses 'gainst the masses,
Take you the drudge, give me the
glasses!

And, for your talents shaped with
practice,

Convince me first that such the fact is;
Let whoso likes be beat, poor fool,
On life's hard stithy to a tool,
Be whoso will a ploughshare made,
Let me remain a jolly blade!
What's Knowledge, with her stocks and
lands,

To gay Conjecture's yellow strands?
What's watching her slow flock's increase
To ventures for the golden fleece?
What her deep ships, safe under lee,
To youth's light craft, that drinks the sea,
For Flying Islands making sail,
And failing where 'tis gain to fail?
Ah me! Experience (so we're told),
Time's crucible, turns lead to gold;
Yet what's experience won but dross,
Cloud-gold transmuted to our loss?
What but base coin the best event
To the untied experiment?

'Twas an old couple, says the poet,
That lodged the gods and did not know it;
Youth sees and knows them as they were
Before Olympus' top was bare;
From Swampscot's flats his eye divine
Sees Venus rocking on the bine,
With lucent limbs, that somehow scatter a
Charm that turns Doll to Cleopatra;
Bacchus (that now is scarce induced
To give Eld's lagging blood a boost),
With cymbals' clang and pards to draw
him,

Divine as Ariadne saw him,
Storms through Youth's pulse with all his
train

And wins new Indies in his brain;
Apollo (with the old a trope,
A sort of finer Mister Pope),
Apollo—but the Muse forbids;
At his approach cast down thy lids,
And think it joy enough to hear

Far off his arrows singing clear;
He knows enough who silent knows
The quiver chiming as he goes;
He tells too much who e'er betrays
The shining Archer's secret ways.

Dear Friend, you're right and I am
wrong;

My quibbles are not worth a song,
And I sophistically tease
My fancy sad to tricks like these.
I could not cheat you if I would;
You know me and my jesting mood,
Mere surface-foam, for pride concealing
The purpose of my deeper feeling.
I have not spilt one drop of joy
Poured in the senses of the boy,
Nor Nature fails my walks to 'bless
With all her golden inwardness;
And as blind nestlings, unafraid,
Stretch up wide mouthed to every shade
By which their downy dream is stirred,
Taking it for the mother-bird,
So, when God's shadow, which is light,
Unheralded, by day or night,
My wakening instincts falls across,
Silent as sunbeams over moss,
In my heart's nest half-conscious things
Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
Lift themselves up, and tremble long
With premonitions sweet of song.

Be patient, and perhaps (who knows?)
These may be winged one day like those;
If thrushes, close-embowered to sing,
Pierced through with June's delicious
sting;
If swallows, their half-hour to run
Star-breasted in the setting sun.
At first they're but the unfledged proem,
Or songless schedule of a poem;
When from the shell they're hardly dry
If some folks thrust them forth, must I?

But let me end with a comparison
Never yet hit upon by e'er a son
Of our American Apollo,
(And there's where I shall beat them
hollow,
If he indeed 's no courtly St. John,

But, as West said, a Mohawk Injun.)
 A poem 's like a cruise for whales :
 Through untried seas the hunter sails,
 His prow dividing waters known
 To the blue iceberg's hulk alone ;
 At last, on farthest edge of day,
 He marks the smoky puff of spray ;
 Then with bent oars the shallop flies
 To where the basking quarry lies ;
 Then the excitement of the strife,
 The crimsoned waves, —ah, this is life !

But, the dead plunder once secured
 And safe beside the vessel moored,
 All that had stirred the blood before
 Is so much blubber, nothing more,
 (I mean no pun, nor image so
 Mere sentimental verse, you know,)
 And all is tedium, smoke, and soil,
 In trying out the noisome oil.

Yes, this *is* life ! And so the bard
 Through briny deserts, never scarred
 Since Noah's keel, a subject seeks,
 And lies upon the watch for weeks ;
 That once harpooned and helpless
 lying,
 What follows is but weary trying.

Now I've a notion, if a poet
 Beat up for themes, his verse will show it ;
 I wait for subjects that hunt me,
 By day or night won't let me be,
 And hang about me like a curse,
 Till they have made me into verse,
 From line to line my fingers tease
 Beyond my knowledge, as the bees
 Build no new cell till those before
 With limpid summer-sweet run o'er ;
 Then, if I neither sing nor shine,
 Is it the subject's fault, or mine ?

AN EMBER PICTURE

How strange are the freaks of memory !
 The lessons of life we forget,
 While a trifle, a trick of colour,
 In the wonderful web is set,—

Set by some mordant of fancy,
 And, spite of the wear and tear
 Of time or distance or trouble,
 Insists on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together ;
 Our talk was of matters-of-course ;
 We were nothing, one to the other,
 But a short half-hour's resource.

We spoke of French acting and actors,
 And their easy, natural way :
 Of the weather, for it was raining
 As we drove home from the play.

We debated the social nothings—
 We bore ourselves so to discuss ;
 The thunderous rumours of battle
 Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her
 With a drippingly hurried adieu,
 And our wheels went crunching the
 gravel
 Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the shadow,
 The candle she held in the door
 From rain-varnished tree-trunk to tree-
 trunk
 Flashed fainter, and flashed no more ;—

Flashed fainter, then wholly faded
 Before we had passed the wood ;
 But the light of the face behind it
 Went with me and stayed for good.

The vision of scarce a moment,
 And hardly marked at the time,
 It comes unbidden to haunt me,
 Like a scrap of ballad-rhyme.

Had she beauty ? Well, not what they
 call so ;
 You may find a thousand as fair ;
 And yet there's her face in my memory
 With no special claim to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight
 And call back to life in the coals
 Old faces and hopes and fancies
 Long buried, (good rest to their souls !)

Her face shines out in the embers ;
I see her holding the light,
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that night.

'Tis a face that can never grow older,
That never can part with its gleam,
'Tis a gracious possession forever,
For is it not all a dream ?

TO H. W. L.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY,
1867

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his
song,

Where limpid verse to limpid verse
succeeds

Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing
lest he wrong

The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides
along,

Full without noise, and whispers in
his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his
name

Is blown about the world, but to his
friends

A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud
acclaim

To murmur a *God bless you!* and
there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered
years

Wherein so much was given, so much
was lost,

Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen
tears,—

But hush ! this is not for profaner ears ;
Let them drink molten pearls nor
dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's
core,

As naught but nightshade grew upon
earth's ground ;

Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and
the more

Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a
door

Leading to sweeter manhood and more
sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying
shade

Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith
shot with sun,

So through his trial faith translucent
rayed

Till darkness, half disnatured so, be-
trayed

A heart of sunshine that would fain
o'erun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may
stay

And of its purpose cheat the charmed
abyss,

It our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence
may,

And the next age in praise shall double
this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-
sweet

As gracious natures find his song to
be ;

May Age steal on with softly-radenced
feet

Falling in music, as for him were meet .
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned
than he !

THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY

" COME forth !" my catbird calls to me,
" And hear me sing a cavatina
That, in this old familiar tree,
Shall hang a garden of Alcina.

" These buttercups shall brim with wine
Beyond all Lesbian juice or Massie ;
May not New England be divine ?
My ode to ripening summer classic ?

"Or, if to me you will not hark,
By Beaver Brook a thrush is singing
Till all the alder-coverts dark
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing.

"Come out beneath the unmastered sky,
With its emancipating spaces,
And learn to sing as well as I,
Without premeditated graces.

"What boot your many-volumed gains,
Those withered leaves forever turning,
To win, at best, for all your pains,
A nature mummy-wrapt in learning?

"The leaves wherein true wisdom lies
On living trees the sun are drinking;
Those white clouds, drowsing through
the skies,
Grew not so beautiful by thinking.

"'Come out!' with me the oriole cries,
Escape the demon that pursues you!
And, hark, the cuckoo weatherwise,
Still hiding farther onward, woos you."

"Alas, dear friend, that, all my days,
Hast poured from that syringa thicket
The quaintly discontinuous lays
To which I hold a season-ticket,

"A season-ticket cheaply bought
With a dessert of pilfered berries.
And who so oft my soul hast caught
With morn and evening voluntaries,

"Deem me not faithless, if all day
Among my dusty books I linger,
No pipe, like thee, for June to play
With fancy-led, half-conscious finger.

"A bird is singing in my brain
And bubbling o'er with mingled
fancies,

Gay, tragic, rapt, right heart of Spain
Fed with the sap of old romances.

"I ask no ampler skies than those
His magic music rears above me,
No falsè friends, no truer foes,—
And does not Doña Clara love me?

"Cloaked shapes, a twanging of guitars,
A rush of feet, and rapiers clashing,
Then silence deep with breathless stars,
And overhead a white hand flashing.

"O music of all moods and climes,
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous, saintly,
Where still, between the Christian
chimes,
The Moorish cymbal tinkles faintly!

"O life borne lightly in the hand,
For friend or foe with grace Castilian!
O valley safe in Fancy's land,
Not tramped to mud yet by the
million!

"Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale
To his, my singer of all weathers,
My Calderon, my nightingale,
My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.

"Ah, friend, these singers dead so long,
And still, God knows, in purgatory,
Give its best sweetness to all song,
To Nature's self her better glory."

IN THE TWILIGHT

MEN say the sullen instrument,
That, from the Master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every fibre
sent,

Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
Old summers in its memory glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings;
It hears the April-loosened springs;
And mixes with its mood
All it dreamed when it stood
In the murmurous pine-wood
Long ago!

The magical moonlight then
Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance blown;
The wind through its glooms sang low,
And it swayed to and fro

With delight as it stood,
In the wonderful wood,
Long ago !

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, Live and rejoice ?
That asked not for causes and reasons,
But made us all feeling and voice ?
When we went with the winds in their
blowing,
When Nature and we were peers,
And we seemed to share in the flowing
Of the inexhaustible years ?
Have we not from the earth drawn juices
Too fine for earth's sordid uses ?
Have I heard, have I seen
All I feel, all I know ?
Doth my heart overween ?
Or could it have been
Long ago ?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odour from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendour that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music heard once by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,
As something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
As something too vague, could I name
it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago !

And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again,
Could I but speak it and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should once more have a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad,
Long ago !

THE FOOT-PATH

It mounts athwart the windy hill
Through shallow slopes of upland bare,
And Fancy climbs with foot-fall still
Its narrowing curves that end in air.

By day, a warmer-hearted blue
Stoops softly to that topmost swell ;
Its thread-like windings seem a clue
To gracious climes where all is well.

By night, far yonder, I surmise
An ampler world than clips my ken,
Where the great stars of happier skies
Commingle nobler fates of men.

I look and long, then haste me home,
Still master of my secret rare ;
Once tried, the path would end in Rome,
But now it leads me everywhere.

Forever to the new it guides,
From former good, old overmuch ;
What Nature for her poets hides,
'Tis wiser to divine than clutch.

The bird I list hath never come
Within the scope of mortal ear ;
My plying step would make him dumb,
And the fair tree, his shelter, sear.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,
Behind my inmost thought, he sings ;
No feet avail ; to hear it nigh,
The song itself must lend the wings.

Sing on, sweet bird, close hid, and raise
Those angel stairways in my brain,
That climb from these low-vaulted days
To spacious sunshines far from pain.

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment fleet,
I leave thy covert haunt untrod,
And envy Science not her feat
To make a twice-told tale of God.

They said the fairies tript no more,
And long ago that Pan was dead ;
'Twas but that fools preferred to bore
Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,
The fairies dance each full-mooned
night,
Would we but doff our lenses strong,
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

City of Elf-land, just without
Our seeing, marvel ever new,
Glimpsed in fair weather, a sweet doubt
Sketched-in, mirage-like, on the blue.

I build thee in yon sunset cloud,
Whose edge allures to climb the
height :
I hear thy drowned bells, inly-loud,
From still pools dusk with dreams of
night.

Thy gates are shut to hardest will,
Thy countersign of long-lost speech,—
Those fountained courts, those chambers
still,
Fronting Time's far East, who shall
reach?

I know not, and will never pry,
But trust our human heart for all ;
Wonders that from the seeker fly
Into an open sense may fall.

Hide in thine own soul, and surprise
The password of the unwary elves ;
Seek it, thou canst not bribe their
spies ;
Unsought, they whisper it themselves.

POEMS OF THE WAR

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

OCTOBER, 1861

ALONG a river-side, I know not where,
I walked one night in mystery of dream ;
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my
hair,

To think what chanced me by the pallid
gleam

Of a moon-wraith that waned through
haunted air.

Pale fireflies pulsed within the meadow-
mist

Their halos, wavering thistledowns of
light ;

The loon, that seemed to mock some
goblin tryst,

Laughed ; and the echoes, huddling in
affright,

Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down
the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my
ear

A movement in the stream that checked
my breath :

Was it the slow splash of a wading
deer?

But something said, "This water is of
Death !

The Sisters wash a shroud,—ill thing to
hear !"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient
Three

Known to the Greek's and to the North-
man's creed,

That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their
endless brede,

One song : "Time was, Time is, and
Time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had
deemed,

But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-mor-
row,

To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed ;
Something too high for joy, too deep for
sorrow,

Thrilled in their tones, and from their
faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they
have strawn,"

So sang they, working at their task the
while ;

"The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere
dawn :

For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's
isle ?

O'er what quenched grandeur must our
shroud be drawn ?

"Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
That gathered States like children round
his knees,

That tamed the wave to be his posting-
horse,

Feller of forests, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest son
of Thor's ?

"What make we, murmur'st thou ? and
what are we ?

When empires must be wound, we bring
the shroud,

The time-old web of the implacable
Three :

Is it too coarse for him, the young and
proud ?

Earth's mightiest deigned to wear it,—
why not he ?"

"Is there no hope ?" I moaned, "so
strong, so fair !

Our Fowler whose proud bird would
brook erewhile

No rival's swoop in all our western
air !

Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file
For him, life's morn yet golden in his
hair ?

"Leave me not hopeless, ye unpitying
dames !

I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who
scanned

The stars, Earth's elders, still must
noblest aims

Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands ?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of
names ?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with red
battle-dew,

Ye deem we choose the victor and the
slain :

Say, choose we them that shall be leal
and true

To the heart's longing, the high faith of
brain ?

Yet there the victory lies, if ye but knew.

"Three roots bear up Dominion : Know-
ledge, Will,—

These twain are strong, but stronger yet
the third,—

Obedience, — 'tis the great tap-root that
still,

Knit round the rock of Duty, is not
stirred,

Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend
their utmost skill.

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper ? 'Tis
not we

Denounce it, but the Law before all time :
The brave makes danger opportunity ;

The waverer, paltering with the chance
sublime,

Dwarfs it to peril : which shall Hesper be ?

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's
seat ?

To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their
maw ?

Hath he the Many's plaudits found more
sweet

Than Wisdom ? held Opinion's wind for
Law ?

Then let him hearken for the doomster's
feet !

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in
flintiest rock,

States climb to power by ; slippery those
with gold

Down which they stumble to eternal
mock :

No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre
hold,

Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell
the block.

"We sing old Sagas, songs of weal and woe,
Mystic because too cheaply understood ;
Dark sayings are not ours ; men hear
and know,
See Evil weak, see strength alone in
Good,
Yet hope to stem God's fire with walls of
tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time
Is,
That offers choice of glory or of gloom ;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely
his.
But hasten, Sisters ! for even now the
tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the
abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for
him,
Whose large horizon, westering, star by
star
Wins from the void to where an Ocean's
rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden
bar,
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow
dim !

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for
those
That walk unblenching through the trial-
fires ;
Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of
woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need blench confronted with
his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for
those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's
lines ;
Peace, too, brings tears ; and mid the
battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust with
darker sin.

"God, give us peace ! not such as lulls
to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with
purpose knit !
And let our Ship of State to harbour
sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for
their leap !"

So cried I with clenched hands and
passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side ;
Again the loon laughed mocking, and
again
The echoes bayed far down the night and
died,
While waking I recalled my wandering
brain.

TWO SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BLONDEL

AUTUMN, 1863

SCENE I.—*Near a castle in Germany.*

'TWERE no hard task, perchance, to win
The popular laurel for my song ;
'Twere only to comply with sin,
And own the crown, though snatched
by wrong :
Rather Truth's chaplet let me wear,
Though sharp as death its thorns may
sting ;
Loyal to Loyalty, I bear
No badge but of my rightful king.

Patient by town and tower I wait,
Or o'er the blustering moorland go ;
I buy no praise at cheaper rate,
Or what faint hearts may fancy so ;
For me, no joy in lady's bower,
Or hall, or tourney, will I sing,
'Till the slow stars wheel round the hour
That crowns my hero and my king.

While all the land runs red with strife,
And wealth is won by pedler-crimes,

Let who will find content in life
 And tinkle in unmanly rhymes ;
 I wait and seek ; through dark and light,
 Safe in my heart my hope I bring,
 Till I once more my faith may plight,
 To him my whole soul owns her king.

When power is filched by drone and dolt,
 And, with caught breath and flashing
 eye,
 Her knuckles whitening round the bolt,
 Vengeance leans eager from the sky,
 While this and that the people guess,
 And to the skirts of praters cling,
 Who count the crowd they should com-
 press,
 I turn in scorn to seek my king.

Shut in what tower of darkling chance
 Or dungeon of a narrow doom,
 Dream'st thou of battle axe and lance
 That for the Cross make crashing
 room ?
 Come ! with hushed breath the battle
 waits
 In the wild van thy mace's swing ;
 While doubters parley with their fates,
 Make thou thine own end ours, my
 king !

O, strong to keep upright the old,
 And wise to buttress with the new,
 Prudent, as only are the bold,
 Clear-eyed, as only are the true,
 To foes benign, to friendship stern,
 Intent to imp Law's broken wing,
 Who would not die, if death might earn
 The right to kiss thy hand, my king ?

SCENE II.—*An Inn near the Château of
 Chalus.*

WELL, the whole thing is over, and here
 I sit
 With one arm in a sling and a milk-
 score of gashes,
 And this flagon of Cyprus must e'en
 warm my wit,
 Since what's left of youth's flame is a
 head flecked with ashes.

I remember I sat in this very same inn,—
 I was young then, and one young man
 thought I was handsome, —
 I had found out what prison King
 Richard was in,
 And was spurring for England to push
 on the ransom.

How I scorned the dull souls that sat
 guzzling around
 And knew not my secret nor recked
 my derision !
 Let the world sink or swim, John[®] or
 Richard be crowned,
 All one, so the beer-tax got lenient
 revision.
 How little I dreamed, as I tramped up
 and down,
 That granting our wish one of Fate's
 saddest jokes is '
 I had mine with a vengeance,—my king
 got his crown,
 And made his whole business to break
 other folks's.

I might as well join in the safe old *tum,*
tum ;
 A hero 's an excellent loadstar,—but,
 bless ye,
 What infinite odds 'twixt a hero to come
 And your only too palpable hero *in*
esse !
 Precisely the odds (such examples are rife)
 'Twixt the poem conceived and the
 rhyme we make show of,
 'Twixt the boy's morning dream and the
 wake-up of life,
 'Twixt the Blondel God meant and a
 Blondel I know of !

But the world's better off, I'm convinced
 of it now,
 Than if heroes, like buns, could be
 bought for a penny
 To regard all mankind as their haltered
 milch-cow,
 And just care for themselves. Well,
 God cares for the many ;
 For somehow the poor old Earth blunders
 along,

Each son of hers adding his mite of
unfitness,
And, choosing the sure way of coming
out wrong,
Gets to port as the next generation will
witness.

You think her old ribs have come all
crashing through,

If a whisk of Fate's broom snap your
cobweb asunder ;

But her rivets were clinched by a wiser
than you,

And our sins cannot push the Lord's
right hand from under.

Better one honest man who can wait for
God's mind

In our poor shifting scene here though
heroes were plenty !

Better one bite, at forty, of Truth's bitter
rind,

Than the hot wine that gushed from
the vintage of twenty !

I see it all now : when I wanted a king,
'Twas the kingship that failed in myself

I was seeking,---

'Tis so much less easy to do than to sing,
So much simpler to reign by a proxy

than *be* king !

Yes, I think I *do* see : after all 's said and
sung,

Take this one rule of life and you never
will rue it,---

'Tis but do your own duty and hold your
own tongue

And Blondel were royal himself, if he
knew it !

MEMORIÆ POSITUM

R. G. SHAW

I

BENEATH the trees,
My lifelong friends in this dear spot,
Sad now for eyes that see them not,
I hear the autumnal breeze
Wake the dry leaves to sigh for gladness
gone,

Whispering vague omens of oblivion,
Hear, restless as the seas,
Time's grim feet rustling through the
withered grace
Of many a spreading realm and strong-
stemmed race,
Even as my own through these.

Why make we moan

For loss that doth enrich us yet
With upward yearnings of regret ?

Bleaker than unmossed stone
Our lives were but for this immortal gain
Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain !
As thrills of long-hushed tone

Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch
divine

Of noble natures gone.

'Twere indiscreet

To vex the shy and sacred grief
With harsh obtrusions of relief ;

Yet, Verse, with noiseless feet,
Go whisper : "*This* death hath far
choicer ends

Than slowly to impearl in hearts of
friends ;

These obsequies 'tis meet

Not to seclude in closets of the heart,
But, church-like, with wide doorways, to
impart

Even to the heedless street."

II

Brave, good, and true,
I see him stand before me now,
And read again, on that young brow,
Where every hope was new,
How sweet were life ! Yet, by the mouth
firm-set,
And look made up for Duty's utmost
debt,

I could divine he knew
That death within the sulphurous hostile
lines,
In the mere wreck of nobly-pitched
designs,
Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue.

Happy their end
 Who vanish down life's evening stream
 Placid as swans that drift in dream
 Round the next river-bend !
 Happy long life, with honour at the close,
 Friends' painless tears, the' softened
 thought of foes !

And yet, like him, to spend
 All at a gush, keeping our first faith surp
 From mid-life's doubt and eld's content-
 ment poor,

What more could Fortune send ?

Right in the van,
 On the red rampart's slippery swell,
 With heart that beat a charge, he fell
 Forward, as fits a man ;
 But the high soul burns on to light men's
 feet

Where death for noble ends makes dying
 sweet ;

His life her crescent's span
 Orbs full with share in their undarkening
 days

Who ever climbed the battailous steep's
 of praise

Since valour's praise began.

III

His life's expense
 Hath won him coeternal youth
 With the immaculate prime of Truth ;
 While we, who make pretence
 At living on, and wake and eat and sleep,
 And life's stale trick by repetition keep,
 Our fickle permanence
 (A poor leaf-shadow on a brook, whose
 play
 Of busy idlesse ceases with our day)
 Is the mere cheat of sense.

We bide our chance,
 Unhappy, and make terms with Fate
 A little more to let us wait ;
 He leads for aye the advance,
 Hope's forlorn-hopes that plant the
 desperate good
 For nobler Earths and days of manlier
 mood ;

Our wall of circumstance
 Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er the
 fight,

A saintly shape of fame, to cheer the right
 And steel each wavering glance.

I write of one,
 While with dim eyes I think of three ;
 Who weeps not others fair and brave
 as he ?

Ah, when the fight is won,
 Dear Land, whom triflers now make
 bold to scorn,

(Thee ! from whose forehead Earth
 awaits her morn.)

How nobler shall the sun
 Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe
 thy air,

That thou bred'st children who for thee
 could dare

And die as thine have done !

1863.

ON BOARD THE '76

WRITTEN FOR
 MR. BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

NOVEMBER 3, 1864

OUR ship lay tumbling in an angry sea,
 Her rudder gone, her mainmast o'er
 the side ;

Her scuppers, from the waves' clutch
 staggering free,

Trailed threads of priceless crimson
 through the tide ;

Sails, shrouds, and spars with pirate
 cannon torn,

We lay, awaiting morn.

Awaiting morn, such morn as mocks
 despair ;

And she that bare the promise of the
 world

Within her sides, now hopeless, helmless,
 bare,

At random o'er the wildering waters
 , hurled ;

The reck of battle drifting slow alee
 Not sullener than we.

Morn came at last to peer into our woe,
 When lo, a sul Now surely help
 was nigh,
 The red cross flames aloft, (hust)
 pledge but no,
 Her black guns gunning hate, she
 rushes by
 And hails us — "Guns the leak! Ay,
 so we thought!
 Sink, then, with curses fraught!"

I leaned against my gun still angry hot
 And my lids tingled with the tears
 held back
 This scorn methought was crueller than
 shot
 The manly death grip in the battle
 wrack,
 And run to yond run, were more friendly
 far
 Than such fear smothered woe

There our foe wallowed, like a wounded
 brute
 The fiercer for his hurt What now
 were best?
 Once more tug bravely at the peril
 roof,
 Though death came with it (On
 evade the test
 If right or wrong in this God's world of
 is
 Be leagued with mighty powers?

Some, faintly loy'd, felt their pulses lag
 With the slow beat that doubts and
 then despairs,
 Some, cutiff, would have struck the
 stony flag
 That knits us with our past, and
 makes us heirs
 Of deeds high hearted as were ever done
 Neath the all seeing sun

But there was one, the Singer of our
 crew,
 Upon whose head Age waved his
 peaceful sign,
 But whose red heart's blood no surrender
 knew,

And couchant under brows of massive
 line,
 The eyes, like guns beneath a parapet,
 Watched, charged with lightning
 yet

The voices of the hills did his obey,
 The torrents flashed and tumbled in
 his song,
 He brought our native hills from far
 away

Or set us mid the innumerable throng
 Of dateless woods, or where we heard
 the calm
 Old homestead's evening psalm

but now he sang of faith to things
 unseen,
 Of freedom's birthright given to us in
 trust,
 And words of doughty cheer he spoke
 between,
 That made all earthly fortune seem as
 dust,
 Matched with that duty old as Time and
 new,
 Of being brave and true

We, listening, learned what makes the
 might of words
 Manhood to back them, constant as a
 star,
 His voice rumbled home our cannon,
 edged our swords,
 And sent our borders shouting shroud
 and spai
 Heard him and stiffened, the souls he led,
 and woned
 The winds with loftier mood

In our dark hours he manned our guns
 again,
 Reminded ourselves from his own
 manhood's stores,
 Pride, honour, country, throbb'd through
 all his strain,
 And shall we praise? God's praise
 was his before,
 And on our futile hours he looks down,
 Himself our bravest crown

ODE RECITED AT THE
HARVARD COMMEMORATION

JULY 21 1865

I

Weak wind is song,
Nor aims at that clear ethered height
Whither the brave dead climb for light
We seem to do them wrong
Bringing our robin's leaf to deck their
house
Who in warm life blood wrote their
nobler verse,
Our trivial song, to honour those who
come
With ears attuned to strenuous tramp
and drum
And shaped in squadron strophes their
desire,
Five battle-oles whose lines were steel
and fire

Yet sometimes feathered words are
strong,
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From the dreariless ore, the common
grave
Of the unventurous throng

II

To day our Reverend Mother welcomes
back
Her wisest Scholars those who under
stood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tone
And offered their flesh lives to make
it good
No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names of
thing,
Or reading status to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
In from Death's idle gulf that for the
many waits,
And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In manly hearts to come, and nerves
them and dilates

Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all
Not such the trumpet call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful
nest
Of those half virtues which the world
calls best,
Into War's tumult rude;
But rather for that stern device
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle
stood
In the dim unventured wood,
The Virtues that lurk beneath
The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of white'er makes life worth
living,
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal
food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth
hath the giving

III

Many loved Truth, and wished life's
best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their
toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left
behind her
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for
her,
But these, our brothers, fought for
her,
At life's dear point wrought for her,
So loved her till they died for her,
Lusting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness.
Then higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves
are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to
do,
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness
round her

Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on
them in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and
glides
Into the silent hollow of the past ;
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the
last ?

Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall
outlive us ?

Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with
Fortune's fickle moon ?

The little that we see
From doubt is never free ;
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true ;
With our laborious living

What men call treasure, and the gods
call dross,

Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with
loss,

Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen
wires,

After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and
desires,

Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal
fires,

Are tossed pell-mell together in the
grave.

But stay ! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our
fate.

Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,

Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of
heaven ;

A seed of sunshine that can leaven
Our earthy dulness with the beams of
stars,

And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than
the Day ;

A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence ;

A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let
it be,

Still beaconing from the heights of
undegenerate years.

V

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads ?
Not down through flowery
meads,

To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate
way,

And every turf the fierce foot clings to
bleeds.

Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the
sword

Dreams in 'its easeful sheath ;
But some day the live coal behind the
thought,

Whether from Baäl's stone
obscene,

Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame ; the war of tongue
and pen

Learns with what deadly purpose it was
fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,

Shakes all the pillared state with shock
of men :

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foc-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful : " Was it, then,
my praise,
And not myself was loved ? Prove now
thy truth ;

I claim of thee the promise of thy youth ;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty
phrase,

The victim of thy genius, not its mate

Life may be given in many ways,

And loyalty to Truth be sealed

As bravely in the closet as the field,

So bountiful is Fate ;

But then to stand beside her,

When craven churls deride her,

To front a lie in arms and not to yield,

This shows, methinks, God's plan

And measure of a stalwart man,

Limbed like the old heroic breeds,

Who stands self-poised on man-

hood's solid earth,

Not forced to frame excuses for his
birth,

Fed from within with all the strength he
needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,

Whom late the Nation he had led,

With ashes on her head,

Wept with the passion of an angry grief :

Forgive me, if from present things I turn

To speak what in my heart will beat and
burn,

And hang my wreath on his world-
honoured urn.

Nature, they say, doth dote,

And cannot make a man

Save on some worn-out plan,

Repeating us by rote :

For him her Old-World moulds aside
she threw,

And, choosing sweet clay from the
breast

Of the unexhausted West,

With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,

Wise, steadfast in the strength of God,
and true.

How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind
indeed,

Who loved his charge, but never loved
to lead ;

One whose meek flock the people joyed
to be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth,

But by his clear-grained human
worth,

And brave old wisdom of sincerity !

They knew that outward grace is
dust ;

They could not choose but trust

In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering
skill,

And supple-tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring
again and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak
of mind,

Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy
bars,

A sea-mark now, now lost in
vapours blind ;

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-
lined,

Fruitful and friendly for all human
kind,

Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of
loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,

Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward
still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will ;

Here was a type of the true elder
race,

And one of Plutarch's men talked with
us face to face.

I praise him not ; it were too late ;

And some innate weakness there must
be

In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot

wait,

Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he :
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and
 drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes ;
 These all are gone, and, standing like
 a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foresee-
 ing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
 blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first
 American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can
 discern
 Or only guess some more inspiring
 goal
 Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
 Along whose course the flying axes
 burn
 Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's
 mantler brood ;
 Long as below we cannot find
 The meed that stills the inexorable
 mind ;
 So long this faith to some ideal Good,
 Under whatever mortal names it
 masks,
 Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal
 mood
 That thanks the Fates for their severer
 tasks,
 Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
 While others skulk in subterfugeschap,
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the
 boon it asks,
 Shall win man's praise and woman's
 love,
 Shall be a wisdom that we set above
 All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
 A virtue round whose forehead we
 inwreathe

Laurels that with a living passion
 breathe
 When other crowns grow, while we twine
 them, sear.
 What brings us thronging these high
 rites to pay,
 And seal these hours the noblest of our
 year,
 Save that our brothers found this
 better way ?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
 That flows with Freedom's honey and
 milk ;
 But 'twas they won it, sword in
 hand,
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as
 silk.
 We welcome back our bravest and our
 best :—
 Ah me ! not all ! some come not with
 the rest,
 Who went forth brave and bright as any
 here !
 I strive to mix some gladness with my
 strain,
 But the sad strings complain,
 And will not please the ear :
 I sweep them for a psalm, but they wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb
 turf wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died to
 gain :
 Fittier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving ;
 I with uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not. — Say
 not so !
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that
 repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the
 way ;
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the
 grave ;

No bar of endless night exiles the brave ;
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed
 behind.
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations
 blow !
 For never shall their aureoled presence
 lack :
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler
 show ;
 We find in our dull road their shining
 track ;
 In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspiration ;
 They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-hearted
 ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white Shields of Ex-
 pectation !

IX

But is there hope to save
 Even this ethereal essence from the
 grave ?
 What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle
 wrong
 Save a few clation names, or golden
 threads of song ?
 Before my musing eye
 The mighty ones of old sweep by,
 Disvoiced now and insubstantial things.
 As noisy once as we ; poor ghosts of
 kings,
 Shadows of empire wholly gone to
 dust,
 And many races, nameless long ago,
 To darkness driven by that imperious
 gust
 Of ever-rushing Time that here doth
 blow :
 O visionary world, condition strange,
 Where naught abiding is but only
 Change,
 Where the deep-bolted stars themselves
 still shift and range !

Shall we to more continuance make
 pretence ?
 Renown builds tombs ; a life-estate is
 Wit ;
 And, bit by bit,
 The cunning years steal all from us but
 woe ;
 Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest
 sow.
 But, when we vanish hence,
 Shall they lie forceless in the dark
 below,
 Save to make green their little length
 of sods,
 Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
 Who now to us are shining-sweet as
 gods ?
 Was dying all they had the skill to
 do ?
 That were not fruitless : but the Soul
 resents
 Such short-lived service, as if blind
 events
 Ruled without her, or earth could so
 endure ;
 She claims a more divine investiture
 Of longer tenure than Fame's airy
 rents ;
 Whate'er she touches doth her nature
 share ;
 Her inspiration haunts the ennobled
 air,
 Gives eyes to mountains blind,
 Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the
 wind,
 And her clear trump sings succour
 everywhere
 By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful
 mind ;
 For soul inherits all that soul could
 dare :
 Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
 And larger privilege of life than man.
 The single deed, the private sacrifice,
 So radiant now through proudly-hidden
 tears,
 Is covered up ere long from mortal
 eyes
 With thoughtless drift of the deciduous
 years ;

But that high privilege that makes all
 men peers,
 That leap of heart whereby a people
 rise
 Up to a noble anger's height,
 And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink,
 but grow more bright,
 That swift validity in noble veins,
 Of choosing danger and disdaining
 shame,
 Of being set on flame
 By the pure fire that flies all contact
 base,
 But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
 These are imperishable gains,
 Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
 These hold great futures in their lusty
 reins
 And certify to earth a new imperial
 race.

x

Who now shall sneer?
 Who dare again to say we trace
 Our lines to a plebeian race?
 Roundhead and Cavalier!
 Dumb are those names awhile in battle
 loud;
 Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
 They flit across the ear:
 That is best blood that hath most iron
 in't.
 To edge resolve with, pouring without
 stint
 For what makes manhood dear.
 Tell us not of Plantagenets,
 Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods
 crawl
 Down from some victor in a border-
 brawl!
 How poor their outworn coronets,
 Matched with one leaf of that plain civic
 wreath
 Our brave for honour's blazon shall
 bequeath,
 Through whose desert a rescued Nation
 sets
 Her heel on treason, and the trumpet
 hears

Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen
 ears
 With vain resentments and more vain
 regrets!

xi

Not in anger, not in pride,
 Pure from passion's mixture rude
 Ever to base earth allied,
 But with far-heard gratitude,
 Still with heart and voice re-
 newed,
 To heroes living and dear martyrs
 dead,
 The strain should close that consecrates
 our brave.
 Lift the heart and lift the head!
 Lofty be its mood and grave,
 Not without a martial ring,
 Not without a prouder tread
 And a peal of exultation:
 Little right has he to sing
 Through whose heart in such an
 hour
 Beats no march of conscious
 power,
 Sweeps no tumult of elation!
 'Tis no Man we celebrate,
 By his country's victories great,
 A hero half, and half the whim of
 Fate,
 But the pith and marrow of a
 Nation
 Drawing force from all her men,
 Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
 For her time of need, and then,
 Pulsing it again through them,
 Till the basest can no longer cower,
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
 Touched but in passing by her mantle-
 hem.
 Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis
 her dower!
 How could poet ever tower,
 If his passions, hopes, and fears,
 If his triumphs and his tears,
 Kept not measure with his
 people?
 Boom, cannon, boom* to all the winds
 and waves!

Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking
steeple !

Banners, adance with triumph, bend
your staves !

And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon
speak,

Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface
he,

And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air
breathe braver :

" Be proud ! for she is saved, and all
have helped to save her !

She that lifts up the manhood of
the poor,

She of the open soul and open
door,

With room about her hearth for all
mankind !

The fire is dreadful in her eyes no
more ;

From her bold front the helm she
doth unbind,

Sends all her handmaid armies back
to spin,

And bids her navies, that so lately
hurled

Their crashing battle, hold their
thunders in,

Swimming like birds of calm along
the unharmed shore.

No challenge sends she to the elder
world,

That looked askance and hated ; a
light scorn

Plays o'er her mouth, as round her
mighty knees

She calls her children back, and
waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her
subject seas."

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast
found release !

Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of
His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought
thy peace !

Bow down in prayer and praise !

No poorest in thy borders but may
now

Lift to the juster skies a man's en-
franchised brow.

O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once
more !

Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled
hair

O'er such sweet brows as never other
wore,

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,

The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know
it,

Among the Nations bright beyond
compare ?

What were our lives without
thee ?

What all our lives to save thee ?

We reck not what we gave thee ;

We will not dare to doubt thee,

But ask whatever else, and we will
dare !

L'ENVOI

TO THE MUSE

WHITHER ? Albeit I follow fast,
In all life's circuit I but find,
Not where thou art, but where thou wast,

Sweet beckoner, more fleet than wind !
I haunt the pine-dark solitudes,
With soft brown silence carpeted,
And plot to snare thee in the woods :
Peace I o'ertake, but thou art fled !

I find the rock where thou didst rest,
The moss thy skimming foot hath prest ;

All Nature with thy parting thrills,
Like branches after birds new-flown ;

Thy passage hill and hollow fills
With hints of virtue not their own ;
In dimples still the water slips
Where thou hast dipt thy finger-tips ;

Just, just beyond, forever burn
Gleams of a grace without return ;

Upon thy shade I plant my foot,
And through my frame strange raptures
shoot ;

All of thee but thyself I grasp ;

I seem to fold thy luring shape,
And vague air to my bosom clasp,
Thou lithic, perpetual Escape !

One mask and then another drops,
And thou art secret as before :

Sometimes with flooded ear I list,
And hear thee, wondrous organist,
From mighty continental stops
A thunder of new music pour ;
Through pipes of earth and air and stone
Thy inspiration deep is blown ;
Through mountains, forests, open downs,
Lakes, railroads, prairies, states, and
towns,

Thy gathering fugue goes rolling on
From Maine to utmost Oregon,
The factory-wheels in cadence hum,
From brawling parties concords come :
All this I hear, or seem to hear,
But when, enchanted, I draw near
To mate with words the various theme,
Life seems a whiff of kitchen steam,
History an organ-grinder's thrum,

For thou hast slipped from it and me
And all thine organ-pipes left dumb,
Most mutable Perversity !

Not weary yet, I still must seek,
And hope for luck next day, next week :
I go to see the great man ride,
Shiplike, the swelling human tide
That floods to bear him into port,
Trophied from Senate-hall and Court ;
Thy magnetism, I feel it there,
Thy rhythmic presence fleet and rare,

Making the Mob a moment fine
With glimpses of their own Divine,
As in their demigod they see

Their cramped ideal soaring free ;
'Twas thou didst bear the fire about,
That, like the springing of a mine
Sent up to heaven the street-long shout ;
Full well I know that thou wast here,
It was thy breath that brushed my ear ;
But vainly in the stress and whirl
I dive for thee, the moment's pearl.

Through every shape thou well canst
run,

Proteus, 'twixt rise and set of sun,
Well pleased with logger-camps in Maine
As where Milan's pale *Duomo* lies
A stranded glacier on the plain,
Its peaks and pinnacles of ice
Melted in many a quaint device,
And sees, above the city's din,
Afar its silent Alpine kin :

I track thee over carpets deep
To wealth's and beauty's inmost keep ;
Across the sand of bar-room floors
Mid the stale reek of boozing boots ;
Where drowse the hay-field's fragrant
heats,

Or the flail-heart of Autumn beats ;
I dog thee through the market's throngs
To where the sea with myriad tongues
Laps the green edges of the pier,
And the tall ships that eastward steer,
Curtsy their farewells to the town,
O'er the curved distance lessening down ;
I follow allwhere for thy sake.

Touch thy robe's hem, but ne'er o'ertake,
Find where, scarce yet unmoving, lies,
Warm from thy limbs, thy last dis-
guise ;

But thou another shape hast donned,
And lurest still just, just beyond !

But here a voice, I know not whence,
Thrills clearly through my inward sense,
Saying : " See where she sits at home
While thou in search of her dost roam !
All summer long her ancient wheel

Whirls humming by the open door,
Or, when the hickory's social zeal

Sets the wide chimney in a roar,
Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,
It modulates the household mirth
With that sweet serious undertone
Of duty, music all her own ;
Still as of old she sits and spins
Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins ;
With equal care she twines the fates
Of cottages and mighty states ;
She spins the earth, the air, the sea,
The maiden's unschooled fancy free,
The boy's first love, the man's first
grief,

The budding and the fall o' the leaf ·
The piping west-wind's snowy care
For her their cloudy fleeces spare,
Or from the thorns of evil times
She can glean wool to twist her
rhymes ;

Morning and noon and eve supply
To her their fairest tints for dye,
But ever through her twirling thread
There spires one line of warmest red,
Tinged from the homestead's genial
heart,

The stamp and warrant of her art ;
With this Time's sickle she outwears,
And blunts the Sisters' baffled shears.

"Harass her not : thy heat and stir
But greater coyness breed in her ;
Yet thou mayst find, ere Age's frost,
Thy long apprenticeship not lost,
Learning at last that Stygian Fate
Unbends to him that knows to wait.
The Muse is womanish, nor deigns
Her love to him that pules and plains ;
With proud, averted face she stands
To him that woos with empty hands.
Make thyself free of Manhood's guild ;
Pull down thy barns and greater build ;
The wood, the mountain, and the plain
Wave breast-deep with the poet's grain ;
Pluck thou the sunset's fruit of gold,
Glean from the heavens and ocean old ;
From fireside lone and trampling street
Let thy life garner daily wheat ;
The epic of a man rehearse,
Be something better than thy verse ;
Make thyself rich, and then the Muse
Shall court thy precious interviews,
Shall take thy head upon her knee,
And such enchantment lilt to thee,
That thou shalt hear the life-blood flow
From farthest stars to grass-blades low,
And find the Listener's science still
Transcends the Singer's deepest skill !"

THE CATHEDRAL

TO

MR. JAMES T. FIELDS

MY DEAR FIELDS :

Dr. Johnson's sturdy self-respect led him to invent the Bookseller as a substitute for the Patron. My relations with you have enabled me to discover how pleasantly the Friend may replace the Bookseller. Let me record my sense of many thoughtful services by associating your name with a poem which owes its appearance in this form to your partiality.

Cordially yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

CAMBRIDGE, *November 29, 1869.*

FAR through the memory shines a happy
day,
Cloudless of care, down-shod to every
sense,
And simply perfect from its own resource,

As to a bee the new campanula's
Illuminate seclusion swung in air,
Such days are not the prey of setting suns,
Nor ever blurred with mist of after-
thought ;

Like words made magical by poets
 dead,
 Wherein the music of all meaning is
 The sense hath garnered or the soul
 divined,
 They mingle with our life's ethereal
 part,
 Sweetening and gathering sweetness ever-
 more,
 By beauty's franchise disenfranchised of
 time.

I can recall, nay, they are present still,
 Parts of myself, the perfume of my
 mind,
 Days that seem farther off than Homer's
 now
 Ere yet the child had loudened to the
 boy,
 And I, recluse from playmates, found
 perforce
 Companionship in things that not denied
 Nor granted wholly; as is Nature's
 wont,
 Who, safe in uncontaminated reserve,
 Lets us mistake our longing for her love,
 And mocks with various echo of our-
 selves.

These first sweet frauds upon our con-
 sciousness,
 That blend the sensual with its imaged
 world,
 These virginal cognitions, gifts of morn,
 Ere life grow noisy, and slower-footed
 thought
 Can overtake the rapture of the sense,
 To thrust between ourselves and what
 we feel,
 Have something in them secretly divine.
 Vainly the eye, once schooled to serve
 the brain,
 With pains deliberate studies to renew
 The ideal vision: second-thoughts are
 prose;
 For beauty's acme hath a term as brief
 As the wave's poise before it break in
 pearl.
 Our own breath dims the mirror of the
 sense,

Looking too long and closely: at a
 flash

We snatch the essential grace of mean-
 ing out,

And that first passion beggars all behind,
 Heirs of a tamer transport prepossessed.
 Who, seeing once, has truly seen again
 The gray vague of unsympathising sea
 That dragged his Fancy from her moor
 ings back

To shores inhospitable of eldest time,
 Till blank foreboding of earth-generated
 powers,

Pitiless seignories in the elements,
 Omnipotences blind that darkling smite,
 Misgave him, and repaganised the world?
 Yet, by some subtler touch of sympathy,
 These primal apprehensions, dimly stirred,
 Perplex the eye with pictures from
 within.

This hath made poets dream of lives
 foregone

In worlds fantastical, more fair than
 ours;

So Memory cheats us, glimpsing half-
 revealed.

Even as I write she tries her wonted
 spell

In that continuous redbreast boding rain:
 The bird I hear sings not from yonder
 elm;

But the flown ecstasy my childhood
 heard

Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
 Haply made sweeter by the accumulate
 thrill

That threads my undivided life and
 steals

A pathos from the years and graves
 between.

I know not how it is with other men,
 Whom I but guess, deciphering myself;
 For me, once felt is so felt never-
 more.

The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
 Had in it the best ferment of the wine.
 One spring I knew as never any since:
 All night the surges of the warm south-
 west

Boomed intermittent through the wallow-
 ing elms,
 And brought a morning from the Gulf
 adrift,
 Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick
 charm
 Started with crocuses the sullen turf
 And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of
 song :
 One summer hour abides, what time I
 perched,
 Dappled with noonday, under simmering
 leaves,
 And pulled the pulpy oxhearts, while
 aloof
 An oriole clattered and the robins
 shrilled,
 Denouncing me an alien and a thief :
 One morn of autumn lords it o'er the
 rest,
 When in the lane I watched the ash-
 leaves fall,
 Balancing softly earthward without wind,
 Or twirling with director impulse down
 On those fallen yesterday, now barbed
 with frost,
 While I grew pensive with the pensive
 year :
 And once I learned how marvellous
 winter was,
 When past the fence-rails, downy-gray
 with rime,
 I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled
 crust
 That made familiar fields seem far and
 strange
 As those stark wastes that whiten end-
 lessly
 In ghastly solitude about the pole,
 And gleam relentless to the unsetting
 sun :
 Instant the candid chambers of my brain
 Were painted with these sovran images ;
 And later visions seem but copies pale
 From those unfading frescos of the past,
 Which I, young savage, in my age of
 flint,
 Gazed at, and dimly felt a power in me
 Parted from Nature by the joy in her
 That doubtfully revealed me to myself.

Thenceforward I must stand outside the
 gate ;
 And paradise was paradise the more,
 Known once and barred against satiety.
 What we call Nature, all outside our-
 selves,
 Is but our own conceit of what we see,
 Our own reaction upon what we feel ;
 The world 's a woman to our shifting
 mood,
 Feeling with us, or making due pre-
 tence ; -
 And therefore we the more persuade
 ourselves
 To make all things our thought's con-
 federates,
 Conniving with us in whate'er we dream.
 So when our Fancy seeks analogies,
 Though she have hidden what she after
 finds,
 She loves to cheat herself with feigned
 surprise.
 I find my own complexion everywhere :
 No rose, I doubt, was ever, like the first,
 A marvel to the bush it dawned upon,
 The rapture of its life made visible,
 The mystery of its yearning realised,
 As the first babe to the first woman born ;
 No falcon ever felt delight of wings
 As when, an eyas, from the stolid cliff
 Loosing himself, he followed his high
 heart
 To swim on sunshine, masterless as wind ;
 And I believe the brown earth takes
 delight
 In the new snowdrop looking back at
 her,
 To think that by some vernal alchemy
 It could transmute her darkness into
 pearl ;
 What is the buxom peony after that,
 With its coarse constancy of hoyden
 blush ?
 What the full summer to that wonder
 new ?
 But, if in nothing else, in us there is
 A sense fastidious hardly recopied
 To the poor makeshifts of life's scenery.

Where the same slide must double all its
parts,
Shoved in for Tarsus and hitched back
for Tyre.

I blame not in the soul this daintiness,
Rasher of surfeit than a humming-bird,
In things indifferent by sense purveyed ;
It argues her an immortality
And dateless incomes of experience,
This unthrif housekeeping that will not
brook

A dish warmed-over at the feast of life,
And finds Twice stale, served with what-
ever sauce.

Nor matters much how it may go with me
Who dwell in Grub Street and am proud
to drudge

Where men, my betters, wet their crust
with tears :

Use can make sweet the peach's shady
side,

That only by reflection tastes of sun.

But she, my Princess, who will some-
times deign

My garret to illumine till the walls,
Narrow and dingy, scrawled with hack-
neyed thought

(Poor Richard slowly elbowing Plato
out),

Dilate and drape themselves with tapes-
tries

Nausikaa might have stooped o'er, while,
between,

Mirrors, effaced in their own clearness,
send

Her only image on through deepening
depths

With endless repercussion of delight,—
Bringer of life, witching each sense to
soul,

That sometimes almost gives me to
believe

I might have been a poet, gives at least
A brain desaxonomised, an ear that makes
Music where none is, and a keener pang
Of exquisite surmise outleaping thought,—
Her will I pamper in her luxury :
No crumpled rose-leaf of too careless
choice

Shall bring a northern nightmare to her
dreams,

Vexing with sense of exile ; hers shall be
The invitate firstlings of experience,
Vibrations felt but once and felt life long :
Oh, more than half-way turn that Grecian
front

Upon me, while with self-rebuke I spell,
On the plain fillet that confines thy hair
In conscious bounds of seeming un-
constraint,

The *Naught in overplus*, thy race's
badge !

One feast for her I secretly designed
In that Old World so strangely beautiful
To us the disinherited of eld,—

A day at Chartres, with no soul beside
To roil with pedant prate my joy serene
And make the minster shy of confidence.
I went, and, with the Saxon's pious care,
First ordered dinner at the pea-green
inn.

The flies and I its only customers.
Eluding these, I loitered through the
town,

With hope to take my minster unawares
In its grave solitude of memory.

A pretty burgh, and such as Fancy loves
For bygone grandeurs, faintly rumorously
now

Upon the mind's horizon, as of storm
Brooding its dreamy thunders far aloof,
That mingle with our mood, but not
disturb.

Its once grim bulwarks, tamed to lovers'
walks,

Look down unwatchful on the sliding
Eure,

Whose listless leisure suits the quiet place,
Lisping among his shallows homelike
sounds

At Concord and by Bankside heard
before.

Chance led me to a public pleasure-
ground,

Where I grew kindly with the merry
groups,

And blessed the Frenchman for his
simple art

Of being domestic in the light of day.
 His language has no word, we growl, for
 Home ;
 But he can find a fireside in the sun,
 Play with his child, make love, and
 shriek his mind,
 By throngs of strangers undispriced.
 He makes his life a public gallery,
 Nor feels himself till what he feels comes
 back
 In manifold reflection from without ;
 While we, each pore alert with conscious-
 ness,
 Hide our best selves as we had stolen
 them,
 And each bystander a detective were,
 Keen-eyed for every chink of undisguise.

So, musing o'er the problem which was
 best,—
 A life wide-windowed, shining all abroad,
 Or curtains drawn to shield from sight
 profane
 The rites we pay to the mysterious I,—
 With outward senses furloughed and
 head bowed
 I followed some fine instinct in my feet,
 Till, to unbend me from the loom of
 thought,
 Looking up suddenly, I found mine
 eyes
 Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
 Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
 Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
 That hears afar the breeze-borne rote and
 longs,
 Remembering shocks of surf that clomb
 and fell,
 Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
 It rose before me, patiently remote
 From the great tides of life it breasted
 once,
 Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
 I stood before the triple northern port,
 Where dedicated shapes of saints and
 kings,
 Stern faces bleared with immemorial
 watch,
 Looked down benignly grave and seemed
 to say,

L

*Ye come and go incessant ; we remain
 Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past ;
 Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
 Of faith so nobly realised as this.*

I seem to have heard it said by learned
 folk
 Who drench you with æsthetics till you
 feel
 As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
 The faucet to let loose a wash of words,
 That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore
 worse ;
 But, being convinced by much experi-
 ment
 How little inventiveness there is in man,
 Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
 For a new relish, careless to inquire
 My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please,
 Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to art.
 The Grecian gluts me with its perfect-
 ness,
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
 The one thing finished in this hasty
 world,
 Forever finished, though the barbarous
 pit,
 Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout
 As if a miracle could be encored.
 But ah ! this other, this that never ends,
 Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
 As full of morals half-divined as life,
 Graceful, grotesque, with ever new sur-
 prise
 Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
 Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
 Imagination's very self in stone !
 With one long sigh of infinite release
 From pedantic past, present, or to
 come,
 I looked, and owned myself a happy
 Goth.
 Your blood is mine, ye architects of
 dream,
 Builders of aspiration incomplete,
 So more consummate, souls self-con-
 fident,
 Who felt your own thought worthy of
 record
 In monumental pomp ! No Grecian
 drop .

2 F

Rebukes these veins that leap with
kindred thrill,
After long exile, to the mother-tongue.

Ovid in Pontus, pining for his Rome
Of men invirile and disnured dames
That poison sucked from the Attic bloom
decayed,
Shrank with a shudder from the blue-
eyed race

Whose force rough-handed should renew
the world,
And from the dregs of Romulus express
Such wine as Dante poured, or he who
blew

Roland's vain blast, or sang the Cam-
peador

In verse that clanks like armour in the
charge,

Homeric juice, though brimmed in Odin's
horn.

And they could build, if not the columned
fane

That from the height gleaned seaward
many-hued,

Something more friendly with their ruder
skies :

The gray spire, molten now in diving
mist,

Now lulled with the incommunicable
blue ;

The carvings touched to meaning new
with snow,

Or commented with fleeting grace of
shade ;

The statues, motley as man's memory,
Partial as that, so mixed of true and
false,

History and legend meeting with a kiss
Across this bound-mark where their
realms confine ;

The painted windows, freking gloom
with glow,

Dusking the sunshine which they seem to
cheer,

Meet symbol of the senses and the soul,
And the whole pile, grim with the North-
man's thought

Of life and death, and doom, life's equal
fee,—

These were before me : and I gazed
abashed,

Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful
Past,

And twittering round the work of larger
men,

As we had builded what we but deface.
Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
Tossing their clangours o'er the heedless
town,

To call the worshippers who never came,
Or women mostly, in loath twos and
threes.

I entered, reverent of whatever shrine
Guards piety and solace for my kind
Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,
And shared decorous in the ancient rite
My sterner fathers held idolatrous.

The service over, I was tranced in
thought :

Solemn the deepening vaults, and most
to me,

Fresh from the fragile realm of deal and
paint,

Or brick mock-pious with a marble front ;
Solemn the lift of high-embowered roof,
The clustered stems that spread in boughs
disleaved,

Through which the organ blew a dream
of storm,

Though not more potent to sublime with
awe

And shut the heart up in tranquillity,
Than aisles to me familiar that o'erarch
The conscious silences of brooding woods,
Centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk :
Yet here was sense of undefined regret,
Irreparable loss, uncertain what :

Was all this grandeur but anachronism,
A shell divorced of its informing life,
Where the priest housed him like a
hermit-crab,

An alien to that faith of elder days
That gathered round it this fair shape of
stone ?

Is old Religion but a spectre now,
Haunting the solitude of darkened minds,
Mocked out of memory by the sceptic
day ?

Is there no corner safe from peeping
 Doubt,
 Since Gutenberg made thought cosmo-
 polite
 And stretched electric threads from mind
 to mind?
 Nay, did Faith build this wonder? or
 did Fear,
 That makes a fetish and misnames it God
 (Blockish or metaphysic, matters not),
 Contrive this coop to shut its tyrant in,
 Appeased with playthings, that he might
 not harm?

I turned and saw a beldame on her knees;
 With eyes astray, she told mechanic beads
 Before some shrine of saintly womanhood,
 Bribed intercessor with the far-off Judge:
 Such my first thought, by kindlier soon
 rebuked,

Pleading for whatsoever touches life
 With upward impulse: be He nowhere
 else,

God is in all that liberates and lifts,
 In all that humbles, sweetens, and con-
 soles:

Blessed the natures shored on every side
 With landmarks of hereditary thought!
 Thrice happy they that wander not life
 long

Beyond near succour of the household
 faith,

The guarded fold that shelters, not con-
 fines!

Their steps find patience in familiar paths,
 Printed with hope by loved feet gone
 before

Of parent, child, or lover, glorified
 By simple magic of dividing Time.

My lids were moistened as the woman
 knelt,

And—was it will, or some vibration faint
 Of sacred Nature, deeper than the will?—
 My heart occultly felt itself in hers,
 Through mutual intercession gently
 leagued.

Or was it not mere sympathy of brain?
 A sweetness intellectually conceived
 In simpler creeds to me impossible?

A juggle of that pity for ourselves
 In others, which puts on such pretty
 masks

And snares self-love with bait of charity?
 Something of all it might be, or of none:
 Yet for a moment I was snatched away
 And had the evidence of things not seen;
 For one rapt moment; then it all came
 back,

This age that blots out life with question-
 marks,

This nineteenth century with its knife and
 glass

That make thought physical, and thrust
 far off

The Heaven, so neighbourly with man of
 old,

To voids sparse-sown with alienated stars.

'Tis irrecoverable, that ancient faith,
 Homely and wholesome, suited to the
 time,

With rod or candy for child-minded men:
 No theologic tube, with lens on lens
 Of syllogism transparent, brings it near,—
 At best resolving some new nebula,
 Or blurring some fixed-star of hope to
 mist.

Science was Faith once; Faith were
 Science now,

Would she but lay her bow and arrows
 by

And arm her with the weapons of the
 time.

Nothing that keeps thought out is safe
 from thought.

For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
 And Truth defensive hath lost hold on
 God.

Shall we treat Him as if He were a child
 That knew not His own purpose? nor
 dare trust

The Rock of Ages to their chemic tests,
 Lest some day the all-sustaining base
 divine

Should fall from under us, dissolved in
 gas?

The armed eye that with a glance discerns
 In a dry blood-speck between ox and

Stares helpless at this miracle called life,
 This shaping potency behind the egg,
 This circulation swift of deity,
 Where suns and systems inconspicuous
 float
 As the poor blood-disks in our mortal
 veins.
 Each age must worship its own thought
 of God,
 More or less earthy, clarifying still
 With subsidence continuous of the dregs ;
 Nor saint nor sage could fix immutably
 The fluent image of the unstable Best,
 Still changing in their very hands that
 wrought :
 To-day's eternal truth To-morrow proved
 Frail as frost-landscapes on a window-
 pane.
 Meanwhile Thou smiledst, inaccessible,
 At Thought's own substance made a cage
 for Thought,
 And Truth locked fast with her own
 master-key ;
 Nor didst Thou reckon what image man
 might make
 Of his own shadow on the flowing world ;
 The climbing instinct was enough for
 Thee.
 Or wast Thou, then, an ebbing tide that
 left
 Strewn with dead miracle those eldest
 shores,
 For men to dry, and dryly lecture on,
 Thyself thenceforth incapable of flood ?
 Idle who hopes with prophets to be
 snatched
 By virtue in their mantles left below ;
 Shall the soul live on other men's report,
 Herself a pleasing fable of herself ?
 Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would,
 Nor so abscond him in the caves of sense
 But Nature still shall search some crevice
 out
 With messages of splendour from that
 Source
 Which, dive he, soar he, baffles still and
 lures.
 This life were brutish did we not some-
 times
 Have intimation clear of wider scope,

Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
 The soul alert with noble discontent
 And onward yearnings of unstilled desire ;
 Fruitless, except we now and then
 divined
 A mystery of Purpose, gleaming through
 The secular confusions of the world,
 Whose will we darkly accomplish, doing
 ours.
 No man can think nor in himself perceive,
 Sometimes at waking, in the street some-
 times,
 Or on the hillside, always unforewarned,
 A grace of being, finer than himself,
 That beckons and is gone, a larger life
 Upon his own impinging, with swift
 glimpse
 Of spacious circles luminous with mind,
 To which the ethereal substance of his
 own
 Seems but gross cloud to make that
 visible,
 Touched to a sudden glory round the
 edge.
 Who that hath known these visitations
 fleet
 Would strive to make them trite and
 ritual ?
 I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
 Loving those roots that feed us from the
 past,
 And prizing more than Plato things I
 learned
 At that best academe, a mother's knee,
 Thrice in my life perhaps have truly
 prayed,
 Thrice, stired below my conscious self,
 have felt
 That perfect disenthralment which is
 God ;
 Nor know I which to hold worst enemy,
 Him who on speculation's windy waste
 Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment
 warm
 By Faith contrived against our nakedness,
 Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain
 obscure,
 With painted saints and paraphrase of
 God,
 The soul's east-window of divine surprise.

Where others worship I but look and long ;
 For, though not recreant to my fathers' faith,
 Its forms to me are weariness, and most
 That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,
 Still pumping phrases for the Ineffable,
 Though all the valves of memory gasp
 and wheeze.
 Words that have drawn transcendent
 meanings up
 From the best passion of all bygone
 time,
 Steeped through with tears of triumph and
 remorse,
 Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed in
 martyr-fires,
 Can they, so consecrate and so inspired,
 By repetition wane to vexing wind ?
 Alas ! we cannot draw habitual breath
 In the thin air of life's supream heights,
 We cannot make each meal a sacrament,
 Nor with our tailors be disembodied souls, --
 We men, too conscious of earth's comedy,
 Who see two sides, with our posed selves
 debate,
 And only for great stakes can be sublime !
 Let us be thankful when, as I do here,
 We can read Bethel on a pile of stones,
 And, seeing where God *has* been, trust
 in Him.

Brave Peter Fischer there in Nuremberg,
 Moulding Saint Sebald's miracles in
 bronze,
 Put saint and stander-by in that quaint
 garb
 Familiar to him in his daily walk,
 Not doubting God could grant a miracle
 Then and in Nuremberg, if so He would :
 But never artist for three hundred years
 Hath dared the contradiction ludicrous
 Of supernatural in modern clothes.
 Perhaps the deeper faith that is to come
 Will see God rather in the strenuous
 doubt,
 Than in the creed held as an infant's
 hand
 Holds purposeless whatso is placed there-
 in.

Say it is drift, not progress, none the
 less,
 With the old sextant of the fathers' creed,
 We shape our courses by new-risen stars,
 And, still lip-loyal to what once was
 truth,
 Smuggle new meanings under ancient
 names,
 Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit, Time.
 Change is the mask that all Continuance
 wears
 To keep us youngsters harmlessly amused ;
 Meanwhile some ailing or more watchful
 child,
 Sitting apart, sees the old eyes gleam out,
 Stern, and yet soft with humorous pity
 too.
 Whilere, men burnt men for a doubtful
 point,
 As if the mind were quenched with fire,
 And Faith danced round them with her
 war-paint on,
 Devoutly savage as an Iroquois ;
 Now Calvin and Servetus at one board
 Snuff in grave sympathy a milder roast,
 And o'er their claret settle Comte unread.
 Fagot and stake were desperately sincere :
 Our cooler martyrdoms are done in
 types ;
 And flames that shine in controversial
 eyes
 Burn out no brains but his who kindles
 them.
 This is no age to get cathedrals built :
 Did God, then, wait for one in Bethle-
 hem ?
 Worst is not yet : lo, where his coming
 looms,
 Of Earth's anarchic children latest born,
 Democracy, a Titan who hath learned
 To laugh at Jove's old-fashioned thunder-
 bolts, --
 Could he not also forge them, if he
 would ?
 He, better skilled, with solvents merci-
 less,
 Loosened in air and borne on every wind,
 Saps unperceived : the calm Olympian
 height
 Of ancient order feels its bases yield,

And pale gods glance for help to gods as
pale.

What will be left of good or worshipful,
Of spiritual secrets, mysteries,
Of fair religion's guarded heritage,
Heirlooms of soul, passed downward un-
profaned

From eldest Ind? This Western giant
coarse,

Scorning refinements which he lacks him-
self,

Loves not nor heeds the ancestral hier-
archies,

Each rank dependent on the next above

In orderly gradation fixed as fate.

King by mere manhood, nor allowing
aught

Of holier unction than the sweat of toil ;
In his own strength sufficient ; called to
solve,

On the rough edges of society,
Problems long sacred to the choicer few,
And improvise what elsewhere men
receive

As gifts of deity ; tough foundling reared
Where every man 's his own Melchisedek,
How make him reverent of a King of
kings?

Or Judge self-made, executor of laws
By him not first discussed and voted on?
For him no tree of knowledge is forbid,
Or sweeter if forbid. How save the ark,
Or holy of holies, unprofaned a day
From his unscrupulous curiosity
That handles everything as if to buy,
Tossing aside what fabrics delicate
Suit not the rough-and-tumble of his
ways?

What hope for those fine-nerved humani-
ties

That made earth gracious once with
gentler arts,

Now the rude hands have caught the
trick of thought

And claim an equal suffrage with the
brain?

The borr disciple of an elder time,
(To me sufficient, friendlier than the
new,)

Who in my blood feel motions of the
Past,

I thank benignant nature most for this,—
A force of sympathy, or call it lack
Of character firm-planted, loosing me
From the pent chamber of habitual self
To dwell enlarged in alien modes of
thought,

Haply distasteful, wholesomer for that,
And through imagination to possess,
As they were mine, the lives of other men.
This growth original of virgin soil,
By fascination felt in opposites,
Pleases and shocks, entices and perturbs.
In this brown-fisted rough, this shirt-
sleeved Cid,

This backwoods Charlemagne of empires
new,

Whose blundering heel instinctively finds
out

The goutier foot of speechless dignities,
Who, meeting Cæsar's self, would slap
his back,

Call him "Old Horse," and challenge
to a drink,

My lungs draw braver air, my breast
dilates

With ampler manhood, and I front both
worlds,

Of sense and spirit, as my natural fiefs,
To shape and then reshape them as I will.
It was the first man's charter ; why not
mine?

How forfeit? when deposed in other
hands?

Thou shudder'st, Ovid? Dost in him
forebode

A new avatar of the large-limbed Goth,
To break, or seem to break, tradition's
clue,

And chase to dreamland back thy gods
dethroned?

I think man's soul dwells nearer to the
east,

Nearer to morning's fountains than the
sun ;

Herself the source whence all tradition
sprang,

Herself at once both labyrinth and clue.

The miracle fades out of history,
 But faith and wonder and the primal
 earth
 Are born into the world with every
 child.
 Shall this self-maker with the prying
 eyes,
 This creature disenchanted of respect
 By the New World's new fiend, Publicity,
 Whose testing thumb leaves everywhere
 its smutch,
 Not one day feel within himself the
 need
 Of loyalty to better than himself,
 That shall ennoble him with the upward
 look?
 Shall he not catch the Voice that wanders
 earth,
 With spiritual summons, dreamed or
 heard,
 As sometimes, just ere sleep seals up the
 sense,
 We hear our mother call from deeps of
 Time,
 And, waking, find it vision, - none the
 less
 The benediction bides, old skies return,
 And that unreal thing, preëminent,
 Makes air and dream of all we see and
 feel?
 Shall he divine no strength unmade of
 votes,
 Inward, impregnable, found soon as
 sought,
 Not cognisable of sense, o'er sense
 supreme?
 Else were he desolate as none before.
 His holy places may not be of stone,
 Nor made with hands, yet fairer far than
 aught
 By artist feigned or pious ardour reared,
 Fit altars for who guards inviolate
 God's chosen seat, the sacred form of
 man.
 Doubtless his church will be no hospital
 For superannuate forms and mumping
 shams,
 No parlour where men issue policies
 Of life-assurance on the Eternal Mind,
 Nor his religion but an ambulance

To fetch life's wounded and malingers
 in,
 Scorned by the strong; yet he, uncon-
 scious heir
 To the influence sweet of Athens and of
 Rome,
 And old Judæa's gift of secret fire,
 Spite of himself shall surely learn to
 know
 And worship some ideal of himself,
 Some divine thing, large-hearted,
 brotherly,
 Not nice in trifles, - a soft creditor,
 Pleased with his world, and hating only
 cant.
 And, if his Church be doubtful, it is sure
 That, in a world, made for whatever else,
 Not made for mere enjoyment, in a world
 Of toil but half-required, or, at best,
 Paid in some futile currency of breath,
 A world of incompleteness, sorrow swift
 And consolation laggard, whatsoe'er
 The form of building or the creed pro-
 fessed,
 The Cross, bold type of shame to homage
 turned,
 Of an unfinished life that sways the
 world,
 Shall tower as sovereign emblem over
 all.
 The kobold Thought moves with us when
 we shift
 Our dwelling to escape him; perched
 aloft
 On the first load of household-stuff he
 went;
 For, where the mind goes, goes old
 furniture.
 I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye
 And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
 Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts
 it stirred
 Buzzing o'er past and future with vain
 quest.
 Here once there stood a homely wooden
 church,
 Which slow devotion nobly changed for
 this
 That echoes vaguely to my modern steps.

By suffrage universal it was built,
 As practised then, for all the country
 came
 From far as Rouen, to give votes for
 God,
 Each vote a block of stone securely laid
 Obedient to the master's deep-mused
 plan.
 Will what our ballots rear, responsible
 To no grave forethought, stand so long
 as this?
 Delight like this the eye of after days
 Brightening with pride that here, at least,
 were men
 Who meant and did the noblest thing
 they knew?
 Can our religion cope with deeds like
 this?
 We, too, build Gothic contract-shams,
 because
 Our deacons have discovered that it pays,
 And pews sell better under vaulted roofs
 Of plaster painted like an Indian squaw.
 Shall not that Western Goth, of whom
 we spoke,
 So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
 Find out, some day, that nothing pays
 but God,
 Served whether on the smoke-shut battle-
 field,
 In work obscure done honestly, or vote
 For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
 To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
 Wrought for good's sake, mindless of
 heaven or hell?
 Shall he not learn that all prosperity,
 Whose bases stretch not deeper than the
 sense,
 Is but a trick of this world's atmosphere,
 A desert-born mirage of spire and dome,
 Or find too late, the Past's long lesson
 missed,
 That dust the prophets shake from off
 their feet
 Grows heavy to drag down both tower
 and wall?
 I know not; but, sustained by sure
 belief
 That man still rises level with the height
 Of noblest opportunities, or makes

Such, if the time supply not, I can wait.
 I gaze round on the windows, pride of
 France,
 Each the bright gift of some mechanic
 guild
 Who loved their city and thought gold
 well spent
 To make her beautiful with piety;
 I pause, transfigured by some stripe of
 bloom,
 And my mind throngs with shining
 auguries,
 Circle on circle, bright as seraphim,
 With golden trumpets, silent, that await
 The signal to blow news of good to men.
 Then the revulsion came that always
 comes
 After these dizzy elations of the mind:
 And with a passionate pang of doubt I
 cried,
 "O mountain-born, sweet with snow-
 filtered air
 From uncontaminated wells of ether drawn
 And never-broken secrecies of sky,
 Freedom, with anguish won, misprized
 till lost,
 They keep thee not who from thy sacred
 eyes
 Catch the consuming lust of sensual good
 And the brute's license of unfettered will.
 Far from the popular shout and venal
 breath
 Of Cleon blowing the mob's baser mind
 To bubbles of wind-piloted conceit,
 Thou shrinkest, gathering up thy skirts,
 to hide
 In fortresses of solitary thought
 And private virtue strong in self-restraint.
 Must we too forfeit thee misunderstood,
 Content with names, nor inly wise to
 know
 That best things perish of their own
 excess,
 And quality o'er-driven becomes defect?
 Nay, is it thou indeed that we have
 glimpsed,
 Or rather such illusion as of old
 Through Athens glided menadlike and
 Rome,

A shape of vapour, mother of vain dreams
And mutinous traditions, specious plea
Of the glaived tyrant and long-memoried
priest?"

I walked forth saddened ; for all thought
is sad,
And leaves a bitterish savour in the
brain,
Tonic, it may be, not delectable,
And turned, reluctant, for a parting look
At those old weather-pitted images
Of bygone struggle, now so sternly calm.
About their shoulders sparrows had built
nests,
And fluttered, chirping, from gray perch
to perch,
Now on a mitre poising, now a crown,
Irreverently happy. While I thought
How confident they were, what careless
hearts
Flew on those lightsome wings and
shared the sun,
A larger shadow crossed ; and looking up,
I saw where, nesting in the hoary towers,
The sparrow-hawk slid forth on noiseless
air,
With sidelong head that watched the joy
below,
Grim Norman baron o'er this clan of
Kelts.
Enduring Nature, force conservative,
Indifferent to our noisy whims ! Men
plate
Of all heads to an equal grade cashiered
On level with the dumbest, and expect
(Sick of no worse distemper than them-
selves)
A wondrous cure-all in equality ;
They reason that To-morrow must be
wise
Because To-day was not, nor Yesterday,
As if good days were shapen of them-
selves,
Not of the very lifeblood of men's souls ;
Meanwhile, long-suffering, imperturbable,
Thou quietly complet'st thy syllogism,
And from the premise sparrow here below
Draw'st sure conclusion of the hawk
above,

Pleased with the soft-billed songster,
pleased no less
With the fierce beak of natures aquiline.

Thou beautiful Old Time, now hid away
In the Past's valley of Avilion,
Haply, like Arthur, till thy wound be
healed,

Then to reclaim the sword and crown
again !

Thrice beautiful to us ; perchance less fair
To who possessed thee, as a mountain
seems

To dwellers round its bases but a heap
Of barren obstacle that lairs the storm
And the avalanche's silent bolt holds
back

Leashed with a hair,—meanwhile some
far-off clown,

Hereditary deliver of the plain,
Sees it an unmoved vision of repose,
Nest of the morning, and conjectures
there

The dance of streams to idle shepherds'
pipes,

And fairer habitations softly hung
On breezy slopes, or hid in valleys cool,
For happier men. No mortal ever
dreams

That the scant isthmus he encamps upon
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy,
passed,

And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
Has been that future whereto prophets
yearned

For the fulfilment of Earth's cheated hope,
Shall be that past which nerveless poets
moan

As the lost opportunity of song.

O Power, more near my life than life
itself

(Or what seems life to us in sense in-
mured),

Even as the roots, shut in the darksome
earth,

Share in the tree-top's joyance, and con-
ceive

Of sunshine and wide air and winged
things

By sympathy of nature, so do I
Have evidence of Thee so far above,
Yet in and of me! Rather Thou the root
Invisibly sustaining, hid in light,
Not darkness, or in darkness made by us.
If sometimes I must hear good men
debate

Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
As if there needed any help of ours
To nurse Thy flickering life, that else
must cease,

Blown out, as 'twere a candle, by men's
breath,

My soul shall not be taken in their snare,

To change her inward surety for their
doubt

Muffled from sight in formal robes of
proof:

While she can only feel herself through
Thee,

I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked
with dreams

Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed,
Thou,

Walking Thy garden still, commun'st
with men,

Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

THREE MEMORIAL POEMS

" Coscienza fusa
O della propria o dell'altri vergogna
Par sentirà la tua parola bruciata."

If I let fall a word of bitter mirth
When public shames more shameful pardon won,
Some have misjudged me, and my service done,
If small, yet faithful, deemed of little worth :
Through veins that drew their life from Western earth
Two hundred years and more my blood hath run
In no polluted course from sire to son ;
And thus was I predestined ere my birth
To love the soil wherewith my fibres own
Instinctive sympathies ; yet love it so
As honour would, nor lightly to dethrone
Judgment, the stamp of manhood, nor forego
The son's right to a mother dearer grown
With growing knowledge and more chaste than snow.

TO

F. L. GODKIN,

IN CORDIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS EMINENT SERVICE
IN HEIGHTENING AND PURIFYING THE TONE
OF OUR POLITICAL THOUGHT,

These Three Poems

ARE DEDICATED.

* * Readers, it is hoped, will remember that, by his Ode at the Harvard Commemoration, the author had precluded himself from many of the natural outlets of thought and feeling common to such occasions as are celebrated in these poems.

ODE

READ AT THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNI-
VERSARY OF THE FIGHT AT CONCORD
BRIDGE

19TH APRIL, 1875

I

WHO cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

II

She cometh, cometh to-day:
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her nurslings and champions?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns,
The gathering note of the drums?
The bells that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamour on her,
Crying, "She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honour,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
Gladness for a hundred years!"

III

Tell me, young men, have ye seen,
Creature of diviner mien
For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,

Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that cheer untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath;
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare,
Grace of woman ampler blown,
Modesty more debonair,
Younger heart with wit full grown?
Oh for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise her in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and our
star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust,
And made us whatever we are!

IV

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is, but round the hem
Crimson stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson, on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
Fit for no grosser stain than dew:
Oh, call them rather christs than stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory-guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy
paw;
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star
Where the grim Puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar:
Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untearful
eyes.

V

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and broods,
The seeds of unexampled things
Which Time to consummation brings

Through life and death and man's unstable moods ;
 They met her here, not recognised,
 A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
 To whose chaste wants her bow sufficed,
 Nor dreamed what destinies were hers :
 She taught them bee-like to create
 Their simpler forms of Church and State ;
 She taught them to endure
 The past with other functions than it knew,
 And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream of Fate ;
 Better than all, she fenced them in their need
 With iron-handed Duty's sternest creed,
 'Gainst Self's lean wolf that ravens word and deed.

VI

Why cometh she hither to-day
 To this low village of the plain
 Far from the Present's loud highway,
 From Trade's cool heart and seething brain ?
 Why cometh she ? She was not far away.
 Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
 With pathos of immortal gain,
 'Tis here her fondest memories stay.
 She loves yon pine-bemurmured ridge
 Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
 Dear to both Englands ; near him he
 Who wore the ring of Canace ;
 But most her heart to rapture leaps
 Where stood that era-parting bridge,
 O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
 The Old Time passed into the New ;
 Where, as your stealthy river creeps,
 He whispers to his listening weeds
 Tales of sublimest homespun deeds.
 Here English law and English thought
 'Gainst the self-will of England fought ;
 And here were men (coequal with their fate),
 Who did great things, unconscious they were great.

They dreamed not what a die was cast
 With that first answering shot ; what then ?
 There was their duty ; they were men
 Schooled the soul's inward gospel to obey,
 Though leading to the lion's den.
 They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
 Beneath their lives, and on went they,
 Unhappy who was last.
 When Buttrick gave the word,
 That awful idol of the unchallenged Past,
 Strong in their love, and in their lineage strong,
 Fell crashing : if they heard it not,
 Yet the earth heard,
 Nor ever hath forgot,
 As on from startled throne to throne,
 Where Superstition sate or conscious Wrong,
 A shudder ran of some dread birth unknown.
 Thrice venerable spot !
 River more fateful than the Rubicon !
 O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,
 Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,
 And over ways untried the feet of Doom strode on.

VII

Think you these felt no charms
 In their gray homesteads and embowered farms ?
 In household faces waiting at the door
 Their evening step should lighten up no more ?
 In fields their boyish feet had known ?
 In trees their fathers' hands had set,
 And which with them had grown,
 Widening each year their leafy coronet ?
 Felt they no pang of passionate regret
 For those unsolid goods that seem so much our own ?
 These things are dear to every man that lives,

And life prized more for what it lends
 than gives.
 Yea, many a tic, through iteration
 sweet,
 Strove to detain their fatal feet ;
 And yet the enduring half they chose,
 Whose choice decides a man life's slave
 or king,
 The invisible things of God before the
 seen and known :
 Therefore their memory inspiration
 blows
 With echoes gathering on from zone to
 zone ;
 For manhood is the one immortal thing
 Beneath Time's changeable sky,
 And, where it lightened once, from age
 to age,
 Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrim-
 age,
 That length of days is knowing when to
 die.

VIII

What marvellous change of things and
 men !
 She, a world-wandering orphan then,
 So mighty now ! Those are her
 streams
 That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
 Of all that does, and all that dreams,
 Of all that thinks, and all that feels,
 Through spaces stretched from sea to
 sea ;
 By idle tongues and busy brains,
 By who doth right, and who refrains,
 Hers are our losses and our gains ;
 Our maker and our victim she.

IX

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
 We triumphed in thy coming ; to the
 brinks
 Our hearts were filled with pride's
 tumultuous wine ;
 Better to-day who rather feels than
 thinks.
 Yet will some graver thoughts intrude,
 And cares of sterner mood ;

They won thee : who shall keep thee ?
 From the deeps
 Where discrowned empires o'er their
 ruins brood,
 And many a thwarted hope wrings its
 weak hands and weeps,
 I hear the voice as of a mighty wind
 From all heaven's caverns rushing un-
 confined,
 " I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge : I
 abide
 With men whom dust of faction cannot
 blind
 To the slow tracings of the Eternal
 Mind ;
 With men by culture trained and
 fortified,
 Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
 Fearless to counsel and obey.
 Conscience my sceptre is, and law my
 sword,
 Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
 But terrible to punish and deter ;
 Implacable as God's word,
 Like it, a shepherd's crook to them that
 blindly err.
 Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs and
 my saints,
 Off-shoots of that one stock whose patient
 sense
 Hath known to mingle flux with
 permanence,
 Rated my chaste denials and restraints
 Above the moment's dear-paid para-
 dise :
 Beware lest, shifting with Time's gradual
 creep,
 The light that guided shine into your
 eyes.
 The envious Powers of ill nor wink nor
 sleep :
 Be therefore timely wise,
 Nor laugh when this one steals, and that
 one lies,
 As if your luck could cheat those sleep-
 less spies,
 Till the deaf Fury comes your house to
 sweep !"
 I hear the voice, and unaffrighted bow ;
 Ye shall not be prophetic now,

Heralds of ill, that darkening fly
Between my vision and the rainbowed
sky,
Or on the left your hoarse forebodings
croak
From many a blasted bough
On Yggdrasil's storm-sinewed oak,
That once was green, Hope of the West,
as thou :
Yet pardon if I tremble while I boast ;
For I have loved as those who pardon
most.

x

Away, ungrateful doubt, away !
At least she is our own to-day.
Break into rapture, my song,
Verses, leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as ye run !
Pause not for choosing of words,
Let them but blossom and sing
Blithe as the orchards and birds
With the new coming of spring !
Dance in your jollity, bells ;
Shout, cannon ; cease not, ye drums ;
Answer, ye hillside and dells ;
Bow, all ye people ! She comes,
Radiant, calm-fronted, as when
She hallowed that April day.
Stay with us ! Yes, thou shalt stay,
Softener and strengthener of men,
Freedom, not won by the vain,
Not to be courted in play,
Not to be kept without pain.
Stay with us ! Yes, thou wilt stay,
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kindler of deed and of thought,
Thou that to hut and to hall
Equal deliverance brought !
Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her our delight, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And makes us deserve to be free !

UNDER THE OLD ELM

POEM READ AT CAMBRIDGE ON THE
HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF
WASHINGTON'S TAKING COMMAND
OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, 3D JULY,
1775

I

I

WORDS pass as wind, but where great
deeds were done
A power abides transfused from sire to
son :
The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his
ear,
That tingling through his pulse life-long
shall run,
With sure impulsion to keep honour
clear,
When, pointing down, his father whispers,
" Here,
Here, where we stand, stood he, the
purely great,
Whose soul no siren passion could un-
sphere,
Then nameless, now a power and mixed
with fate."
Historic town, thou holdest sacred dust,
Once known to men as pious, learned,
just,
And one memorial pile that dares to
last ;
But Memory greets with reverential
kiss
No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
Touched by that modest glory as it
past,
O'er which yon elm hath piously
displayed
These hundred years its monumental
shade.

II

Of our swift passage through this scenery
Of life and death, more durable than we,
What landmark so congenial as a tree
Repeating its green legend every spring,
And, with a yearly ring,

Recording the fair seasons as they flee,
Type of our brief but still-renewed
mortality?
We fall as leaves: the immortal trunk
remains,
Built with costly juice of hearts and
brains
Gone to the mould now, whither all that
be
Vanish returnless, yet are procreant still
In human lives to come of good or ill,
And feed unseen the roots of Destiny.

II

I

MEN'S monuments, grown old, forget
their names
They should eternise, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes
a grace
Beyond mere earth; some sweetness of
their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished
trace,
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler aims,
That penetrates our lives and heightens
them or shames.
This insubstantial world and fleet
Seems solid for a moment when we stand
On dust ennobled by heroic feet
Once mighty to sustain a tottering land,
And mighty still such burthen to upbear,
Nor doomed to tread the path of things
that merely were:
Our sense, reined with virtue of the spot,
Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy stream
Recalls him, the sole chief without a blot,
No more a pallid image and a dream,
But as he dwelt with men decorously
supreme.

II

Our grosser minds need this terrestrial
hint
To raise long-buried days from tombs of
print:
"Here stood he," softly we repeat,
And lo, the statue shrined and still

In that gray minster-front we call the
Past,
Feels in its frozen veins our pulses thrill,
Breathes living air and mocks at Death's
deceit.
It warms, it stirs, comes down to us at
last,
Its features human with familiar light,
A man, beyond the historian's art to kill,
Or sculptor's to efface with patient chisel-
blight.

. III

Sure the dumb earth hath memory, nor
for naught
Was Fancy given, on whose enchanted
loom
Present and Past commingle, fruit and
bloom
Of one fair bough, inseparably wrought
Into the seamless tapestry of thought.
So charmed, with undeluded eye we see
In history's fragmentary tale
Bright clues of continuity,
Learn that high natures over Time
prevail,
And feel ourselves a link in that entail
That binds all ages past with all that are
to be.

III

I

BENEATH our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the
wood
Whose red surge sought, but could not
overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-
hewn helm:—
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town,
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to
see
The new-come chiefs and wonder which
was he.
No need to question long; close-lipped
and tall,

Long trained in murder-brooding forests
lone

To bridle others' clamours and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

II

A motley rout was that which came to
stare,

In raiment tanned by years of sun and
storm,

Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's
despair,

Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men of
note

In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round
with woods,

Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private moods;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or
pen,

Or ruder arms, their rights as English-
men,

Nor much fastidious as to how and when:
Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
A thought-staid army or a lasting state:
Haughty they said he was, at first;
severe;

But owned, as all men own, the steady
hand

Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from
fear,

And learned to honour first, then love
him, then revere.

Such power there is in clear-eyed self-
restraint

And purpose clean as light from every
selfish taint.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The yeas between furl off: I seem to

The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage
through,

Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
And weave prophetic aureoles round the
head

That shines our beacon now nor darkens
with the dead.

O man of silent mood,

A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great,
the Good,

Familiar as the day in all the homes of
men!

The winged years, that winnow praise
and blame,

Blow many names out: they but fan to
flame

The self-renewing splendours of thy
fame.

IV

I

How many subtlest influences unite,
With spiritual touch of joy or pain,
Invisible as air and soft as light,

To body forth that image of the brain
We call our Country, visionary shape,
Loved more than woman, fuller of fire
than wine,

Whose charm can none define,
Nor any, though he flee it, can escape!

All party-coloured threads the weaver
Time

Sets in his web, now trivial, now
sublime,

All memories, all forebodings, hopes and
fears,

Mountain and river, forest, prairie, sea,
A hill, a rock, a homestead, field, or tree,

The casual gleanings of unreckoned
years,

Take goddess-shape at last and there is
She,

Old at our birth, new as the springing
hours,

Shrine of our weakness, fortress of our
powers,

Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her
peers,

A force that 'neath our conscious being
stirs,
A life to give ours permanence, when we
Are borne to mingle our poor earth with
hers,
And all this glowing world goes with us
on our biers.

II

Nations are long results, by ruder ways
Gathering the might that warrants length
of days ;
They may be pieced of half-reluctant
shares
Welded by hammer-strokes of broad-
brained kings,
Or from a doughty people grow, the
heirs
Of wise traditions widening cautious rings ;
At best they are computable things,
A strength behind us making us feel bold
In right, or, as may chance, in wrong ;
Whose force by figures may be summed
and told.
So many soldiers, ships, and dollars
strong,
And we but drops that bear compulsory
part
In the dumb throb of a mechanic heart ;
But Country is a shape of each man's
mind
Sacred from definition, unconfined
By the cramped walls where daily
drudgeries grind ;
An inward vision, yet an outward birth
Of sweet familiar heaven and earth ;
A brooding Presence that stirs motions
blind
Of wings within our embryo being's
shell
That wait but her completer spell
To make us eagle-natured, fit to dare
Life's nobler spaces and untarnished air.

III

You, who hold dear this self-conceived
ideal,
Whose faith and works alone can make
it real,

L

Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her
shrine
Who lifts our lives away from Thine and
Mine
And feeds the lamp of manhood more
divine
With fragrant oils of quenchless con-
stancy.
When all have done their utmost, surely
he
Hath given the best who gives a char-
acter
Erect and constant, which nor any
shock
Of loosened elements, nor the forceful
sea
Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir
From its deep bases in the living rock
Of ancient manhood's sweet security :
And this he gave, serenely far from
pride
As baseness, boon with prosperous stars
allied,
Part of what nobler seed shall in our
loins abide.

IV

No bond of men as common pride so
strong,
In names time-filtered for the lips of
song,
Still operant, with the primal Forces
bound
Whose currents, on their spiritual round,
Transfuse our mortal will nor are gain-
said :
These are their arsenals, these the
exhaustless mines
That give a constant heart in great
designs ;
These are the stuff whereof such dreams
are made
As make heroic men : thus surely he
Still holds in place the massy blocks
he laid
'Neath our new frame, enforcing soberly
The self-control that makes and keeps a
people free.

V

I

OH, for a drop of that Cornelian ink
Which gave Agricola dateless length of
days,
To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's
brink,
With him so statue-like in sad reserve,
So diffident to claim, so forward to
deserve!
Nor need I shun due influence of his
fame
Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as
now
The equestrian shape with unimpassioned
brow,
That paces silent on through vistas of
acclaim.

II

What figure more immovably august
Than that grave strength so patient and
so pure,
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered,
sure,
That mind serene, impenetrably just,
Modelled on classic lines so simple they
endure?
That soul so softly radiant and so white
The track it left seems less of fire than
light,
Cold but to such as love distemperature?
And if pure light, as some deem, be the
force
That drives rejoicing planets on their
course,
Why for his power benign seek an
impurer source?
His was the true enthusiasm that burns
long,
Domestically bright,
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
The hidden force that makes a lifetime
strong,
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
Passionless, say you? What is passion
for

But to sublime our natures and control
To front heroic toils with late return,
Or none, or such as shames the con-
queror?
That fire was fed with substance of the
soul
And not with holiday stubble, that could
burn,
Unpraised of men who after bonfires
run,
Through seven slow years of unadvancing
war,
Equal when fields were lost or fields
were won,
With breath of popular applause or
blame,
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably
the same,
Too inward to be reached by flaws of
idle fame.

III

Soldier and statesman, rarest union;
High-poised example of great duties
done
Simply as breathing, a world's honours
worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men
born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to
God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they
trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self;
unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper
shamed;
Never seduced through show of present
good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his
steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from
fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping
still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm
of will;

Not honoured then or now because he
wooded
The popular voice, but that he still
withstood ;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is
but one
Who was all this and ours, and all
men's,--WASHINGTON.

IV

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
That flash and darken like revolving
lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to
wait
On the long curve of patient days and
nights
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair
Of orb'd fulfilment ; and this balanced
soul,
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
Of draperies theatric, standing there
In perfect symmetry of self-control,
Seems not so great at first, but greater
grows
Still as we look, and by experience learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly
stern
The discipline that wrought through
lifelong throes
That energetic passion of repose.

V

A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,
For ardent girls and boys
Who find no genius in a mind so clear
That its grave depths seem obvious and
near,
Nor a soul great that made so little
noise.
They feel no force in that calm-cadenced
phrase,
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred
mind,
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier
length of days.

His firm-based brain, to self so little
kind
That no tumultuary blood could blind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like those that borrow height
of haze :
It was a world of statelier movement
then
Than this we fret in, he a denizen
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for
men.

VI

I

THE longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and
then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters
of the fen,
The more we feel the high stern-featured
beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal
praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted
days.
For this we honour him, that he could
know
How sweet the service and how free
Of her, God's eldest daughter here
below,
And choose in meanest raiment which
was she.

II

Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's
breachless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
His will say "Here !" at the last
trumpet's call,
The unexpressive man whose life ex-
pressed so much.

VII

I

NEVER to see a nation born
 Hath been given to mortal man,
 Unless to those who, on that summer
 morn,
 Gazed silent when the great Virginian
 Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
 Shot union through the incoherent clash
 Of our loose atoms, crystallising them
 Around a single will's unpliant stem,
 And making purpose of emotion rash.
 Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its
 womb,
 Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
 Through mutual share of sunburst and of
 gloom,
 The common faith that made us what we
 are.

II

That lifted blade transformed our jangling
 clans,
 Till then provincial, to Americans,
 And made a unity of wildering plans;
 Here was the doom fixed; here is marked
 the date
 When this New World awoke to man's
 estate,
 Burnt its last ship and ceased to look
 behind:
 Nor thoughtless was the choice; no love
 or hate
 Could from its poise move that deliberate
 mind,
 Weighing between too early and too late
 Those pitfalls of the man refused by Fate:
 His was the impartial vision of the great
 Who see not as they wish, but as they
 find.
 He saw the dangers of defeat, nor less
 The incomputable perils of success;
 The sacred past thrown by, an empty
 ring;
 The future, cloud-land, snare of prophets
 blind;
 The waste of war, the ignominy of peace;
 On either hand a sullen rear of woes,

Whose garnered lightnings none could
 guess,
 Piling its thunder-heads and muttering
 "Cease!"
 Yet drew not back his hand, but gravely
 chose
 The seeming-desperate task whence our
 new nation rose.

III

A noble choice and of immortal seed!
 Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance
 Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
 'The man's whole life preludes the single
 deed
 That shall decide if his inheritance
 Be with the sifted few of matchless
 breed,
 Our race's sap and sustenance,
 Or with the unmotivated herd that only
 sleep and feed.
 Choice seems a thing indifferent; thus or
 so,
 What matters it? The Fates with mocking
 face
 Look on inexorable, nor seem to know
 Where the lot lurks that gives life's fore-
 most place.
 Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,
 And but two ways are offered to our
 will,
 Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe
 disgrace,
 The problem still for us and all of human
 race.
 He chose, as men choose, where most
 danger showed,
 Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
 Of petty cares, that gall great hearts the
 most,
 But kept right on the strenuous up-hill
 road,
 Strong to the end, above complaint or
 boast:
 The popular tempest on his rock-mailed
 coast
 Wasted its wind-borne spray,
 The noisy marvel of a day;
 His soul sate still in its unstormed abode.

VIII

VIRGINIA gave us this imperial man
 Cast in the massive mould
 Of those high-statured ages old
 Which into grander forms our mortal
 metal ran ;

She gave us this unblemished gentleman :
 What shall we give her back but love
 and praise

As in the dear old unestranged days
 Before the inevitable wrong began ?
 Mother of States and undiminished men,
 Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
 And we owe alway what we owed thee
 then :

The boon thou wouldst have snatched
 from us agen

Shines as before with no abatement dim.
 A great man's memory is the only thing
 With influence to outlast the present
 whim

And bind us as when here he knit our
 golden ring.

All of him that was subject to the hours
 Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours :
 Across more recent graves,
 Where unresentful Nature waves
 Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
 Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
 We from this consecrated plain stretch
 out

Our hands as free from afterthought or
 doubt

As here the united North
 Poured her embrowned manhood forth
 In welcome of our saviour and thy son.
 Through battle we have better learned
 thy worth,

The long-breathed valour and undaunted
 will,

Which, like his own, the day's disaster
 done,

Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be
 still.

Both thine and ours the victory hardly
 won ;

If ever with distempered voice or pen
 We have misdeemed thee, here we take
 it back,

And for the dead of both don common
 black.

Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
 As we forget thou hast not always been,
 Mother of States and unpolluted men,
 Virginia, fitly named from England's
 manly queen !

AN ODE

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1876

I

I

ENTRANCED I saw a vision in the cloud
 That loitered dreaming in yon sunset
 sky,

Fall of fair shapes, half creatures of the
 eye,

Half chance-evoked by the wind's fantasy
 In golden mist, an ever-shifting crowd :
 There, 'mid unreal forms that came and
 went

In air-spun robes, of evanescent dye,
 A woman's semblance shone preëminent ;
 Not armed like Pallas, not like Hera
 proud,

But, as on household diligence intent,
 Beside her visionary wheel she bent
 Like Areté or Bertha, nor than they
 Less queenly in her port : about her knee
 Glad children clustered confident in play :
 Placid her pose, the calm of energy ;
 And over her broad brow in many a
 round

(That loosened would have gilt her
 garment's hem),

Succinct, as toil prescribes, the hair was
 wound

In lustrous coils, a natural diadem.

'The cloud changed shape, obsequious to
 the whim

Of some transmuting influence felt in
 me,

And, looking now, a wolf I seemed to
 see

Limned in that vapour, gaunt and hunger-
 bold,

Threatening her charge: resolve in every
limb,
Erect she flamed in mail of sun-wove
gold,
Penthesilea's self for battle dight;
One arm uplifted braced a flickering
spear,
And one her adamantine shield made
light;
Her face, helm-shadowed, grew a thing
to fear,
And her fierce eyes, by danger challenged,
took
Her trident-sceptred mother's dauntless
look.
"I know thee now, O goddess-born!"
I cried,
And turned with loftier brow and firmer
stride;
For in that spectral cloud-work I had seen
Her image, bodied forth by love and
pride,
The fearless, the benign, the mother-eyed,
The fairer world's toil-consecrated queen.

II

What shape by exile dreamed elates the
mind
Like hers whose hand, a fortress 'd the
poor,
No blood in vengeance spilt, though
lawful, stains?
Who never turned a suppliant from her
door?
Whose conquests are the gains of all
mankind?
To-day her thanks shall fly on every
wind,
Unstinted, unrebuked, from shore to
shore,
One love, one hope, and not a doubt
behind!
Cannon to cannon shall repeat her
praise,
Banner to banner flap it forth in flame;
Her children shall rise up to bless her
name,
And wish her harmless length of days,
The mighty mother of a mighty brood,

Blessed in all tongues and dear to every
blood,
The beautiful, the strong, and, best of
all, the good!

III

Seven years long was the bow
Of battle bent, and the heightening
Storm-heaps convulsed with the throe
Of their uncontainable lightning;
Seven years long heard the sea
Crash of navies and wave-borne
thunder;
Then drifted the cloud-rack a-lee,
And new stars were seen, a world's
wonder;
Each by her sisters made bright,
All binding all to their stations,
Cluster of manifold light
Startling the old constellations:
Men looked up and grew pale:
Was it a comet or star,
Omen of blessing or bale,
Hung o'er the ocean afar?

IV

Stormy the day of her birth:
Was she not born of the strong,
She, the last ripeness of earth,
Beautiful, prophesied long:
Stormy the days of her prime:
Hers are the pulses that beat
Higher for perils sublime,
Making them fawn at her feet.
Was she not born of the strong?
Was she not born of the wise?
Daring and counsel belong
Of right to her confident eyes:
Human and motherly they,
Careless of station or race:
Hearken! her children to-day
Shout for the joy of her face.

II

I

No praises of the past are hers,
No fanes by hallowing time caressed,
No broken arch that ministers
To Time's sad instinct in the breast:

She has not gathered from the years
Grandeur of tragedies and tears,
Nor from long leisure the unrest
That finds repose in forms of classic
grace :

These may delight the coming race
Who haply shall not count it to our
crime

That we who fain would sing are here
before our time.

She also hath her monuments ;
Not such as stand decrepitably resigned
To ruin-mark the path of dead events
That left no seed of better days be-
hind,

The tourist's pensioners that show their
scars

And maunder of forgotten wars ;
She builds not on the ground, but in the
mind,

Her open-hearted palaces
For larger-thoughted men with heaven
and earth at ease :

Her march the plump mow marks, the
sleepless wheel,

The golden sheaf, the self-swayed com-
monweal ;

The happy homesteads hid in orchard
trees

Whose sacrificial smokes through peace-
ful air

Rise lost in heaven, the household's
silent prayer ;

What architect hath bettered these ?
With softened eye the westward traveller
sees

A thousand miles of neighbours side by
side,

Holding by toil-won titles fresh from
God

The lands no serf or seigneur ever
trod,

With manhood latent in the very sod,
Where the long billow of the wheat-
field's tide

Flows to the sky across the prairie
wide,

A sweeter vision than the castled Rhine,
Kindly with thoughts of Ruth and Bible-
days benign.

II

O ancient commonwealths, that we re-
vere

Haply because we could not know you
near,

Your deeds like statues down the aisles
of Time

Shine peerless in memorial calm sublime,
And Athens is a trumpet still, and Rome ;

Yet which of your achievements is not
foam

Weighed with this one of hers (below
you far

in fame, and born beneath a milder
star),

That to Earth's orphans, far as curves
the dome

Of death-deaf sky, the bounteous West
means home,

With dear precedency of natural ties
That stretch from roof to roof and make

men gently wise ?

And if the nobler passions wane,
Distorted to base use, if the near goal

Of insubstantial gain
Tempt from the proper race-course of the
soul

That crowns their patient breath
Whose feet, song-sandalled, are too fleet

for Death,

Yet may she claim one privilege urbane
And haply first upon the civic roll,

That none can breathe her air nor grow
humane.

III

Oh, better far the briefest hour
Of Athens self-consumed, whose plastic

power

Had Beauty safe from Death in words or
stone ;

Of Rome, fair quarry where those eagles
crowd

Whose fulgurous vans about the world
had blown

Triumphant storm and seeds of polity ;
Of Venice, fading o'er her shipless sea,

Last iridescence of a sunset cloud ;
Than this inert prosperity,

This bovine comfort in the sense alone !
 Yet art came slowly even to such as
 those,
 Whom no past genius cheated of their
 own
 With prudence of o'er-mastering prece-
 dent ;
 Petal by petal spreads the perfect rose,
 Secure of the divine event ;
 And only children rend the bud half-
 blown
 To forestall Nature in her calm intent :
 Time hath a quiver full of purposes
 Which miss not of their aim, to us
 unknown,
 And brings about the impossible with ease :
 Haply for us the ideal dawn shall break
 From where in legend-tinted line
 The peaks of Hellas drink the morning's
 wine,
 To tremble on our lids with mystic sign
 Till the drowsed ichor in our veins awake
 And set our pulse in tune with moods
 divine :
 Long the day lingered in its sea-fringed
 nest,
 Then touched the Tuscan hills with
 golden lance
 And paused ; then on to Spain and
 France
 The splendour flew, and Albion's misty
 crest :
 Shall Ocean bar him from his destined
 West ?
 Or are we, then, arrived too late,
 Doomed with the rest to grope discon-
 solate,
 Foreclosed of Beauty by our modern
 date ?

III

I

POETS, as their heads grow gray,
 Look from too far behind the eyes,
 Too long-experienced to be wise
 In guileless youth's diviner way ;
 Life sings not now, but prophesies ;
 Time's shadows they no more behold,
 But, under them, the riddle old

That mocks, bewilders, and defies :
 In childhood's face the seed of shame,
 In the green tree an ambushed flame,
 In Phosphor a vaunt-guard of Night,
 They, though against their will, divine,
 And dread the care-dispelling wine
 Stored from the Muse's vintage bright,
 By age imbued with second-sight.
 From Faith's own eyelids there peeps
 out,
 Even as they look, the leer of doubt ;
 The festal wreath their fancy loads
 With care that whispers and forebodes :
 Nor this our triumph-day can blunt
 Megæra's goads.

II

Murmur of many voices in the air
 Denounces us degenerate,
 Unfaithful guardians of a noble fate,
 And prompts indifference or despair :
 Is this the country that we dreamed in
 youth,
 Where wisdom and not numbers should
 have weight,
 Seed-field of simpler manners, braver
 truth,
 Where shams should cease to dominate
 In household, church, and state ?
 Is this Atlantis ? This the unpoisoned
 soil,
 Sea-whelmed for ages and recovered late,
 Where parasitic greed no more should
 coil
 Round Freedom's stem to bend awry
 and blight
 What grew so fair, sole plant of love and
 light ?
 Who sit where once in crowned seclusion
 sate
 The long-proved athletes of debate
 Trained from their youth, as none thinks
 needful now ?
 Is this debating club where boys dispute,
 And wrangle o'er their stolen fruit,
 The Senate, erewhile cloister of the few,
 Where Clay once flashed and Webster's
 cloudy brow
 Brooded those bolts of thought that all
 the horizon knew ?

III

Oh, as this pensive moonlight blurs my
pines,
Here while I sit and meditate these lines,
To gray-green dreams of what they are
by day,
So would some light, not reason's sharp-
edged ray,
Trance me in moonshine as before the
flight
Of years had won me this unwelcome
right
To see things as they are, or shall be
soon,
In the frank prose of undissembling
noon!

IV

Back to my breast, ungrateful sigh!
Whoever fails, whoever errs,
The penalty be ours, not hers!
The present still seems vulgar, seen too
nigh;
The golden age is still the age that's
past:
I ask no drowsy opiate
To dull my vision of that only state
Founded on faith in man, and therefore
sure to last.

For, O my country, touched by thee,
The gray hairs gather back their gold;
Thy thought sets all my pulses free;
The heart refuses to be old;
The love is all that I can see.
Not to thy natal-day belong
Time's prudent doubt or age's wrong,
But gifts of gratitude and song:
Unsummoned crowd the thankful words,
As sap in spring-time floods the tree,
Foreboding the return of birds,
For all that thou hast been to me!

IV

I

FLAWLESS his heart and tempered to
the core
Who, beckoned by the forward-leaning
wave,

First left behind him the firm-footed
shore,
And, urged by every nerve of sail and
oar,
Steered for the Unknown which gods to
mortals gave,
Of thought and action the mysterious
door,
Bugbear of fools, a summons to the
brave:
Strength found he in the unsympathising
sun,
And strange stars from beneath the
horizon won,
And the dumb ocean pitilessly grave:
High-hearted surely he;
But bolder they who first off-cast
Their moorings from the habitable Past
And ventured chartless on the sea
Of storm-engendering Liberty:
For all earth's width of waters is a span,
And their convulsed existence mere
repose,
Matched with the unstable heart of man,
Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in all it
knows,
Open to every wind of sect or clan,
And sudden-passionate in ebbs and flows.

II

They steered by stars the elder shipmen
knew,
And laid their courses where the currents
draw
Of ancient wisdom channelled deep in
law,
The undaunted few
Who changed the Old World for the
New,
And more devoutly prized
Than all perfection theorised
The more imperfect that had roots and
grew.
They founded deep and well,
Those danger-chosen chiefs of men
Who still believed in Heaven and Hell,
Nor hoped to find a spell,
In some fine flourish of a pen,
To make a better man

Than long-considering Nature will or can,
 Secure against his own mistakes,
 Content with what life gives or takes,
 And acting still on some fore-ordered plan,
 A cog of iron in an iron wheel,
 Too nicely poised to think or feel,
 Dumb motor in a clock-like commonweal.
 They wasted not their brain in schemes
 Of what man might be in some bubble-
 sphere,
 As if he must be other than he seems
 Because he was not what he should be
 here,
 Postponing Time's slow proof to petulant
 dreams :
 Yet herein they were great
 Beyond the incredulous lawgivers of yore,
 And wiser than the wisdom of the shelf,
 That they conceived a deeper-rooted state,
 Of harder growth, alive from rind to core,
 By making man sole sponsor of himself.

III

God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
 Art, and shalt be when those eye-wise
 who flout
 Thy secret presence shall be lost
 In the great light that dazzles them to
 doubt,
 We, sprung from loins of stalwart men
 Whose strength was in their trust
 That Thou wouldst make Thy dwelling in
 their dust
 And walk with those a fellow-citizen
 Who build a city of the just,
 We, who believe Life's bases rest
 Beyond the probe of chemic test,
 Still, like our fathers, feel Thee near,
 Sure that, while lasts the immutable
 decree,
 The land to Human Nature dear
 Shall not be unbeloved of Thee.

HEARTSEASE AND RUE

AGASSIZ

Come
 Dicesti *egl'i ebbe?* non viv' egl' ancora?
 Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome?

I

I

THE electric nerve, whose instantaneous
 thrill
 Makes next-door gossips of the antipodes,
 Confutes poor Hope's last fallacy of
 ease,—
 The distance that divided her from ill :
 Earth sentient seems again as when of
 old
 The horny foot of Pan
 Stamped, and the conscious horror ran
 Beneath men's feet through all her fibres
 cold :
 Space's blue walls are mined ; we feel
 the throe

From underground of our night-mantled
 foe :
 The flame-winged feet
 Of Trade's new Mercury, that dry-shod
 run
 Through briny abysses dreamless of the
 sun,
 Are mercilessly fleet,
 And at a bound annihilate
 Ocean's prerogative of short reprieve ;
 Surely ill news might wait,
 And man be patient of delay to grieve :
 Letters have sympathies
 And tell-tale faces that reveal,
 To senses finer than the eyes,
 Their errand's purport ere we break the
 seal ;
 They wind a sorrow round with circum-
 stance
 To stay its feet, nor all unwarned
 displace
 The veil that darkened from our sidelong
 glance

The inexorable face :

But now Fate stuns as with a mace ;
The savage of the skies, that men have
caught

And some scant use of language
taught,

Tells only what he must,—
The steel-cold fact in one laconic thrust.

II

So thought I, as, with vague, mechanic
eyes,
I scanned the festering news we half
despise

Yet scramble for no less,
And read of public scandal, private fraud,
Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob
applaud,

Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,
And all the unwholesome mess
The Land of Honest Abraham serves of
late

To teach the Old World how to wait,
When suddenly,
As happens if the brain, from overweight
Of blood, infect the eye,
Three tiny words grew lurid as I read,
And reeled commingling : *Agassiz is*
dead.

As when, beneath the street's familiar
jar,
An earthquake's alien omen rumbles far,
Men listen and forebode, I hung my head,
And strove the present to recall,
As if the blow that stunned were yet to
fall.

III

Uprooted is our mountain oak,
That promised long security of shade
And brooding-place for many a winged
thought ;

Not by Time's softly-cadenced
stroke
With pauses of relenting pity stayed,
But ere a root seemed sapt, a bough
decayed,
From sudden ambush by the whirlwind
caught
And in his broad maturity betrayed !

IV

Well might I, as of old, appeal to you,
O mountains, woods and streams,
To help us mourn him, for ye loved him
too ;

But simpler moods befit our modern
themes,
And no less perfect birth of nature can,
Though they yearn tow'rd him, sympathise
with man,
Save as dumb fellow-prisoners through a
wall ;

Answer ye rather to my call,
Strong poets of a more unconscious day,
When Nature spake nor sought nice
reasons why,
Too much for softer arts forgotten since
That teach our forthright tongue to lisp
and mince,

And drown in music the heart's bitter
cry !
Lead me some steps in your directer
way,
Teach me those words that strike a solid
root

Within the ears of men :
Ye chiefly, virile both to think and feel,
Deep-chested Chapman and firm-footed
Ben,
For he was masculine from head to heel.
Nay, let himself stand undiminished by
With those clear parts of him that will
not die.

Himself from out the recent dark I
claim
To hear, and, if I flatter him, to blame ;
To show himself, as still I seem to see,
A mortal, built upon the antique plan,
Brimful of lusty blood as ever ran,
And taking life as simply as a tree !
To claim my foiled good-bye let him
appear,

Large-limbed and human as I saw him
near,
Loosed from the stiffening uniform of
fame :
And let me treat him largely : I should
fear,
(If with too prying lens I chanced to err,

Mistaking catalogue for character,)
 His wise forefinger raised in smiling
 blame.
 Nor would I scant him with judicial
 breath
 And turn mere critic in an epitaph ;
 I choose the wheat, incurious of the
 chaff
 That swells fame living, chokes it after
 doath,
 And would but memorise the shining
 half
 Of his large nature that was turned to
 me :
 Fain had I joined with those that
 honoured him
 With eyes that darkened because his
 were dim,
 And now been silent : but it might not
 be.

II

I

IN some the genius is a thing apart,
 A pillared hermit of the brain,
 Hoarding with incommunicable art
 Its intellectual gain ;
 Man's web of circumstance and
 fate
 They from their perch of self
 observe,
 Indifferent as the figures on a slate
 Are to the planet's sun-swung curve
 Whose bright returns they calculate ;
 Their nice adjustment, part to part,
 Were shaken from its serviceable mood
 By unpremeditated stirs of heart
 Or jar of human neighbourhood :
 Some find their natural selves, and only
 then,
 In furloughs of divine escape from men,
 And when, by that brief ecstasy left bare,
 Driven by some instinct of desire,
 They wander worldward, 'tis to blink
 and stare,
 Like wild things of the wood about a
 fire,
 Dazed by the social glow they cannot
 share ;

His nature brooked no lonely lair,
 But basked and burgeoned in copartnery,
 Companionship, and open-windowed glee :
 He knew, for he had tried,
 Those speculative heights that lure
 The unpractised foot, impatient of a
 guide,
 Tow'rd ether too attenuately pure
 For sweet unconscious breath, though
 dear to pride,
 But better loved the foothold sure
 Of paths that wind by old abodes of men
 Who hope at last the churchyard's peace
 secure,
 And follow time-worn rules, that them
 suffice,
 Learned from their sires, traditionally
 wise,
 Careful of honest custom's how and
 when ;
 His mind, too brave to look on Truth
 askance,
 No more those habitudes of faith could
 share,
 But, tinged with sweetness of the old
 Swiss manse,
 Lingered around them still and fain
 would spare.
 Patient to spy a sullen egg for weeks,
 The enigma of creation to surprise,
 His truer instinct sought the life that
 speaks
 Without a mystery from kindly eyes ;
 In no self-spun cocoon of prudence
 wound,
 He by the touch of men was best in-
 spired,
 And caught his native greatness at
 rebound
 From generosity itself had fired ;
 Then how the heat through every fibre
 ran,
 Felt in the gathering presence of the man,
 While the apt word and gesture came
 unbid !
 Virtues and faults it to one metal
 wrought,
 Fined all his blood to thought,
 And ran the molten man in all he said or
 did.

All Tully's rules and all Quintilian's too
He by the light of listening faces knew,
And his rapt audience all unconscious lent
Their own roused force to make him
eloquent ;

Persuasion fondled in his look and tone ;
Our speech (with strangers prudish) he
could bring
To find new charm in accents not her
own ;

Her coy constraints and icy hindrances
Melted upon his lips to natural ease,
As a brook's fetters swell the dance of
spring.

Nor yet all sweetness : not in vain he
wore,

Nor in the sheath of ceremony,
controlled

By velvet courtesy or caution cold,
That sword of honest anger prized of old,
But, with two-handed wrath,
If baseness or pretension crossed his
path,

Struck once nor needed to strike
more.

II

His magic was not far to seek,—
He was so human ! Whether strong or
weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor
soared,

But sate an equal guest at every board :
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume ; for still himself he
bare

At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.
How large an aspect ! nobly unsevere,
With freshness round him of Olympian
cheer,

Like visits of those earthly gods he
came ;

His look, wherever its good-fortune fell,
Doubled the feast without a miracle,
And on the hearthstone danced a happier
flame ;

Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign ;
Amphitryon's gold-juice humanised to

III

I

THE garrulous memories

Gather again from all their far-flown
nooks,

Singly at first, and then by twos and
threes,

Then in a throng innumerable, as the
rooks

Thicken their twilight files
Tow'rd Tintern's gray repose of roofless
aisles :

Once more I see him at the table's head
When Saturday her monthly banquet
spread

To scholars, poets, wits,
All choice, some famous, loving things,
not names,
And so without a twinge at other's
fames ;

Such company as wisest moods befits,
Yet with no pedant blindness to the
worth

Of undeliberate mirth,
Natures benignly mixed of air and earth,
Now with the stars and now with equal
zest

Tracing the eccentric orbit of a jest.

II

I see in vision the warm-lighted hall,
The living and the dead I see again,
And but my chair is empty ; 'mid them
all

'Tis I that seem the dead : they all
remain

Immortal, changeless creatures of the
brain :

Wellnigh I doubt which world is real
most,

Of sense or spirit, to the truly sane ;
In this abstraction it were light to deem
Myself the figment of some stronger
dream ;

They are the real things, and I the ghost
That glide unhindered through the solid
door,

Vainly for recognition seek from chair to
 chair,
 And strive to speak and am but futile
 air,
 As truly most of us are little more.

III

Him most I see whom we most dearly
 miss,
 The latest parted thence,
 His features poised in genial armistice
 And armed neutrality of self-defence
 Beneath the forehead's walled preëmi-
 nence,
 While Tyro, plucking facts with careless
 reach,
 Settles off-hand our human how and
 whence ;
 The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing
 hears
 The infallible strategy of volunteers
 Making through Nature's walls its easy
 breach,
 And seems to learn where he alone could
 teach.
 Ample and ruddy, the board's end he fills
 As he our fireside were, our light and
 heat,
 Centre where minds diverse and various
 skills
 Find their warm nook and stretch un-
 hampered feet ;
 I see the firm benignity of face,
 Wide-smiling champaign, without tame-
 ness sweet,
 The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,
 The eyes whose sunshine runs before the
 lips
 While Holmes's rockets curve their long
 ellipse,
 And burst in seeds of fire that burst
 again
 To drop in scintillating rain.

IV

There too the face half-rustic, half-
 divine,
 Self-poised, sagacious, freaked with
 humour fine,

Of him who taught us not to mow and
 mope
 About our fancied selves, but seek our
 scope
 In Nature's world and Man's, nor fade
 to hollow trope,
 Content with our New World and
 timely bold
 To challenge the o'ermastery of the
 Old ;
 Listening with eyes averse I see him
 sit
 Pricked with the cider of the Judge's
 wit
 (Ripe-hearted homebrew, fresh and
 fresh again),
 While the wise nose's firm-built aquiline
 Curves sharper to restrain
 The merriment whose most unruly
 moods
 Pass not the dumb laugh learned in
 listening woods
 Of silence-shedding pine :
 Hard by is he whose art's consoling
 spell
 Hath given both worlds a whiff of
 asphodel,
 His look still vernal 'mid the wintry
 ring
 Of petals that remember, not foretell,
 The paler primrose of a second spring.

V

And more there are : but other forms
 arise
 And seen as clear, albeit with dimmer
 eyes :
 First he from sympathy still held apart
 By shrinking over-eagerness of heart,
 Cloud charged with searching fire,
 whose shadow's sweep
 Heightened mean things with sense of
 brooding ill,
 And steeped in doom familiar field and
 hill,—
 New England's poet, soul reserved and
 deep,
 November nature with a name of May,
 Whom high o'er Concord plains we
 laid to sleep,

While the orchards mocked us in their
 white array
 And building robins wondered at our
 tears,
 Snatched in his prime, the shape august
 That should have stood unbent 'neath
 fourscore years,
 The noble head, the eyes of furtive trust,
 All gone to speechless dust.
 And he our passing guest,
 Shy nature, too, and stung with life's
 unrest,
 Whom we too briefly had but could
 not hold,
 Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to
 our board,
 The Past's incalculable hoard,
 Mellowed by scutcheon'd panes in
 cloisters old,
 Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements
 sweet
 With immemorial lip of musing feet ;
 Young head time-tensured smoother
 than a friar's,
 Boy face, but grave with answerless
 desires,
 Poet in all that poets have of best,
 But foiled with riddles dark and cloudy
 aims,
 Who now hath found sure rest,
 Not by still Isis or historic Thames,
 Nor by the Charles he tried to love
 with me,
 But, not misplaced, by Arno's hallowed
 brim,
 Nor scorned by Santa Croce's neigh-
 bouring fames,
 Happily not mindless, wheresoe'er
 he be,
 Of violets that to-day I scattered over
 him ;
 He, too, is there,
 After the good centurion fitly named,
 Whom learning dulled not, nor con-
 vention tamed,
 Shaking with burly mirth his hya-
 cinthine hair,
 Our hearty Grecian of Homeric ways,
 Still found the surer friend where least he
 hoped the praise.

VI

Yea truly, as the sallowing years
 Fall from us faster, like frost-loosened
 leaves
 Pushed by the misty touch of shorten-
 ing days,
 And that unawakened winter nears,
 'Tis the void chair our surest guest
 receives,
 'Tis lips long cold that give the
 warmest kiss,
 'Tis the lost voice comes oftenest to
 our ears ;
 We count our rosary by the beads we
 miss :
 To me, at least, it seemeth so,
 An exile in the land once found divine,
 While my starved fire burns low,
 And homeless winds at the loose case-
 ment whine
 Shrill ditties of the snow-roofed Apen-
 nine.

IV

I

Now forth into the darkness all are
 gone,
 But memory, still unsated, follows on,
 Retracing step by step our homeward
 walk,
 With many a laugh among our serious
 talk,
 Across the bridge where, on the
 dimpling tide,
 The long red streamers from the
 windows glide,
 Or the dim western moon
 Rocks her skiff's image on the broad
 lagoon,
 And Boston shows a soft Venetian
 side
 In that Arcadian light when roof and
 tree,
 Hard prose by daylight, dream in Italy ;
 Or haply in the sky's cold chambers
 wide
 Shivered the winter stars, while all
 below,

As if an end were come of human ill,
 The world was wrapt in innocence of snow
 And the cast-iron bay was blind and still ;
 These were our poetry ; in him perhaps
 Science had barred the gate that lets in
 dream,
 And he would rather count the perch
 and bream
 Than with the current's idle fancy lapse ;
 And yet he had the poet's open eye
 That takes a frank delight in all it sees,
 Nor was earth voiceless, nor the mystic
 sky,
 To him the life-long friend of fields and
 trees :
 Then came the prose of the suburban
 street,
 Its silence deepened by our echoing feet,
 And converse such as rambling hazard
 finds ;
 Then he who many cities knew and
 many minds,
 And men once world-noised, now mere
 Ossian forms
 Of misty memory, bade them live anew
 As when they shared earth's manifold
 delight,
 In shape, in gait, in voice, in gesture true,
 And, with an accent heightening as he
 warms,
 Would stop forgetful of the shortening
 night,
 Drop my confining arm, and pour
 profuse
 Much worldly wisdom kept for others' use,
 Not for his own, for he was rash and
 free,
 His purse or knowledge all men's, like
 the sea.
 Still can I hear his voice's shrilling
 might
 (With pauses broken, while the fitful
 spark
 He blew more hotly rounded on the
 dark
 To hint his features with a Rembrandt
 light)
 Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or
 Lamarck,
 Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more

Whom he had seen, or knew from
 others' sight,
 And make them men to me as ne'er
 be'ore :
 Not seldom, as the undeadened fibre
 stirred
 Of noble friendships knit beyond the sea,
 German or French thrust by the lagging
 word,
 For a good leash of mother-tongues
 had he.
 At last, arrived at where our paths
 divide,
 " Good night ! " and, ere the distance
 grew too wide,
 " Good night ! " again ; and now with
 cheated ear
 I half hear his who mine shall never hear.

II

Sometimes it seemed as if New Eng-
 land air
 For his large lungs too parsimonious were,
 As if those empty rooms of dogma drear
 Where the ghost shivers of a faith
 austere
 Counting the horns o'er of the
 Beast,
 Still scaring those whose faith in it is
 least,
 As if those snaps o' th' moral atmo-
 sphere
 That sharpen all the needles of the East,
 I had been to him like death,
 Accustomed to draw Europe's freer
 breath
 In a more stable element ;
 Nay, even our landscape, half the year
 morose,
 Our practical horizon grimly pent,
 Our air, sincere of ceremonious haze,
 Forcing hard outlines mercilessly
 close,
 Our social monotone of level days,
 Might make our best seem banish-
 ment ;
 But it was nothing so ;
 Haply his instinct might divine,
 Beneath our drift of puritanic snow,

The marvel sensitive and fine
 Of sanguinaria over-rash to blow
 And trust its shyness to an air
 malign ;
 Well might he prize truth's warranty
 and pledge
 In the grim outcrop of our granite
 edge,
 Or Hebrew fervour flashing forth at
 need
 In the gaunt sons of Calvin's iron
 breed,
 As prompt to give as skilled to win
 and keep ;
 But, though such intuitions might not
 cheer,
 Yet life was good to him, and, there
 or here,
 With that sufficing joy, the day was
 never cheap ;
 Thereto his mind was its own ample
 sphere,
 And, like those buildings great that
 through the year
 Carry one temperature, his nature large
 Made its own climate, nor could any
 marge
 Traced by convention stay him from
 his bent :
 He had a habitude of mountain air ;
 He brought wide outlook where he
 went,
 And could on sunny uplands dwell
 Of prospect sweeter than the pastures
 fair
 High-hung of viny Neufchâtel ;
 Nor, surely, did he miss
 Some pale, imaginary bliss
 Of earlier sights whose inner landscape
 still was Swiss.

V

I

I CANNOT think he wished so soon to
 die
 With all his senses full of eager heat,
 And rosy years that stood expectant by
 To buckle the winged sandals on their
 feet,

L

He that was friends with Earth, and
 all her sweet
 Took with both hands unsparingly :
 Truly this life is precious to the root,
 And good the feel of grass beneath the
 foot ;
 To lie in buttercups and clover-bloom,
 Tenants in common with the bees,
 And watch the white clouds drift
 through gulfs of trees,
 Is better than long waiting in the tomb ;
 Only once more to feel the coming
 spring
 As the birds feel it, when it bids them
 sing,
 Only once more to see the moon
 Through leaf-fringed abbey-arches of
 the elms
 Curve her mild sickle in the West
 Sweet with the breath of hay-cocks,
 were a boon
 Worth any promise of soothsayer
 realms
 Or casual hope of being elsewhere
 blest ;
 To take December by the beard
 And crush the creaking snow with
 springy foot,
 While overhead the North's dumb
 streamers shoot,
 Till Winter fawn upon the cheek
 endeared,
 Then the long evening-ends
 Lingered by cosy chimney-nooks,
 With high companionship of books
 Or slippered talk of friends
 And sweet habitual looks,
 Is better than to stop the ears with dust :
 Too soon the spectre comes to say,
 " Thou must ! "

II

When toil-crooked hands are crost
 upon the breast,
 They comfort us with sense of
 rest :
 They must be glad to lie forever still ;
 Their work is ended with their
 day ;

Another fills their room ; 'tis the World's
 ancient way,
 Whether for good or ill ;
 But the deft spinners of the brain,
 Who love each added day and find it
 gain,
 Them overtakes the doom
 To snap the half-grown flower upon
 the loom
 (Trophy that was to be of life-long
 pain),
 The thread no other skill can ever knit
 again.
 'Twas so with him, for he was
 glad to live,
 'Twas doubly so, for he left work
 begun ;
 Could not this eagerness of Fate
 forgive
 Till all the allotted flax were
 spun ?
 It matters not ; for, go at night or
 noon,
 A friend, when'er he dies, has died
 too soon,
 And, once we hear the hopeless *He is*
dead,
 So far as flesh hath knowledge, all is
 said.

VI

I

I SEEM to see the black procession go :
 That crawling prose of death too well
 I know,
 The vulgar paraphrase of glorious woe ;
 I see it wind through that unsightly
 grove,
 Once beautiful, but long defaced
 With granite permanence of cockney
 taste
 And all those grim disfigurements we
 love :
 There, then, we leave him : Him ?
 such costly waste
 Nature rebels at : and it is not true
 Of those most precious parts of him we
 knew :

Could we be conscious but as dreamers
 be,
 'Twere sweet to leave this shifting life
 of tents
 Sunk in the changeless calm of Deity ;
 Nay, to be mingled with the elements,
 The fellow-servant of creative powers,
 Partaker in the solemn year's events,
 To share the work of busy-fingered
 hours,
 To be night's silent almoner of dew,
 To rise again in plants and breathe
 and grow,
 To stream as tides the ocean caverns
 through,
 Or with the rapture of great winds to
 blow
 About earth's shaken coigns, were
 not a fate
 To leave us all-disconsolate ;
 Even endless slumber in the sweetening
 sod
 Of charitable earth
 That takes out all our mortal stains,
 And makes us cleaner neighbours of
 the clod,
 Methinks were better worth
 Than the poor fruit of most men's wake-
 ful pains,
 The heart's insatiable ache :
 But such was not his faith,
 Nor mine : it may be he had trod
 Outside the plain old path of *God thus*
spoke,
 But God to him was very God,
 And not a visionary wraith
 Skulking in murky corners of the mind,
 And he was sure to be
 Somehow, somewhere, imperishable as
 He,
 Not with His essence mystically com-
 bined,
 As some high spirits long, but whole and
 free,
 A perfected and conscious Agassiz.
 And such I figure him : the wise of old
 Welcome and own him of their peaceful
 fold,
 Not truly with the guild enrolled
 Of him who seeking inward guessed

Diviner riddles than the rest,
 And groping in the darks of thought
 Touched the Great Hand and knew it
 not ;
 Rather he shares the daily light,
 From reason's charier fountains won,
 Of his great chief, the slow-paced Stagy-
 rite,
 And Cuvier clasps once more his long-
 lost son.

II

The shape erect is prone : forever stilled
 The winning tongue ; the forehead's
 high-piled heap,
 A cairn which every science helped to
 build,
 Unvalued will its golden secrets keep :
 He knows at last if Life or Death be
 best :
 Wherever he be flown, whatever vest
 The being hath put on which lately here
 So many-friended was, so full of cheer
 To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,
 We have not lost him all ; he is not gone
 To the dumb herd of them that wholly
 die ;
 The beauty of his better self lives on
 In minds he touched with fire, in many
 an eye
 He trained to Truth's exact severity ;
 He was a Teacher : why be grieved for
 him
 Whose living word still stimulates the air ?
 In endless file shall loving scholars come
 The glow of his transmitted touch to
 share,
 And trace his features with an eye less dim
 Than ours whose sense familiar wont
 makes numb.

FLORENCE, ITALY. *February*, 1874.

TO HOLMES

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

DEAR Wendell, why need count the years
 Since first your genius made me thrill,
 If what moved then to smiles or tears,
 Or both contending, move me still ?

What has the Calendar to do
 With poets ? What Time's fruitless
 tooth

With gay immortals such as you
 Whose years but emphasise your youth ?

One air gave both their lease of breath ;
 The same paths lured our boyish feet ;
 One earth will hold us safe in death
 With dust of saints and scholars sweet.

Our legends from one source were drawn,
 I scarce distinguish yours from mine,
 And *don't* we make the Gentiles yawn
 With " You remembers ? " o'er our
 wine !

If I, with too senescent air,
 Invade your elder memory's pale,
 You snub me with a pitying " Where
 Were you in the September Gale ? "

Both stared entranced at Lafayette,
 Saw Jackson dubbed with LL.D.
 What Cambridge saw not strikes us yet
 As scarcely worth one's while to see.

Ten years my senior, when my name
 In Harvard's entrance-book was writ,
 Her halls still echoed with the fame
 Of you, her poet and her wit.

'Tis fifty years from then to now :
 But your Last Leaf renews its green,
 Though, for the laurels on your brow
 (So thick they crowd), 'tis hardly seen.

The oriole's fledglings fifty times
 Have flown from our familiar elms ;
 As many poets with their rhymes
 Oblivion's darkling dust o'erwhelms.

The birds are hushed, the poets gone
 Where no harsh critic's lash can reach,
 And still your winged brood sing on
 To all who love our English speech.

Nay, let the foolish records be
 That make believe you're seventy-five :
 You're the old Wendell still to me,—
 And that's the youngest man alive.

The gray-blue eyes, I see them still,
 The gallant front with brown o'er-
 hung,
 The shape alert, the wit at will,
 The phrase that stuck, but never stung.

You keep your youth as yon Scotch firs,
 Whose gaunt line my horizon hems,
 Though twilight all the lowland blurs,
 Hold sunset in their ruddy stems.

You with the elders? Yes, 'tis true,
 But in no sadly literal sense,
 With elders and coevals too,
 Whose verb admits no preterite tense.

Master alike in speech and song
 Of fame's great antiseptic—Style,
 You with the classic few belong
 Who tempered wisdom with a smile.

Outlive us all! Who else like you
 Could sift the seedcorn from our chaff,
 And make us with the pen we knew
 Deathless at least in epitaph?

WOLLASTON, August 29, 1884.

IN A COPY OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

THESE pearls of thought in Persian gulfs
 were bred,
 Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
 The diver Omar plucked them from
 their bed,
 Fitzgerald strung them on an English
 thread.

Fit rosary for a queen, in shape and
 hue,
 When Contemplation tells her pensive
 beads
 Of mortal thoughts, forever old and new.
 Fit for a queen? Why, surely then for
 you!

The moral? Where Doubt's eddies
 toss and twirl
 Faith's slender shallop till her footing
 reel,

Plunge: if you find not peace beneath
 the whirl,
 Groping, you may like Omar grasp a
 pearl.

ON RECEIVING A COPY OF MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S "OLD WORLD IDYLLS"

I

At length arrived, your book I take
 To read in for the author's sake;
 Too gray for new sensations grown,
 Can charm to Art or Nature known
 This torpor from my senses shake?

Hush! my parched ears what runnels
 slake?

Is a thrush gurgling from the brake?
 Has Spring, on all the breezes blown,
 At length arrived?

Long may you live such songs to make,
 And I to listen while you wake,
 With skill of late disused, each tone
 Of the *Lesbourn barbiton*,
 At mastery, through long finger-ache,
 At length arrived.

II

As I read on, what changes steal
 O'er me and through, from head to heel?
 A rapier thrusts coat-skirt aside,
 My rough Tweeds bloom to silken
 pride,—
 Who was it laughed? Your hand, Dick
 Steele!

Down vistas long of clipt *charmille*
 Watteau as Pierrot leads the reel;
 Tabor and pipe the dancers guide
 As I read on.

While in and out the verses wheel
 The wind-caught robes trim feet reveal,
 Lithe ankles that to music glide,
 But chastely and by chance descried;
 Art? Nature? Which do I most feel
 As I read on?

TO C. F. BRADFORD

ON THE GIFT OF A MEERSCHAUM PIPE

THE pipe came safe, and welcome too,
 As anything must be from you ;
 A meerschaum pure, 'twould float as
 light
 As sne the girls call Amphitrite.
 Mixture divine of foam and clay,
 From both it stole the best away :
 Its foam is such as crowns the glow
 Of breakers brimmed by Veuve Clicquot ;
 Its clay is but congested lymph
 Jove chose to make some choicer nympha ;
 And here combined,— why, this must be
 The birth of some enchanted sea,
 Shaped to immortal form, the type
 And very Venus of a pipe.

When high I heap it with the weed
 From Lethe wharf, whose potent seed
 Nicotia, big from Bacchus, bore
 And cast upon Virginia's shore,
 I'll think,— So fill the fairer bowl
 And wise alembic of thy soul,
 With herbs far-sought that shall distil,
 Not fumes to slacken thought and will,
 But bracing essences that nerve
 To wait, to dare, to strive, to serve.

When curls the smoke in eddies soft,
 And hangs a shifting dream aloft,
 That gives and takes, though chance-
 designed,
 The impress of the dreamer's mind,
 I'll think,—So let the vapours bred
 By Passion, in the heart or head,
 Pass off and upward into space,
 Waving farewells of tenderest grace,
 Remembered in some happier time,
 To blend their beauty with my rhyme.

While slowly o'er its candid bowl
 The colour deepens (as the soul
 That burns in mortal leaves its trace
 Of bale or beauty on the face),
 I'll think,—So let the essence rare
 Of years consuming make me fair ;
 So, 'gainst the ills of life profuse,

Steep me in some narcotic juice ;
 And if my soul must part with all
 That whiteness which we greenness call,
 Smooth back, O Fortune, half thy frown,
 And make me beautifully brown !

Dream-forged, I refill thy cup
 With reverie's wasteful pittance up,
 And while the fire burns slow away,
 Hiding itself in ashes gray,
 I'll think,—As inward Youth retreats,
 Compelled to spare his wasting heats,
 When Life's Ash-Wednesday comes
 about,
 And my head's gray with fires burnt out,
 While stays one spark to light the eye,
 With the last flash of memory,
 'Twill leap to welcome C. F. B.,
 Who sent my favourite pipe to me.

BANKSIDE

(HOME OF EDMUND QUINCY)

DEDHAM, MAY 21, 1877

I

I CHRISTENED you in happier days,
 before
 These gray forebodings on my brow were
 seen ;
 You are still lovely in your new-leaved
 green ;
 The brimming river soothes his grassy
 shore ;
 The bridge is there ; the rock with
 lichens hoar ;
 And the same shadows on the water lean,
 Outlasting us. How many graves be-
 tween
 That day and this ! How many shadows
 more
 Daiken my heart, their substance from
 these eyes
 Hidden forever ! So our world is made
 Of life and death commingled ; and the
 sighs
 Outweigh the smiles, in equal balance
 laid :

What compensation? None, save that
the All-wise
So schools us to love things that cannot
fade.

II

Thank God, he saw you last in pomp of
May,
Ere any leaf had felt the year's regret ;
Your latest image in his memory set
Was fair as when your landscape's peace-
ful sway
Charmed dearer eyes with his to make
delay
On Hope's long prospect,—as if They
forget
The happy, They, the unspeakable Three,
whose debt,
Like the hawk's shadow, blots our
brightest day :
Better it is that ye should look so fair,
Slopes that he loved, and ever-murmur-
ing pines
That make a music out of silent air,
And bloom-heaped orchard-trees in pros-
perous lines ;
In you the heart some sweeter hints
divines,
And wiser, than in winter's dull despair.

III

Old Friend, farewell ! Your kindly door
again
I enter, but the master's hand in mine
No more clasps welcome, and the tem-
perate wine,
That cheered our long nights, other lips
must stain :
All is unchanged, but I expect in vain
The face alert, the manners free and fine,
The seventy years borne lightly as the
pine
Wears its first down of snow in green
disdain :
Much did he, and much well ; yet most
of all
I prized his skill in leisure and the ease
Of a life flowing full without a plan ;
For most are idly busy ; him I call

Thrice fortunate who knew himself to
please,
Learned in those arts that make a gentle-
man.

IV

Nor deem he lived unto himself alone ;
His was the public spirit of his sire,
And in those eyes, soft with domestic
fire,
A quenchless light of fiercer temper
shone
What time about the world our shame
was blown
On every wind ; his soul would not con-
spire
With selfish men to soothe the mob's
desire,
Veiling with garlands Moloch's bloody
stone ;
The high-bred instincts of a better day
Ruled in his blood, when to be citizen
Rang Roman yet, and a Free People's
sway
Was not the exchequer of impoverished
men,
Nor statesmanship with loaded votes to
play,
Nor public office a tramps' boosing-ken.

JOSEPH WINLOCK

DIED JUNE 11, 1875

SHY soul and stalwart, man of patient
will
Through years one hair's-breadth on our
Dark to gain,
Who, from the stars he studied not in
vain,
Had learned their secret to be strong and
still,
Careless of fames that earth's tin trumpets
fill ;
Born under Leo, broad of build and
brain,
While others slept, he watched in that
hushed fane
Of Science, only witness of his skill :

Sudden as falls a shooting-star he fell,
But inextinguishable his luminous trace
In mind and heart of all that knew him
well.

Happy man's doom ! To him the Fates
were known

Of orbs dim hovering on the skirts of
space,

Unprescient, through God's mercy, of his
own !

SONNET

TO FANNY ALEXANDER

UNCONSCIOUS as the sunshine, simply
sweet

And generous as that, thou dost not
close

Thyself in art, as life were but a rose
To rumple bee-like with luxurious feet ;
Thy higher mind therein finds sure re-
treat,

But not from care of common hopes and
woes ;

Thee the dark chamber, thee the un-
friended, knows,

Although no babbling crowds thy praise
repeat :

Consummate artist, who life's landscape
bleak

Hast brimmed with sun to many a clouded
eye,

Touched to a brighter hue the beggar's
cheek,

Hung over orphaned lives a gracious sky,
And traced for eyes, that else would
vainly seek,

Fair pictures of an angel drawing nigh !

FLORENCE, 1873.

JEFFRIES WYMAN

DIED SEPTEMBER 4, 1874

THE wisest man could ask no more of
Fate

Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the Many, honoured by the
Few ;

To count as naught in World, or Church,
or State,

But inwardly in secret to be great ;
To feel mysterious Nature ever new ;

To touch, if not to grasp, her endless
clue,

And learn by each discovery how to wait.
He widened knowledge and escaped the

praise ;
He wisely taught, because more wise to
learn ;

He toiled for Science, not to draw men's
gaze,

But for her lore of self-denial stern.
That such a man could spring from our

decays
Fans the soul's nobler faith until it burn.

TO A FRIEND

WHO GAVE ME A GROUP OF WEEDS
AND GRASSES, AFTER A DRAWING
OF DURER

TRUE as the sun's own work, but more
refined,

It tells of love behind the artist's eye,
Of sweet companionships with earth and
sky,

And summers stored, the sunshine of the
mind.

What peace ! Sure, ere you breathe, the
fickle wind

Will break its truce and bend that grass-
plume high,

Scarcely yet quiet from the gilded fly
That flits a more luxurious perch to
find.

Thanks for a pleasure that can never
pall,

A serene moment, deftly caught and
kept

To make immortal summer on my wall.
Had he who drew such gladness ever

wept ?
Ask rather could he else have seen at
all,

Or grown in Nature's mysteries an
adept ?

WITH AN ARM-CHAIR

I

ABOUT the oak that framed this chair,
 of old
 The seasons danced their round ; delighted
 wings
 Brought music to its boughs ; shy wood-
 land things
 Shared its broad roof, 'neath whose green
 glooms grown bold,
 Lovers, more shy than they, their secret
 told ;
 The resurrection of a thousand springs
 Swelled in its veins, and dim imaginings
 Teased them, perchance, of life more
 manifold.
 Such shall it know when its proud arms
 enclose
 My Lady Goshawk, musing here at rest,
 Careless of him who into exile goes,
 Yet, while his gift by those fair limbs is
 prest,
 Through some fine sympathy of nature
 knows
 That, seas between us, she is still his
 guest.

II

Yet sometimes, let me dream, the con-
 scious wood
 A momentary vision may renew
 Of him who counts its treasure that he
 knew,
 Though but in passing, such a priceless
 good,
 And, like an elder brother, felt his mood
 Uplifted by the spell that kept her true,
 Amid her lightsome compeers, to the few
 That wear the crown of serious woman-
 hood :
 Were he so happy, think of him as one
 Who in the Louvre or Pitti feels his soul
 Rapt by some dead face which, till then
 unseen,
 Moves like a memory, and, till life outrun,
 Is vexed with vague misgiving, past
 control,
 Of nameless loss and thwarted might-
 have-been.

E. G. DE R.

WHY should I seek her' spell to de-
 compose
 Or to its source each rill of influence trace
 That feeds the brimming river of her
 grace ?
 The petals numbered but degrade to
 prose
 Summer's triumphant poem of the rose :
 Enough for me to watch the wavering
 chase,
 Like wind o'er grass, of moods across
 her face,
 Fairest in motion, fairer in repose.
 Steeped in her sunshine, let me, while I
 may,
 Partake the bounty : ample 'tis for me
 That her mirth cheats my temples of their
 gray,
 Her charm makes years long spent seem
 yet to be.
 Wit, goodness, grace, swift flash from
 grave to gay,—
 All these are good, but better far is she.

BON VOYAGE

SHIP, blest to bear such freight across
 the blue,
 May stormless stars control thy horo-
 scope ;
 In keel and hull, in every spar and rope,
 Be night and day to thy dear office true !
 Ocean, men's path and their divider too,
 No fairer shrine of memory and hope
 To the underworld adown thy westering
 slope
 E'er vanished, or whom such regrets
 pursue :
 Smooth all thy surges as when Jove to
 Crete
 Swam with less costly burthen, and
 prepare
 A pathway meet for her home-coming soon
 With golden undulations such as greet
 The printless summer-sandals of the
 moon
 And tempt the Nautilus his cruise to date !

TO WHITTIER

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

NEW ENGLAND'S poet, rich in love as
 years,
 Her hills and valleys praise thee, her
 swift brooks
 Dance in thy verse; to her grave sylvan
 nooks
 Thy steps allure us, which the wood-
 thrush hears
 As maids their lovers', and no treason
 fears;
 Through thee her Merimacs and
 Agiochooks
 And many a name uncouth win gracious
 looks.
 Sweetly familiar to both England's' ears:
 Peaceful by birthright is a virgin lake,
 The lily's anchorage, which no eyes
 behold
 Save those of stars, yet for thy brother's
 sake
 That lay in bonds, thou blew'st a blast as
 bold
 As that wherewith the heart of Roland
 broke,
 Far heard across the New World and
 the Old.

ON AN AUTUMN SKETCH OF
H. G. WILD

THANKS to the artist, ever on my wall
 The sunset stays. that hill in glory
 rolled,
 Those tints and clouds in crimson and in
 gold,
 Burn on, nor cool when evening's
 shadows fall.
 Not round *these* splendours Midnight
 wraps her pall;
These leaves the flush of Autumn's vintage
 hold
 In Winter's spite, nor can the Northwind
 bold
 Deface my chapel's western window
 small:

On one, ah me! October struck his frost,
 But not repaid him with those Tyrian
 hues;
 His naked boughs but tell him what is
 lost,
 And parting comforts of the sun refuse.
 His heaven is bare, —ah, were its hollow
 cost
 Even with a cloud whose light were yet
 to lose!

April, 1854

TO MISS D. T.

ON HER GIVING ME A DRAWING OF
LITTLE STREET ARABS

As, cleansed of Tiber's and Oblivion's
 slime,
 Glow Lanesina's vaults with shapes
 again
 That dreamed some exiled artist from his
 pain
 Back to his Athens and the Muse's
 clime,
 So these world-orphaned waifs of Want
 and Cime,
 Purged by Arts' absolution from the
 stain
 Of the polluting city-flood, regain
 Ideal grace secure from taint of time.
 An Attic frieze you give, a pictured song;
 For as with words the poet paints, for
 you
 The happy pencil at its labour sings,
 Stealing his privilege, nor does him
 wrong,
 Beneath the false discovering the true,
 And Beauty's best in unregarded things.

WITH A COPY OF AUCASSIN
 AND NICOLETE

LEAVES fit to have been poor Juliet's
 cradle rhyme,
 With gladness of a heart long quenched
 in mould
 They vibrate still, a nest not yet grown
 cold

From its fledged burthen. The numb
hand of Time
Vainly his glass turns; here is endless
prime;
Here lips their roses keep and locks
their gold;
Here Love in pristine innocency bold
Speaks what our grosser conscience makes
a crime.
Because it tells the dream that all have
known
Once in their lives, and to life's end the
few;
Because its seeds o'er Memory's desert
blown
Spring up in heartsease such as Eden
knew;
Because it hath a beauty all its own,
Dear Friend, I plucked this herb of
grace for you.

ON PLANTING A TREE AT INVERARA

WHO does his duty is a question
Too complex to be solved by me,
But he, I venture the suggestion,
Does part of his that plants a tree.

For after he is dead and buried,
And epitaphed, and well forgot,
Nay, even his shade by Charon ferried
To—let us not inquire to what,

His deed, its author long outliving,
By Nature's mother-care increased,
Shall stand, his verdant almoner, giving
A kindly dole to man and beast.

The wayfarer, at noon reposing,
Shall bless its shadow on the grass,
Or sheep beneath it huddle, dozing
Until the thundergust o'erpass.

The owl, belated in his plundering,
Shall here await the friendly night,
Blinking whene'er he wakes, and won-
dering
What fool it was invented light.

Hither the busy birds shall flutter,
With the light timber for their nests,
And, pausing from their labour, utter
The morning sunshine in their breasts.

What though his memory shall have
vanished,
Since the good deed he did survives?
It is not wholly to be banished
Thus to be part of many lives.

Grow, then, my foster-child, and
strengthen,
Bough over bough, a murmurous pile,
And, as your stately stem shall lengthen,
So may the statelier of Argyll!
1830.

AN EPISTLE TO GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

"De prodome,
Des qu'il s'atorne a grant bonte
Ja n'ert tot dit ne tot conte,
Que leingue ne puet pas retraire
Tant d'enor com prodome set faire."

CRESFIL DE TROIES,
L. Romans du Chevalier au Lyon, 784-788.

1874

CURTIS, whose Wit, with Fancy aim in
arm,
Masks half its muscle in its skill to
charm,
And who so gently can the Wrong
expose
As sometimes to make converts, never
foes,
Or only such as good men must expect,
Knaves sore with conscience of their
own defect,
I come with mild remonstrance. Ere I
start,
A kindlier errand interrupts my heart,
And I must utter, though it vex your
ears,
The love, the honour, felt so many years.

Curtis, skilled equally with voice and pen
To stir the hearts or mould the minds of
men,—

That voice whose music, for I've heard
 you sing
 Sweet as Casella, can with passion ring,
 That pen whose rapid ease ne'er trips
 with haste,
 Nor scrapes nor sputters, pointed with
 good taste,
 First Steele's, then Goldsmith's, next it
 came to you,
 Whom Thackeray rated best of all our
 crew, —
 Had letters kept you, every wreath were
 yours;
 Had the World tempted, all its chariest
 doors
 Had swung on flattered hinges to admit
 Such high-bred manners, such good-
 natured wit;
 At courts, in senates, who so fit to
 serve?
 And both invited, but you would not
 swerve,
 All meaner prizes waiving that you might
 In civic duty spend your heat and light,
 Unpaid, untrammelled, with a sweet
 disdain
 Refusing posts men grovel to attain.
 Good Man all own you; what is left me,
 then,
 To heighten praise with but Good
 Citizen?

But why this praise to make you blush
 and stare,
 And give a backache to your Easy-Chain?
 Old Crestien rightly says no language
 can
 Express the worth of a true Gentleman,
 And I agree; but other thoughts deride
 My first intent, and lure my pen aside.
 Thinking of you, I see my firelight glow
 On other faces, loved from long ago,
 Dear to us both, and all these loves
 combine
 With this I send and crowd in every
 line;
 Fortune with me was in such generous
 mood
 That all my friends were yours, and all
 were good;

Three generations come when one I call,
 And the fair grandame, youngest of them
 all,
 In her own Florida who found and sips
 The fount that fled from Ponce's longing
 lips.
 How bright they rise and wreath my
 hearthstone round,
 Divine my thoughts, reply without a
 sound,
 And with them many a shape that
 memory sees,
 As dear as they, but crowned with
 aureoles these!
 What wonder if, with protest in my
 thought,
 Arrived, I find 'twas only love I brought?
 I came with protest; Memory barred the
 road
 Till I repaid you half the debt I owed.

No, 'twas not to bring laurels that I
 came,
 Nor would you wish it, daily seeing fame,
 (On our cheap substitute, unknown of
 yore,)
 Dumped like a load of coal at every door,
 Mime and hetera getting equal weight
 With him whose toils heroic saved the
 State.
 But praise can harm not who so calmly
 met
 Slander's worst word, nor treasured up
 the debt,
 Knowing, what all experience serves to
 show,
 No mud can soil us but the mud we
 throw.
 You have heard harsher voices and more
 loud,
 As all must, not sworn liegemen of the
 crowd,
 And far aloof your silent mind could
 keep
 As when, in heavens with winter-mid-
 night deep,
 The perfect moon hangs thoughtful, nor
 can know
 What hounds her lucent calm drives mad
 below.

But to my business, while you rub your
eyes

And wonder how you ever thought me
wise.

Dear friend and old, they say you shake
your head

And wish some bitter words of mine un-
said :

I wish they might be,—there we are
agreed ;

I hate to speak, still more what makes
the need ;

But I must utter what the voice within
Dictates, for acquiescence dumb were sin ;
I blurt ungrateful truths, if so they be,
'That none may need to say them after
me.

'Twere my felicity could I attain
The temperate zeal that balances your
brain ;

But nature still o'erleaps reflection's
plan,

And one must do his service as he can.
Think you it were not pleasanter to speak
Smooth words that leave unflushed the
brow and cheek ?

To sit, well-dined, with cynic smile, un-
seen

In private box, spectator of the scene
Where men the comedy of life rehearse,
Idly to judge which better and which
worse

Each hireling actor spoiled his worthless
part ?

Were it not sweeter with a careless heart,
In happy commune with the untainted
brooks,

To dream all day, or, walled with silent
books,

To hear nor heed the World's unmeaning
noise,

Safe in my fortress stored with lifelong
joys ?

I love too well the pleasures of retreat
Safe from the crowd and cloistered from
the street ;

The fire that whispers its domestic joy,
Flickering on walls that knew me still a
boy,

And knew my saintly father ; the full
days,

Not careworn from the world's soul-
squandering ways,

Calm days that loiter with snow-silent
tread,

Nor break my commune with the undying
dead ;

Truants of Time, to-morrow like to-day,
'That come unbid, and claimless glide
away

By shelves that sun them in the indulgent
Past,

Where Spanish castles, even, were built
to last,

Where saint and sage their silent vigil
keep,

And wrong hath ceased or sung itself to
sleep.

Dear were my walks, too, gathering
fragrant store

Of Mother Nature's simple-minded lore :
I learned all weather-signs of day or
night ;

No bird but I could name him by his
flight,

No distant tree but by his shape was
known,

Or, near at hand, by leaf or bark alone.
This leaning won by loving looks I
hived

As sweeter lore than all from books
derived.

I known the charm of hillside, field, and
wood,

Of lake and stream, and the sky's downy
brood,

Of roads sequestered rimmed with willow
sod,

But friends with hardhack, aster, golden-
rod,

Or succory keeping summer long its trust
Of heaven-blue fleckless from the eddying
dust :

These were my earliest friends, and latest
too,

Still, unestranged, whatever fate may do.
For years I had these treasures, knew
their worth,

Estate most real man can have on earth.

I sank too deep in this soft-stuffed repose
 That hears but rumours of earth's wrongs
 and woes ;
 Too well these Capuas could my muscles
 waste,
 Not void of toils, but toils of choice and
 taste ;
 These still had kept me could I but have
 quelled
 The Puritan drop that in my veins
 rebelled.
 But there were times when silent were
 my books
 As jailers are, and gave me sullen looks,
 When verses palled, and even the wood-
 land path,
 By innocent contrast, fed my heart with
 wrath,
 And I must twist my little gift of words
 Into a scourge of rough and knotted
 cords
 Unmusical, that whistle as they swing
 To leave on shameless backs their purple
 sting.

How slow Time comes ! Gone, who so
 swift as he ?

Add but a year, 'tis half a century
 Since the slave's stifled moaning broke
 my sleep,
 Heard 'gainst my will in that seclusion
 deep,
 Haply heard louder for the silence there,
 And so my fancied safeguard made my
 snare.

After that moan had sharpened to a cry,
 And a cloud, hand-broad then, heaped
 all our sky
 With its stored vengeance, and such
 thunders stirred

As heaven's and earth's remotest chambers
 heard,

I looked to see an ampler atmosphere
 By that electric passion-gust blown clear.
 I looked for this ; consider what I see—
 But I forbear, 'twould please nor you nor
 me

To check the items in the bitter list
 Of all I counted on and all I mist.
 Only three instances I choose from all,

And each enough to stir a pigeon's gall :
 Office a fund for ballot-brokers made
 To pay the drudges of their gainful
 trade ;

Our cities taught what conquered cities
 feel

By ædiles chosen that they might safely
 steal ;

And gold, however got, a title fair
 To such respect as only gold can bear.

I seem to see this ; how shall I gainsay
 What all our journals tell me every day ?
 Poured our young martyrs their high-
 hearted blood

That we might trample to congenial mud
 The soil with such a legacy sublimed ?
 Methinks an angry scorn is here well-
 timed :

Where find retreat ? How keep reproach
 at bay ?

Where'er I turn some scandal fouls the
 way.

Dear friend, if any man I wished to
 please,

'Twere surely you whose humour's honied
 ease

Flows flecked with gold of thought,
 whose generous mind

Sees Paradise regained by all mankind,
 Whose brave example still to vanward
 shines,

Checks the retreat, and spurs our lagging
 lines.

Was I too bitter ? Who his phrase can
 choose

That sees the life-blood of his dearest
 ooze ?

I loved my Country so as only they
 Who love a mother fit to die for may ;
 I loved her old renown, her stainless
 fame,—

What better proof than that I loathed
 her shame ?

That many blamed me could not irk me
 long,

But, if you doubted, must I not be
 wrong ?

'Tis not for me to answer : this I know,
 That man or race so prosperously low

Sunk in success that wrath they cannot
 feel,
 Shall taste the spurn of parting Fortune's
 heel;
 For never land long lease of empire won
 Whose sons sate silent when base deeds
 were done.

POSTSCRIPT, 1887

Curtis, so wrote I thirteen years ago,
 Tost it unfinished by, and left it so;
 Found lately, I have pieced it out, or
 tried,
 Since time for callid juncture was denied.
 Some of the verses pleased me, it is true,
 And still were pertinent,—those honour-
 ing you.
 These now I offer: take them, if you
 will,
 Like the old hand-grasp, when at Shady
 Hill
 We met, or Staten Island, in the days
 When life was its own spur, nor needed
 praise.
 If once you thought me rash, no longer
 fear;
 Past my next milestone waits my seventieth
 year.
 I mount no longer when the trumpets
 call;
 My battle-harness idles on the wall,
 The spider's castle, camping-ground of
 dust,
 Not without dints, and all in front, I
 trust.
 Shivering sometimes it calls me as it
 hears
 Afar the charge's tramp and clash of
 spears;
 But 'tis such murmur only as might be
 The sea-shell's lost tradition of the sea,
 That makes me muse and wonder Where?
 and When?
 While from my cliff I watch the waves
 of men
 That climb to break midway their seem-
 ing gain,
 And think it triumph if they shake their
 chain.

Little I ask of Fate; will she refuse
 Some days of reconciliation with the
 Muse?

I take my reed again and blow it free
 Of dusty silence, murmuring, "Sing to
 me!"

And, as its stops my curious touch retires,
 The stir of earlier instincts I surprise,—
 Instincts, if less imperious, yet more
 strong,

And happy in the toil that ends with
 song.

Home am I come: not, as I hoped
 might be,

To the old haunts, too full of ghosts for
 me,

But to the olden dreams that time endears,
 And the loved books that younger grow
 with years;

To country rambles, timing with my
 tread

Some happier verse that carols in my
 head,

Yet all with sense of something vainly
 mist,

Of something lost, but when I never
 wist.

How empty seems to me the populous
 street,

One figure gone I daily loved to meet,—
 The clear, sweet singer with the crown
 of snow

Not whiter than the thoughts that housed
 below!

And, ah, what absence feel I at my side,
 Like Dante when he missed his laurelled
 guide,

What sense of diminution in the air
 Once so inspiring, Emerson not there!
 But life is sweet, though all that makes
 it sweet

Lessen like sound of friends' departing
 feet,

And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
 Coming with welcome at our journey's
 end;

For me Fate gave, whate'er she else
 denied,

A nature sloping to the southern side;

I thank her for it, though when clouds
 arise
 Such natures double-darken gloomy skies.
 I muse upon the margin of the sea,
 Our common pathway to the new To Be,
 Watching the sails, that lessen more and
 more,
 Of good and beautiful embarked before;
 With bits of wreck I patch the boat shall
 bear
 Me to that unexhausted Otherwhere,
 Whose friendly-peopled shore I some-
 times see,
 By soft mirage uplifted, beckon me,
 Nor sadly hear, as lower sinks the sun,
 My moorings to the past snap one by
 one.

SENTIMENT

ENDYMION

A MYSTICAL COMMENT ON TITIAN'S
 "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE"

I

My day began not till the twilight fell,
 And, lo, in ether from heaven's sweetest
 well,
 The New Moon swam divinely isolate
 In maiden silence, she that makes my
 fate
 Haply not knowing it, or only so
 As I the secrets of my sheep may know;
 Nor ask I more, entirely blest if she,
 In letting me adore, ennoble me
 To height of what the Gods meant
 making man,
 As only she and her best beauty can.
 Mine be the love that in itself can find
 Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the
 mind,
 Seed of that glad surrender of the will
 That finds in service self's true purpose
 still;
 Love that in outward fairness sees the
 tent
 Pitched for an inmate far more excellent;
 Love with a light irradiate to the core,

Lit at her lamp, but fed from inborn
 store;
 Love thrice-requited with the single joy
 Of an immaculate vision naught could
 cloy,
 Dearer because, so high beyond my
 scope,
 My life grew rich with her, unbribed by
 hope
 Of other guerdon save to think she knew
 One grateful votary paid her all her due;
 Happy if she, high-radiant there, resigned
 To his sure trust her image in his mind.
 O fairer even than Peace is when she
 comes
 Hushing War's tumult, and retreating
 drums
 Fade to a murmur like the sough of bees
 Hidden among the noon-stilled linden-
 trees,
 Bringer of quiet, thou that canst allay
 The dust and din and travail of the day,
 Strewer of Silence, Giver of the dew
 That doth our pastures and our souls
 renew,
 Still dwell remote, still on thy shoreless
 sea
 Float unattained in silent empery,
 Still light my thoughts, nor listen to a
 prayer
 Would make thee less imperishably fair!

II

Can, then, my twofold nature find content
 In vain conceits of airy blandishment?
 Ask I no more? Since yesterday I task
 My storm-strewn thoughts to tell me
 what I ask:
 Fair premonitions of mutation strange
 Steal o'er my perfect orb, and, with the
 change,
 Myself am changed; the shadow of my
 earth
 Darkens the disk of that celestial worth
 Which only yesterday could still suffice
 Upwards to waft my thoughts in sacri-
 fice;
 My heightened fancy with its touches

Moulds to a woman's that ideal form;
 Nor yet a woman's wholly, but divine
 With awe her purer essence bred in
 mine.
 Was it long brooding on their own sur-
 mise,
 Which, of the eyes engendered, fools the
 eyes,
 Or have I seen through that translucent
 air
 A Presence shaped in its seclusions bare,
 My Goddess looking on me from above
 As look our russet maidens when they
 love,
 But high-uplifted o'er our human heat
 And passion-paths too rough for her pearl
 feet?

 Slowly the Shape took outline as I gazed
 At her full-orbed or crescent, till, be-
 dazed
 With wonder-working light that subtly
 wrought
 My brain to its own substance, steeping
 thought
 In trances such as poppies give, I saw
 Things shut from vision by sight's sober
 law,
 Amorphous, changeful, but defined at
 last
 Into the peerless Shape mine eyes hold
 fast.
 This, too, at first I worshipt: soon, like
 wine,
 Her eyes, in mine poured, frenzy-philtred
 mine;
 Passion put Worship's priestly raiment
 on
 And to the woman knelt, the Goddess
 gone.
 Was I, then, more than mortal made? or
 she
 Less than divine that she might mate
 with me?
 If mortal merely, could my nature cope
 With such o'er mastery of maddening
 hope?
 If Goddess, could she feel the blissful

That women in their self-surrender know?

III

Long she abode aloof there in her heaven,
 Far as the grape-bunch of the Pleiad seven
 Beyond my madness' utmost leap; but
 here
 Mine eyes have feigned of late her rapture
 near,
 Moulded of mind-mist that broad day
 dispels,
 Here in these shadowy woods and brook-
 lulled dells.

 Have no heaven-habitants e'er felt a void
 In hearts sublimed with ichor unalloyed?
 E'er longed to mingle with a mortal fate
 Intense with pathos of its briefer date?
 Could she partake, and live, our human
 stains?
 Even with the thought there tingles
 through my veins
 Sense of unwarned renewal; I, the dead,
 Receive and house again the arduous fled,
 As once Alcestis; to the ruddy brim
 Feel masculine virtue flooding every
 limb,
 And life, like Spring returning, brings
 the key
 That sets my senses from their winter
 free,
 Dancing like naked fauns too glad for
 shame.
 Her passion, purified to palest flame,
 Can it thus kindle? Is her purpose this?
 I will not argue, lest I lose a bliss
 That makes me dream Tithonus' fortune
 mine,
 (Or what of it was palpably divine
 Ere came the fruitlessly immortal gift;)
 I cannot curb my hope's imperious drift
 That wings with fire my dull mortality;
 Though fancy-forged, 'tis all I feel or see.

IV

My Goddess sinks; round Latmos'
 darkening brow
 Trembles the parting of her presence
 Faint as the perfume left upon the grass

By her limbs' pressure or her feet that
 pass
 By me conjectured, but conjectured so
 As things I touch far fainter substance
 show.
 Was it mine eyes' imposture I have seen
 Flit with the moonbeams on from shade
 to sheen
 Through the wood-openings? Nay, I
 see her now
 Out of her heaven new-lighted, from her
 brow
 The hair breeze-scattered, like loose mists
 that blow
 Across her crescent, goldening as they go
 High-kirtled for the chase, and what was
 shown,
 Of maiden rondure, like the rose half-
 blown.
 If dream, turn real! If a vision, stay!
 Take mortal shape, my philtre's spell
 obey!
 If hags compel thee from thy secret sky
 With gruesome incantations, why not I,
 Whose only magic is that I distil
 A potion, blent of passion, thought, and
 will,
 Deeper in reach, in force of fate more rich,
 Than e'er was juice wrung by Thessalian
 witch
 From moon-enchanted herbs,—a potion
 brewed
 Of my best life in each diviner mood?
 Myself the elixir am, myself the bowl
 Seething and mantling with my soul of
 soul.
 Taste and be humanised: what though
 the cup,
 With thy lips frenzied, shatter? Drink
 it up!
 If but these arms may clasp, o'erquited so,
 My world, thy heaven, all life means I
 shall know.

v

Sure she hath heard my prayer and
 granted half,
 As Gods do who at mortal madness
 laugh.

Yet if life's solid things illusion seem,
 Why may not substance wear the mask
 of dream?
 In sleep she comes; she visits me in
 dreams,
 And, as her image in a thousand streams,
 So in my veins, that her obey, she sees,
 Floating and flaming there, her images
 Bear to my little world's remotest zone
 Glad messages of her, and her alone.
 With silence-sandalled Sleep she comes
 to me,
 (But softer-footed, sweeter-browed, than
 she.)
 In motion gracious as a seagull's wing,
 And all her bright limbs, moving, seem
 to sing.
 Let me believe so, then, if so I may
 With the night's bounty feed my beggared
 day.
 In dreams I see her lay the goddess
 down
 With bow and quiver, and her crescent-
 crown
 Flicker and fade away to dull eclipse
 As down to mine she deigns her longed-
 for lips;
 And as her neck my happy arms enfold,
 Flooded and lusted with her loosened
 gold,
 She whispers words each sweeter than
 a kiss:
 Then, wakened with the shock of sudden
 bliss,
 My arms are empty, my awakener fled,
 And, silent in the silent sky o'erhead,
 But coldly as on ice-plated snow, she
 gleams,
 Herself the mother and the child of
 dreams.

vi

Gone is the time when phantasms could
 appease
 My quest phantasmal and bring cheated
 ease;
 When, if she glorified my dreams, I felt
 Through all my limbs a change immortal
 melt
 At touch of hers illuminate with soul.

Not long could I be stilled with Fancy's
dole ;
Too soon the mortal mixture in me
caught
Red fire from her celestial flame, and
fought
For tyrannous control in all my veins :
My fool's prayer was accepted ; what
remains ?

Or was it some eidolon merely, sent
By her who rules the shades in banish-
ment,

To mock me with her semblance ? Were
it thus,

How 'scape I shame, whose will was
traitorous ?

What shall compensate an ideal dimmed ?
How blanch again my statue virgin-
limbed,

Soiled with the incense-smoke her chosen
priest

Poured more profusely as within decreased
The fire unearthly, fed with coals from
far

Within the soul's shrine ? Could my
fallen star

Be set in heaven again by prayers and
tears

And quenchless sacrifice of all my years,
How would the victim to the flames leap,
And life for life's redemption paid hold
cheap !

But what resource when she herself de-
scends

From her blue throne, and o'er her
vassal bends

That shape thrice-deified by love, those
eyes

Wherein the Lethe of all others lies ?

When my white queen of heaven's remote-
ness tires,

Herself against her other self conspires,
'Takes woman's nature, walks in mortal
ways,

And finds in my remorse her beauty's
praise ?

Yet all would I renounce to dream again
The dream in dreams fulfilled that made
my pain,

My noble pain that heightened all my
years

With crowns to win and prowess-breeding
tears ;

Nay, would that dream renounce once
more to see

Hier from her sky there looking down at
me !

VII

Goddess, reclimb thy heaven, and be
once more

An inaccessible splendour to adore,
A faith, a hope of such transcendent worth
As bred ennobling discontent with earth ;
Give back the longing, back the elated
mood

That, fed with thee, spurned every meaner
good ;

Give even the spur of impotent despair
That, without hope, still bade aspire and
dare ;

Give back the need to worship, that still
pours

Down to the soul the virtue it adores !

Nay, brightest and most beautiful, deem
naught

These frantic words, the reckless wind of
thought ;

Still stoop, still grant,—I live but in thy
will ;

Be what thou wilt, but be a woman still !
Vainly I cried, nor could myself believe
That what I prayed for I would fain
receive.

My moon is set ; my vision set with her ;
No more can worship vain my pulses stir.
Goddess Triform, I own thy triple spell,
My heaven's queen,—queen, too, of my
earth and hell !

THE BLACK PREACHER

A BRETON LEGEND

AT Carnac in Brittany, close on the bay,
They show you a church, or rather the
gray
Ribs of a dead one, left there to bleach

With the wreck lying near on the crest
 of the beach,
 Roofless and splintered with thunder-
 stone,
 'Mid lichen-blurred gravestones all alone;
 'Tis the kind of ruin strange sights to
 see
 That may have their teaching for you and
 me.

Something like this, then, my guide had
 to tell,
 Perched on a saint cracked across when
 he fell:
 But since I might chance give his mean-
 ing a wrench,
 He talking his *patois* and I English-
 French,
 I'll put what he told me, preserving the
 tone,
 In a rhymed prose that makes it half his,
 half my own.

An abbey-church stood here, once on a
 time,
 Built as a death-bed atonement for crime:
 'Twas for somebody's sins, I know not
 whose;
 But sinners are plenty, and you can
 choose.
 Though a cloister now of the dusk-
 winged bat,
 'Twas rich enough once, and the brothers
 grew fat,
 Looser in girdle and purpler in jowl,
 Singing good rest to the founder's lost
 soul.

But one day came Northmen, and lithe
 tongues of fire
 Lapped up the chapter-house, licked off
 the spire,
 And left all a rubbish-heap, black and
 dreary,
 Where only the wind sings *miserere*.

No priest has kneeled since at the altar's
 foot,
 Whose crannies are searched by the
 nightshade's root,

Nor sound of service is ever heard,
 Except from throat of the unclean bird,
 Hooting to unsoiled shapes as they pass
 In midnights unholy his witches' mass,
 Or shouting "Ho! ho!" from the belfry
 high
 As the Devil's sabbath-train whirls by.

But once a year, on the eve of All-Souls,
 Through these arches dishallowed the
 organ rolls,
 Fingers long fleshless the bell-ropes
 work,
 The chimes peal muffled with sea-mists
 mirk,
 The skeleton windows are traced anew
 On the baleful flicker of corpse lights
 blue,
 And the ghosts must come, so the legend
 saith,
 To a preaching of Reverend Doctor
 Death.

Abbots, monks, barons, and ladies fair
 Hear the dull summons and gather there:
 No rustle of silk now, no clink of mail,
 Nor ever a one greets his church-mate
 pale;
 No knight whispers love in the *châte-
 laine's* ear,
 His next-door neighbour this five-hun-
 dred year;
 No monk has a sleek *benedicite*
 For the great lord shadowy now as he;
 Nor needeth any to hold his breath,
 Lest he lose the least word of Doctor
 Death.

He chooses his text in the Book Divine,
 Tenth verse of the Preacher in chapter
 nine:—

"Whatsoever thy hand shall find thee
 to do,

That do with thy whole might, or thou
 shalt rue;

For no man is wealthy, or wise, or brave,
 In that quencher of might-be's and
 would-be's, the grave."

Bid by the Bridegroom, 'To-morrow,'
 ye said,

And To-morrow was digging a trench for
your bed ;
Ye said, 'God can wait ; let us finish
our wine' ;
Ye had wearied Him, fools, and that last
knock was mine !"

But I can't pretend to give you the
sermon,
Or say if the tongue were French, Latin,
or German ;
Whatever he preached in, I give you my
word

The meaning was easy to all that heard ;
Famous preachers there have been and be,
But never was one so convincing as he ;
So blunt was never a begging friar,
No Jesuit's tongue so barbed with fire,
Cameronian never, nor Methodist,
Wrung gall out of Scripture with such a
twist.

And would you know who his hearers
must be ?

I tell you just what my guide told me :
Excellent teaching men have, day and
night,

From two earnest friars, a black and a
white,

The Dominican Death and the Carmelite
Life ;

And between these two there is never
strife,

For each has his separate office and
station,

And each his own work in the congregation ;
Whoso to the white brother deafens his ears,
And cannot be wrought on by blessings
or tears,

Awake in his coffin must wait and wait,
In that blackness of darkness that means
too late,

And come once a year, when the ghost-
bell tolls,

As till Doomsday it shall on the eve of
All-Souls,

To hear Doctor Death, whose words
smart with the brine

Of the Preacher, the tenth verse of
chapter nine.

ARCADIA REDIVIVA

I, WALKING the familiar street,
While a crammed horse-car jingled
through it,
Was lifted from my prosy feet
And in Arcadia ere I knew it.

Fresh sward for gravel soothed my tread,
And shepherd's pipes my ear delighted
The riddle may be lightly read :
I met two lovers newly pledged.

They murmured by in happy care,
New plans for paradise devising,
Just as the moon, with pensive stare,
O'er Mistress Craigie's pines was
rising.

Astarte, known nigh threescore years,
Me to no speechless rapture urges ;
Them in Elysium she enspheres,
Queen, from of old, of thaumaturges.

The railings put forth bud and bloom,
The house-fronts all with myrtles
twine them,
And light-winged Loves in every room
Make nests, and then with kisses line
them.

O sweetness of untasted life !
O dream, its own supreme fulfilment !
O hours with all illusion rife,
As ere the heart divined what ill
meant !

"*Et ego*," sighed I to myself,
And strove some vain regrets to bridle,
"Though now laid dusty on the shelf,
Was hero once of such an idyl !

"An idyl ever newly sweet,
Although since Adam's day recited,
Whose measures time them to Love's feet,
Whose sense is every ill required."

Maiden, if I may counsel, drain
Each drop of this enchanted season,
For even our honeymoons must wane,
Convicted of green cheese by Reason.

And none will seem so safe from change,
Nor in such skies benignant hover,
As this, beneath whose witchery strange
You tread on rose-leaves with your lover.

The glass unfilled all tastes can fit,
As round its brim Conjecture dances ;
For not Mephisto's self hath wit
To draw such vintages as Fancy's.

When our pulse beats its minor key,
When play-time halves and school-time doubles,
Age fills the cup with serious tea,
Which once Dame Cliquot starred with bubbles.

"Fie, Mr. Graybeard ! Is this wise ?
Is this the moral of a poet,
Who, when the plant of Eden dies,
Is privileged once more to sow it ?

"That herb of clay-disdaining root,
From stars secreting what it feeds on,
Is burnt-out passion's slag and soot
Fit soil to strew its dainty seeds on ?

"Pray, why, if in Arcadia once,
Need one so soon forget the way there ?
Or why, once there, be such a dunce
As not contentedly to stay there ?"

Dear child, 'twas but a sorry jest,
And from my heart I hate the cynic
Who makes the Book of Life a nest
For comments staler than rabbinic.

If Love his simple spell but keep,
Life with ideal eyes to flatter,
The Grail itself were crockery cheap
To Every-day's communion-platter.

One Dalby is to me well known,
Who, as the hearth between them blazes,
Sees the old moonlight shine on Joan,
And float her youthward in its hazes.

He rubs his spectacles, he stares,—
'Tis the same face that witch'd him early !

He gropes for his remaining hairs,—
Is this a fleece that feels so curly ?

"Good heavens ! but now 'twas winter gray,
And I of years had more than plenty ;
'The almanac's a fool ! 'Tis May !
Hang family Bibles ! I am twenty !

"Come, Joan, your arm ; we'll walk the room—
The lane, I mean—do you remember ?
How confident the roses bloom,
As if it ne'er could be December !

"Nor more it shall, while in your eyes
My heart its summer heat recovers,
And you, howe'er your mirror lies,
Find your old beauty in your lover's."

THE NEST

MAY

WHEN oaken woods with buds are pink,
And new-come birds each morning sing,

When fickle May on Summer's brink
Pauses, and knows not which to fling,
Whether fresh bud and bloom again,
Or hoar-frost silvering hill and plain,

Then from the honeysuckle gray
The oriole with experienced quest
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hanmock-nest,
Cheering his labour with a note
Rich as the orange of his throat.

High o'er the loud and dusty road
The soft gray cup in safety swings,
To brim ere August with its load
Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,
O'er which the friendly elm-tree heaves
An emerald roof with sculptured eaves.

Below, the noisy World drags by
 In the old way, because it must,
 The bride with heartbreak in her eye,
 The mourner following hated dust :
 Thy duty, winged flame of Spring,
 Is but to love, and fly, and sing.

Oh, happy life, to soar and sway
 Above the life by mortals led,
 Singing the merry months away,
 Master, not slave of daily bread,
 And, when the Autumn comes, to flee
 Wherever sunshine beckons thee !

PALINODE.—DECEMBER

Like some lorn abbey now, the wood
 Stands roofless in the bitter air ;
 In ruins on its floor is strewed
 The carven foliage quaint and rare,
 And homeless winds complain along
 The columned choir once thrilled with
 song.

And thou, dear nest, whence joy and
 praise
 The thankful oriole used to pour.
 Swing'st empty while the north winds
 chase
 Their snowy swarms from Labrador :
 But, loyal to the happy past,
 I love thee still for what thou wast.

Ah, when the Summer graces flee
 From other nests more dear than
 thou,
 And, where June crowded once, I see
 Only bare trunk and dislaved bough ;
 When springs of life that gleamed and
 gushed
 Run chilled, and slower, and are hushed ;

When our own branches, naked long,
 The vacant nests of Spring betray,
 Nurseries of passion, love, and song
 That vanished as our year grew gray ;
 When Life drones o'er a tale twice
 told
 O'er embers pleading with the cold,—

I'll trust, that, like the birds of Spring,
 Our good goes not without repair,
 But only flies to soar and sing
 Far off in some diviner air,
 Where we shall find it in the calms
 Of that fair garden 'neath the palms.

A YOUTHFUL EXPERIMENT IN
ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

IMPRESSIONS OF HOMER

SOMETIMES come pauses of calm, when
 the rapt bard, holding his heart
 back,
 Over his deep mind muses, as when o'er
 awe-stricken ocean
 Poises a heapt cloud luridly, ripening the
 gale and the thunder ;
 Slow rolls onward the verse with a long
 swell heaving and swinging,
 Seeming to wait till, gradually wid'ning
 from far-off horizons,
 Piling the deeps up, heaping the glad-
 hearted surges before it,
 Gathers the thought as a strong wind
 darkening and cresting the tumult.
 Then every pause, every heave, each
 trough in the waves, has its
 meaning ;
 Full-sailed, forth like a tall ship steadies
 the theme, and around it,
 Leaping beside it in glad strength, run-
 ning in wild glee beyond it,
 Harmonies billow exulting and floating
 the soul where it lists them,
 Swaying the listener's fantasy hither and
 thither like driftweed.

BIRTHDAY VERSES

WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM

'Twas sung of old in hut and hall
 How once a king in evil hour
 Hung musing o'er his castle wall,
 And, lost in idle dreams, let fall
 Into the sea his ring of power.

Then, let him sorrow as he might,
And pledge his daughter and his throne
To who restored the jewel bright,
The broken spell would ne'er unite ;
The grim old ocean held its own.

Those awful powers on man that wait,
On man, the beggar or the king,
To hovel bare or hall of state
A magic ring that masters fate
With each succeeding birthday bring.

Therein are set four jewels rare :
Pearl winter, summer's ruby blaze,
Spring's emerald, and, than all more fair,
Fall's pensive opal, doomed to bear
A heart of fire bedreamed with haze.

To him the simple spell who knows
The spirits of the ring to sway,
Fresh power with every sunrise flows,
And royal pursuivants are those
That fly his mandates to obey.

But he that with a slackened will
Dreams of things past or things to be,
From him the charm is slipping still,
And drops, ere he suspect the ill,
Into the inexorable sea.

ESTRANGEMENT

THE path from me to you that led,
Untrodden long, with grass is grown,
Mute carpet that his lieges spread
Before the Prince Oblivion
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget ?
You, who my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
Warned other ears and other eyes,
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet
With saddened steps, at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,
Where murmuring bees your name
repeat.

PHŒBE

ERE pales in Heaven the morning star,
A bird, the loneliest of its kind,
Hears Dawn's faint footfall from afar
While all its mates are dumb and blind.

It is a wee sad-coloured thing,
As shy and secret as a maid,
That, ere in choir the robins ring,
Pipes its own name like one afraid.

It seems pain-prompted to repeat
The story of some ancient ill,
But *Phæbe* ! *Phæbe* ! sadly sweet
Is all it says, and then is still.

It calls and listens. Earth and sky,
Flushed by the pathos of its fate,
Listen : no whisper of reply
Comes from its doom-dissevered mate.

Phæbe ! it calls and calls again,
And Ovid, could he but have heard,
Had hung a legendary pain
About the memory of the bird ;

A pain articulate so long
In penance of some mouldered crime
Whose ghost still flies the Furies' throng
Down the waste solitudes of time.

Waif of the young World's wonder-hour,
When gods found mortal maidens fair,
And will malign was joined with power
Love's kindly laws to overbear,

Like Progne, did it feel the stress
And coil of the prevailing words
Close round its being, and compress
Man's ampler nature to a bird's ?

One only memory left of all
The motley crowd of vanished scenes,
Hers, and vain impulse to recall
By repetition what it means.

Phæbe ! is all it has to say
In plaintive cadence o'er and o'er,
Like children that have lost their way,
And know their names, but nothing
more.

Is it a type, since Nature's Lyre
Vibrates to every note in man,
Of that insatiable desire,
Meant to be so since life began?

I, in strange lands at gray of dawn,
Wakeful, have heard that fruitless plaint
Through Memory's chambers deep with-
drawn
Renew its iterations faint.

So nigh! yet from remotest years
It summons back its magic, life
With longings unappeased, and tears
Drawn from the very source of life.

DAS EWIG-WEIBLICHE

How was I worthy so divine a loss,
Deepening my midnights, kindling all
my morns?

Why waste such precious wood to make
my cross,
Such far-sought roses for my crown of
thorns?

And when she came, how earned I such
a gift?

Why spend on me, a poor earth-
delving mole,
The fireside sweetnesss, the heavenward
lift,
The hourly mercy, of a woman's soul?

Ah, did we know to give her all her
right,

What wonders even in our poor clay
were done!

It is not Woman leaves us to our night,
But our brute earth that grovels from
her sun.

Our nobler cultured fields and gracious
domes

We whirl too oft from her who still
shines on

To light in vain our caves and clefts, the
homes

Of night-bird instincts pained till she
be gone.

Still must this body starve our souls with
shade;

But when Death makes us what we
were before,

Then shall her sunshine all our depths
invade,

And not a shadow stain heaven's
crystal floor.

THE RECALL

COME back before the birds are flown,
Before the leaves desert the tree,
And, through the lonely alleys blown,
Whisper their vain regrets to me
Who drive before a blast more rude,
The plaything of my gusty mood,
In vain pursuing and pursued!

Nay, come although the boughs be
bare,
Though snowflakes fledge the summer's
nest,
And in some far Ausonian air
The thrush, your minstrel, warm his
breast.

Come, sunshine's treasurer, and bring
To doubting flowers their faith in spring,
To birds and me the need to sing!

ABSENCE

SLEEP is Death's image,—poets tell us
so;

But Absence is the bitter self of Death,
And, you away, Life's lips their red
forego,

Parched in an air unfreshened by your
breath.

Light of those eyes that made the light
of mine,

Where shine you? On what happier
fields and flowers?

Heaven's lamps renew their lustre less
divine,

But only serve to count my darkened
hours.

If with your presence went your image too,
That brain-born ghost my path would
never cross
Which meets me now where'er I once
met you,
Then vanishes, to multiply my loss.

MONNA LISA

SHE gave me all that woman can,
Nor her soul's nunnery forego,
A confidence that man to man
Without remorse can never show.

Rare art, that can the sense refine
Till not a pulse rebellious stirs,
And, since she never can be mine,
Makes it seem sweeter to be hers!

THE OPTIMIST

TURBID from London's noise and smoke,
Here I find air and quiet too :
Air filtered through the beech and oak,
Quiet by nothing harsher broke
Than wood-dove's meditative coo.

The Truce of God is here ; the breeze
Sighs as men sigh relieved from care,
Or tilts as lightly in the trees
As might a robin : all is ease,
With pledge of ampler ease to spare.

Time, leaning on his scythe, forgets
To turn the hour-glass in his hand,
And all life's petty cares and frets,
Its teasing hopes and weak regrets,
Are still as that oblivious sand.

Repose fills all the generous space
Of undulant plain ; the rook and crow
Hush ; 'tis as if a silent grace,
By Nature murmured, calmed the face
Of Heaven above and Earth below.

From past and future toils I rest,
One Sabbath pacifies my year ;
I am the halcyon, this my nest ;
And all is safely for the best
While the World's there and I am here.

So I turn tory for the nonce,
And think the radical a bore,
Who cannot see, thick-witted dunce,
That what was good for people once
Must be as good forevermore.

Sun, sink no deeper down the sky ;
Earth, never change this summer mood ;
Breeze, loiter thus forever by,
Stir the dead leaf or let it lie ;
Since I am happy, all is good.

MIDDLETON, August, 1884.

ON BURNING SOME OLD LETTERS

WITH what odorous woods and spices
Spared for royal sacrifices,
With what costly gums seld-seen,
Hoarded to embalm a queen,
With what frankincense and myrrh,
Burn these precious parts of her,
Full of life and light and sweetness
As a summer day's completeness,
Joy of sun and song of bird
Running wild in every word,
Full of all the superhuman
Grace and winsomeness of woman ?

O'er these leaves her wrist has slid,
Thrilled with veins where fire is hid
'Neath the skin's pellucid veil,
Like the opal's passion pale ;
This her breath has sweetened ; this
Still seems trembling with the kiss
She half-ventured on my name,
Brow and cheek and throat aflame ;
Over all caressing lies
Sunshine left there by her eyes ;
From them all an effluence rare
With her nearness fills the air,
Till the murmur I half-hear
Of her light feet drawing near.

Rarest woods were coarse and rough,
Sweetest spice not sweet enough,
Too impure all earthly fire
For this sacred funeral-pyre ;
These rich relics must suffice
For their own dear sacrifice.

Seek we first an altar fit
 For such victims laid on it:
 It shall be this slab brought home
 In old happy days from Rome, —
 Lazuli, once blest to line
 Dian's inmost cell and shrine.
 Gently now I lay them there,
 Pure as Dian's forehead bare,
 Yet suffused with warmer hue,
 Such as only Latmos knew.

Fire I gather from the sun
 In a virgin lens: 'tis done!
 Mount the flames, red, yellow, blue,
 As her moods were shining through,
 Of the moment's impulse born,—
 Moods of sweetness, playful scorn,
 Half defiance, half surrender,
 More than cruel, more than tender,
 Flouts, caresses, sunshine, shade,
 Gracious doublings of a maid
 Infinite in guileless art,
 Playing hide-seek with her heart.

On the altar now, alas,
 There they lie a crinkling mass,
 Writhing still, as if with grief
 Went the life from every leaf;
 Then (heart-breaking palimpsest!)
 Vanishing ere wholly guessed,
 Suddenly some lines flash back,
 Traced in lightning on the black,
 And confess, till now denied,
 All the fire they strove to hide.
 What they told me, sacred trust,
 Stays to glorify my dust,
 There to burn through dust and damp
 Like a mage's deathless lamp,
 While an atom of this frame
 Lasts to feed the dainty flame.

All is ashes now, but they
 In my soul are laid away,
 And their radiance round me hovers
 Soft as moonlight over lovers,
 Shutting her and me alone
 In dream-Edens of our own;
 First of lovers to invent
 Love, and teach men what it meant.

THE PROTEST

I COULD not bear to see those eyes
 On all with wasteful largess shine,
 And that delight of welcome rise
 Like sunshine strained through amber
 wine,
 But that a glow from deeper skies,
 From conscious fountains more divine,
 Is (is it?) mine.

Be beautiful to all mankind,
 As Nature fashioned thee to be;
 'Twould anger me did all not find
 The sweet perfection that's in thee:
 Yet keep one charm of charms behind,—
 Nay, thou'rt so rich, keep two or three
 For (is it?) me!

THE PETITION

Oh, tell me less or tell me more,
 Soft eyes with mystery at the core,
 That always seem to meet my own
 Frankly as pansies fully grown,
 Yet waver still 'tween no and yes!
 So swift to cavil and deny,
 Then parley with concessions shy,
 Dear eyes, that make their youth be mine
 And through my inmost shadows shine,
 Oh, tell me more or tell me less!

FACT OR FANCY?

IN town I hear, scarce wakened yet,
 My neighbour's clock behind the wall
 Record the day's increasing debt,
 And *Cuckoo!* *Cuckoo!* faintly call.

Our senses run in deepening grooves,
 Thrown out of which they lose their tact,
 And consciousness with effort moves
 From habit past to present fact.

So, in the country waked to-day,
 I hear, unwitting of the change,
 A cuckoo's throb from far away
 Begin to strike, nor think it strange.

The sound creates its wonted frame :
My bed at home, the songster hid
Behind the wainscoting,—all came
As long association bid.

Then, half aroused, ere yet Sleep's mist
From the mind's uplands furl away,
To the familiar sound I list,
Disputed for by Night and Day.

I count to learn how late it is,
Until, arrived at thirty-four,
I question, "What strange world is this
Whose lavish hours would make me
poor?"

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Still on it went,
With hints of mockery in its tone;
How could such boards of time be spent
By one poor mortal's wit alone?

I have it! Grant, ye kindly Powers,
I from this spot may never stir,
If only these uncounted hours
May pass, and seem too short, with Her!

But who She is, her form and face,
These to the world of dream belong;
She moves through fancy's visioned space,
Unbodied, like the cuckoo's song.

AGRO-DOLCE

ONE kiss from all others prevents me,
And sets all my pulses astir,
And burns on my lips and torments me :
'Tis the kiss that I fain would give her.

One kiss for all others requites me,
Although it is never to be,
And sweetens my dreams and invites me :
'Tis the kiss that she dare not give me.

Ah, could it be mine, it were sweeter
Than honey bees garner in dream,
Though its bliss on my lips were fleetier
Than a swallow's dip to the stream.

And yet, thus denied, it can never
In the prose of life vanish away;
O'er my lips it must hover forever,
The sunshine and shade of my day.

THE BROKEN TRYST

WALKING alone where we walked to-
gether,
When June was breezy and blue,
I watch in the gray autumnal weather
The leaves fall inconstant as you.

If a dead leaf startle behind me,
I think 'tis your garment's hem,
And, oh, where no memory could find me,
Might I whirl away with them!

CASA SIN ALMA

RECUERDO DE MADRID

SILENCIOSO por la puerta
Voy de su casa desierta
Do siempre feliz entré,
Y la encuentro en vano abierta
Cual la boca de una muerta
Después que el alma se fué.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN
OF THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES

"WHAT means this glory round our
feet,"

The Magi mused, "more bright than
morn?"

And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is
born!"

"What means that star," the Shepherds
said,

"That brightens through the rocky
glen?"

And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to
men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
 No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
 That little children might be bold
 In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
 A light like that the wise men saw,
 If we our loving wills incline
 To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
 The simple faith of shepherds then,
 And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
 Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to
 men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
 But keep at eve the faith of morn,
 Shall daily hear the angel-song,
 "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

MY PORTRAIT GALLERY

OFT round my hall of portraiture I gaze,
 By Memory reared, the artist wise and
 holy,
 From stainless quarries of deep-buried
 days.
 There, as I muse in soothing melancholy,
 Your faces glow in more than mortal
 youth,
 Companions of my prime, now vanished
 wholly,
 The loud, impetuous boy, the low-voiced
 maiden,
 Now for the first time seen in flawless
 truth.
 Ah, never master that drew mortal breath
 Can match thy portraits, just and gener-
 ous Death,
 Whose brush with sweet regretful tints is
 laden!
 Thou paintest that which struggled here
 below
 Half understood, or understood for woe,
 And with a sweet forewarning
 Mak'st round the sacred front an aureole
 glow
 Woven of that light that rose on Easter
 morning.

PAOLO TO FRANCESCA

I WAS with thee in Heaven: I cannot
 tell
 If years or moments, so the sudden bliss,
 When first we found, then lost, us in a
 kiss,
 Abolished Time, abolished Earth and
 Hell,
 Left only Heaven. Then from our blue
 there fell
 The dagger's flash, and did not fall amiss,
 For nothing now can rob my life of
 this, —
 That once with thee in Heaven, all else
 is well.
 Us, undivided when man's vengeance
 came,
 God's half-forgives that doth not here
 divide;
 And, were this bitter whirl-blast fanged
 with flame,
 To me 'twere summer, we being side by
 side:
 This granted, I God's mercy will not
 blame,
 For, given thy nearness, nothing is
 denied.

SONNET

SCOTTISH BORDER

As sinks the sun behind yon alien hills
 Whose heather-purpled slopes, in glory
 rolled,
 Flush all my thought with momentary
 gold,
 What pang of vague regret my fancy
 thrills?
 Here 'tis enchanted ground the peasant
 tills,
 Where the shy ballad dared its blooms
 unfold,
 And memory's glamour makes new sights
 seem old,
 As when our life some vanished dream
 fulfils.
 Yet not to thee belong these painless
 tears,

Land loved ere seen : before my darkened
 eyes,
 From far beyond the waters and the years,
 Horizons mute that wait their poet rise ;
 The stream before me fades and dis-
 appears,
 And in the Charles the western splendour
 dies.

SONNET

ON BEING ASKED FOR AN AUTOGRAPH
 IN VENICE

AMID these fragments of heroic days
 When thought met deed with mutual
 passion's leap,
 There sits a Fame whose silent trump
 makes cheap
 What short-lived rumour of ourselves we
 raise.
 They had far other estimate of praise
 Who stamped the signet of their souls so
 deep
 In art and action, and whose memories
 keep
 Their height like stars above our misty
 ways :
 In this grave presence to record my name
 Something within me hangs the head and
 shrinks.
 Dull were the soul without some joy in
 fame ;
 Yet here to claim remembrance were,
 methinks,
 Like him who, in the desert's awful
 flame,
 Notches his cockney initials on the
 Sphinx.

THE DANCING BEAR

FAR over Elf-land poets stretch their
 sway,
 And win their dearest crowns beyond the
 goal
 Of their own conscious purpose ; they
 control
 With gossamer threads wide-flown our
 fancy's play,

And so our action. On my walk to-day,
 A wallowing bear begged clumsily his toll,
 When straight a vision rose of Atta
 Troll,
 And scenes ideal witched mine eyes
 away.
 " *Merci, Monsieur !* " the astonished bear-
 ward cried,
 Grateful for thrice his hope to me, the
 slave
 Of partial memory, seeing at his side
 A bear immortal. The glad dole I gave
 Was none of mine ; poor Heine o'er the
 wide
 Atlantic welter stretched it from his grave.

THE MAPLE

THE Maple puts her corals on in May,
 While loitering frosts about the lowlands
 cling,
 To be in tune with what the robins sing,
 Plastering new log-huts 'mid her branches
 gray ;
 But when the Autumn southward turns
 away,
 Then in her veins burns most the blood
 of Spring,
 And every leaf, intensely blossoming,
 Makes the year's sunset pale the set of
 day.
 O Youth unprescient, were it only so
 With trees you plant, and in whose shade
 reclined,
 Thinking their drifting blooms Fate's
 coldest snow,
 You carve dear names upon the faithful
 rind,
 Nor in that vernal stem the cross fore-
 know
 That Age shall bear, silent, yet unre-
 signed !

NIGHTWATCHES

WHILE the slow clock, as they were
 miser's gold,
 Counts and recounts the mornward steps
 of Time,

The darkness thrills with conscience of
each crime
By Death committed, daily grown more
bold.
Once more the list of all my wrongs is
told,
And ghostly hands stretch to me from my
prime
Helpless farewells, as from an alien clime;
For each new loss redoubles all the
old.
This morn 'twas May; the blossoms
were astir
With southern wind; but now the
boughs are bent
With snow instead of birds, and all
things freeze.
How much of all my past is dumb with
her,
And of my future, too, for with her
went
Half of that world I ever cared to please!

DEATH OF QUEEN MERCEDES

HERS all that Earth could promise or
bestow,—
Youth, Beauty, Love, a crown, the
beckoning years,
Lids never wet, unless with joyous tears,
A life remote from every sordid woe,
And by a nation's swelled to lordlier
flow.
What lurking-place, thought we, for
doubts or fears,
When, the day's swan, she swam along
the cheers
Of the Alcalá, five happy months ago?
The guns were shouting to Hymen then
That, on her birthday, now denounce her
doom;
The same white steeds that tossed their
scorn of men
To-day as proudly drag her to the
tomb.
Grim jest of fate! Yet who dare call it
blind,
Knowing what life is, what our human-
kind?

PRISON OF CERVANTES

SEAT of all woes? Though Nature's
firm decree
The narrowing soul with narrowing
dungeon bind,
Yet was his free of motion as the wind,
And held both worlds, of spirit and sense,
in fee.
In charmed communion with his dual
mind
He wandered Spain, himself both knight
and hind,
Redressing wrongs he knew must ever
be.
His humour wise could see life's long
deceit,
Man's baffled aims, nor therefore both
despise;
His knightly nature could ill fortune
greet
Like an old friend. Whose ever such
kind eyes
That pierced so deep, such scope, save
his whose feet
By Avon ceased 'neath the same April's
skies?

TO A LADY PLAYING ON THE CITHERN

So dreamy-soft the noons, so far away
They seem to fall, the horns of Oberon
Blow their fair Hunt's-up from the good-
time gone;
Or, on a morning of long-withered
May,
Larks tinkle unseen o'er Claudian arches
gray,
That Romeward crawl from Dreamland;
and anon
My fancy flings her cloak of Darkness
on,
To vanish from the dungeon of To-day.
In happier times and scenes I seem to
be,
And, as her fingers flutter o'er the strings,
The days return when I was young as
she,

And my fledged thoughts began to feel
 their wings
 With all Heaven's blue before them :
 Memory
 Or Music is it such enchantment sings ?

THE EVE'S TREASURY

GOLD of the reddening sunset, backward
 thrown
 In largess on my tall paternal trees,
 Thou with false hope or fear didst never
 tease
 His heart that hoards thee ; nor is child-
 hood flown
 From him whose life no fairer boon hath
 known
 Than that what pleased him earliest still
 should please :
 And who hath incomes safe from chance
 as these,
 Gone in a moment, yet for life his own ?
 All other gold is slave of earthward
 laws ;
 This to the deeps of ether takes its
 flight,
 And on the topmost leaves makes glorious
 pause
 Of parting pathos ere it lead to night :
 So linger, as from me earth's light with-
 draws,
 Dear touch of Nature, tren-
 dously
 bright !

PESSIMOPTIMISM

YET little think what toil it was to build
 A world of men imperfect even as this,
 Where we conceive of Good by what we
 miss,
 Or ill by that wherewith best days are
 filled ;
 A world whose every atom is self-willed,
 Whose corner-stone is propt on artifice,
 Whose joy is shorter-lived than woman's
 kiss,
 Whose wisdom hoarded is but to be
 spilled.
 Yet this is better than a life of caves,

Whose highest art was scratching on a
 bone,
 Or chipping toilsome arrowheads of flint ;
 Better, though doomed to hear while Cleon
 raves,
 To see wit's want eterned in paint or
 stone,
 And wade the drain-drenched shoals of
 daily print.

THE BRAKES

WHAT countless years and wealth of
 brain were spent
 To bring us hither from our caves and
 huts,
 And trace through pathless wilds the
 deep-worn ruts
 Of faith and habit, by whose deep indent
 Prudence may guide if genius be not
 lent,
 Genius, not always happy when it shuts
 Its ears against the plodder's ifs and
 buts,
 Hoping in one rash leap to snatch the
 event.
 The coursers of the sun, whose hoofs of
 flame
 Consume morn's misty threshold, are
 exact
 As bankers' clerks, and all this star-
 poised frame,
 One swerve allowed, were with convulsion
 rackt ;
 This world were doomed, should Dulness
 fail, to tame
 Wit's feathered heels in the stern stocks
 of fact.

A FOREBODING

WHAT were the whole void world, if
 thou wert dead,
 Whose briefest absence can eclipse my
 day,
 And make the hours that danced with
 Time away
 Drag their funereal steps with muffled
 head ?

Through thee, meseems, the very rose is
 red,
 From thee the violet steals its breath
 in May,
 From thee draw life all things that grow
 not gray,
 And by thy force the happy stars are
 sped.
 Thou near, the hope of thee to overflow
 Fills all my earth and heaven, as when
 in Spring,
 Ere April come, the birds and blossoms
 know,
 And grasses brighten round her feet to
 cling ;
 Nay, and this hope delights all nature so
 That the dumb turf I tread on seems to
 sing.

FANCY

UNDER THE OCTOBER MAPLES

WHAT mean these banners spread,
 These paths with royal red
 So gaily carpeted ?
 Comes there a prince to-day ?
 Such footing were too fine
 For feet less argentine
 Than Dian's own or thine,
 Queen whom my tides obey.

Surely for thee are meant
 These hues so orient
 That with a sultan's tent
 Each tree invites the sun ;
 Our Earth such homage pays,
 So decks her dusty ways,
 And keeps such holidays,
 For one, and only one.

My brain shapes form and face,
 Throbs with the rhythmic grace
 And cadence of her pace
 To all fine instincts true ;
 Her footsteps, as they pass,
 Than moonbeams over grass
 Fall lighter,—but, alas,
 More insubstantial too !

LOVE'S CLOCK

A PASTORAL

DAPHNIS *wailing*

"O DRYAD feet,
 Be doubly fleet,
 Timed to my heart's expectant beat
 While I await her !
 'At four,' vowed she ;
 'Tis scarcely three,
 Yet by *my* time it seems to be
 A good hour later !"

CHLOE

"Bid me not stay !
 Hear reason, pray !
 'Tis striking six ! Sure never day
 Was short as this is !"

DAPHNIS

"Reason nor rhyme
 Is in the chime !
 It can't be five ; I've scarce had time
 To beg two kisses !"

BOTH

"Early or late,
 When lovers wait,
 And Love's watch gains, if Time a gait
 So snail-like chooses,
 Why should his feet
 Become more fleet
 Than cowards' arc, when lovers meet
 And Love's watch loses ?"

ELEANOR MAKES MACAROONS

LIGHT of triumph in her eyes,
 Eleanor her apron ties ;
 As she pushes back her sleeves,
 High resolve her bosom heaves.
 Hasten, cook ! impel the fire
 To the pace of her desire ;
 As you hope to save your soul,
 Bring a virgin casserole,
 Brightest bring of silver spoons,—
 Eleanor makes macaroons !

Almond-blossoms, now adance
In the smile of Southern France,
Leave your sport with sun and breeze,
Think of duty, not of ease ;
Fashion, 'neath their jerkins brown,
Kernels white as thistle-down,
Tiny cheeses made with cream
From the Galaxy's mid-stream,
Blanched in light of honeymoons, --
Eleanor makes macaroons !

Now for sugar, -- nay, our plan
Tolerates no work of man.
Hurry, then, ye golden bees ;
Fetch your clearest honey, please,
Garnered on a Yorkshire moor,
While the last larks sing and soar,
From the heather-blossoms sweet
Where sea-breeze and sunshine meet,
And the Augusts mask as Junes,
Eleanor makes macaroons !

Next the pestle and mortar find,
Pure rock-crystal, -- these to grind
Into paste more smooth than silk,
Whiter than the milkweed's milk :
Spread it on a rose-leaf, thus,
Cate to please Theocritus ;
Then the fire with spices swell,
While, for her complete spell,
Mystic canticles she croons, --
Eleanor makes macaroons !

Perfect ! and all this to waste
On a graybeard's palsied taste !
Poets so their verses write,
Heap them full of life and light,
And then fling them to the rude
Mumbling of the multitude.
Not so dire her fate as theirs,
Since her friend this gift declares
Choicest of his birthday boons, --
Eleanor's dear macaroons !

February 22, 1884.

TELEPATHY

"AND how could you dream of meeting?"
Nay, how can you ask me, sweet?
All day my pulse had been beating
The tune of your coming feet.

And as nearer and ever nearer
I felt the throb of your tread,
To be in the world grew dearer,
And my blood ran rosier red.

Love called, and I could not linger,
But sought the forbidden tryst,
As music follows the finger
Of the dreaming lutanist.

And though you had said it and said it,
"We must not be happy to-day,"
Was I not wiser to credit
The fire in my feet than your Nay?

SCHERZO

WHEN the down is on the chin
And the gold-gleam in the hair,
When the birds their sweethearts win
And champagne is in the air,
Love is here, and Love is there,
Love is welcome everywhere.

Summer's cheek too soon turns thin,
Days grow briefer, sunshine rare ;
Autumn from his cannekin
Blows the froth to chase Despair :
Love is met with frosty stare,
Cannot house 'neath branches bare.

When new life is in the leaf
And new red is in the rose,
Though Love's Maytime be as brief
As a dragon-fly's repose,
Never moments come like those,
Be they Heaven or Hell : who knows?

All too soon comes Winter's grief,
Spendthrift Love's false friends turn foes ;
Softly comes Old Age, the thief,
Steals the rapture, leaves the throes :
Love his mantle round him throws, --
"Time to say Good-bye ; it snows."

"FRANCISCUS DE VERULAMIO
SIC COGITAVIT"

THAT'S a rather bold speech, my Lord
Bacon,
For, indeed, isn't so easy to know

Just how much we from others have
taken,
And how much our own natural flow?

Since your mind bubbled up at its
fountain,

How many streams made it elate,
While it calmed to the plain from the
mountain,

As every mind must that grows great?

While you thought 'twas You thinking as
newly

As Adam still wet with God's dew,
You forgot in your self-pride that truly
The whole Past was thinking through
you.

Greece, Rome, nay, your namesake, old
Roger,

With Truth's nameless delvers who
wrought

In the dark mines of Truth, helped to prod
your

Fine brain with the goal of their
thought.

As mummy was prized for a rich hue
The painter no elsewhere could find,
So 'twas buried men's thinking with which
you

Gave the ripe mellow tone to your
mind.

I heard the proud strawberry saying,
"Only look what a ruby I've made!"
It forgot how the bees in their maying
Had brought it the stuff for its trade.

And yet there's the half of a truth in it,
And my Lord might his copyright sue;
For a thought 's his who kindles new youth
in it,
Or so puts it as makes it more true.

The birds but repeat without ending
The same old traditional notes,
Which some, by more happily blending,
Seem to make over new in their
throats;

And we men through our old bit of song
run,

Until one just improves on the rest,
And we call a thing his, in the long run,
Who utters it clearest and best.

AUSPEX

My heart, I cannot still it,
Nest that had song-birds in it;
And when the last shall go,
The dreary days, to fill it,
Instead of lark or linnet,
Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

Had they been swallows only,
Without the passion stronger
That skyward longs and sings,—
Woe's me, I shall be lonely
When I can feel no longer
The impatience of their wings!

A moment, sweet delusion,
Like birds the brown leaves hover;
But it will not be long
Before their wild confusion
Fall wavering down to cover
The poet and his song.

THE PREGNANT COMMENT

OPENING one day a book of mine,
I absent, Hester found a line
Praised with a pencil-mark, and this
She left transfigured with a kiss.

When next upon the page I chance,
Like Poussin's nymphs my pulses dance,
And whirl my fancy where it sees
Pan piping 'neath Arcadian trees,
Whose leaves no winter-scenes rehearse,
Still young and glad as Homer's verse.
"What mean," I ask, "these sudden
joys?"

This feeling fresher than a boy's?
What makes this line, familiar long,
New as the first bird's April song?
I could, with sense illumined thus,
Clear doubtful texts in *Æschylus*!"

Laughing, one day she gave the key,
 My riddle's open-sesame;
 Then added, with a smile demure,
 Whose downcast lids veiled triumph sure,
 "If what I left there give you pain,
 You—you—can take it off again;
 'Twas for *my* poet, not for him,
 Your Doctor Donne there!"

Earth grew dim
 And wavered in a golden mist,
 As rose, not paper, leaves I kissed.
 Donne, you forgive? I let you keep
 Her precious comment, poet deep.

THE LESSON

I SAT and watched the walls of night
 With cracks of sudden lightning glow,
 And listened while with clumsy might
 The thunder wallowed to and fro.

The rain fell softly now; the squall,
 That to a torrent drove the trees,
 Had whirled beyond us to let fall
 Its tumult on the whitening seas.

But still the lightning crinkled keen,
 Or fluttered fitful from behind
 The leaden drifts, then only seen,
 That rumbled eastward on the wind.

Still as gloom followed after glare,
 While bated breath the pine-trees drew,
 Tiny Salmoneus of the air,
 His mimic bolts the firefly threw.

He thought, no doubt, "Those flashes
 grand,
 That light for leagues the shuddering sky,
 Are made, a fool could understand,
 By some superior kind of fly.

"He's of our race's elder branch,
 His family-arms the same as ours,
 Both born the twy-forked flame to launch,
 Of kindred, if unequal, powers."

And is man wiser? Man who takes
 His consciousness the law to be
 Of all beyond his ken, and makes
 God but a bigger kind of Me?

SCIENCE AND POETRY

HE who first stretched his nerves of
 subtle wire
 Over the land and through the sea-depths
 still,
 Thought only of the flame-winged mes-
 senger

As a dull drudge that should encircle earth
 With sordid messages of Trade, and tame
 Blithe Ariel to a bagman. But the Muse
 Not long will be defrauded. From her foe
 Her misused wand she snatches; at a
 touch,

The Age of Wonder is renewed again,
 And to our disencharmed day restores
 The Shoes of Swiftiness that give odds to
 Thought,
 The Cloak that makes invisible; and
 with these

I glide, an airy fire, from shore to shore,
 Or from my Cambridge whisper to
 Cathay.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

THE century numbers fourscore years;
 You, fortified in your teens,
 To Time's alarms close your ears,
 And, while he devastates your peers,
 Conceive not what he means.

If e'er life's winter fleck with snow
 Your hair's deep shadowed bowers,
 That winsome head an art would know
 To make it charm, and wear it so
 As 'twere a wreath of flowers.

If to such fairies years must come,
 May yours fall soft and slow
 As, shaken by a bee's low hum,
 The rose-leaves waver, sweetly dumb,
 Down to their mates below!

THE DISCOVERY

I WATCHED a moorland torrent run
 Down through the rift itself had made,
 Golden as honey in the sun,
 Of darkest amber in the shade.

In this wild glen at last, methought,
The magic's secret I surprise ;
Here Celia's guardian fairy caught
The changeful splendours of her eyes.

All else grows tame, the sky's one blue,
The one long languish of the rose,
But these, beyond prevision new,
Shall charm and startle to the close.

WITH A SEASHELL.

SHELL, whose lips, than mine more cold,
Might with Dian's ear make bold,
Seek my Lady's ; if thou win
To that portal, shut from sin,
Where commissioned angels' swords
Startle back unholy words,
Thou a miracle shalt see
Wrought by it and wrought in thee :
Thou, the dumb one, shalt recover
Speech of poet, speech of lover.
If she deign to lift you there,
Murmur what I may not dare ;
In that archway, pearly-pink
As the Dawn's untrodden brink,
Murmur, "Excellent and good,
Beauty's best in every mood,
Never common, never tame,
Changeful fair as windwaved flæte"—
Nay, I maunder ; this she hears
Every day with mocking ears,
With a brow not sudden-stained
With the flush of bliss restrained,
With no tremor of the pulse
More than feels the dreaming dulse
In the midmost ocean's caves,
When a tempest heaps the waves.
Thou must woo her in a phrase
Mystic as the opal's blaze,
Which pure maids alone can see
When their lovers constant be.
I with thee a secret share,
Half a hope, and half a prayer,
Though no reach of mortal skill
Ever told it all, or will ;
Say, "He bids me—nothing more—
Tell you what you guessed before !"

THE SECRET

I HAVE a fancy : how shall I bring it
Home to all mortals wherever they be ?
Say it or sing it ? Shoe it or wing it,
So it may outrun or outfly Me,
Merest cocoon-web whence it broke free ?

Only one secret can save from disaster,
Only one magic is that of the Master :
Set it to music ; give it a tune,---
Tune the brook sings you, tune the breeze
brings you,
Tune the wild columbines nod to in
June !

This is the secret : so simple, you see !
Easy as loving, easy as kissing,
Easy as-- well, let me ponder - as missing,
Known, since the world was, by scarce
two or three.

HUMOUR AND SATIRE

FITZ ADAM'S STORY

[The greater part of this poem was written many years ago as part of a larger one, to be called "The Noonning," made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some comic. It gives me a sad pleasure to remember that I was encouraged in this project by my friend the late Arthur Hugh Clough.]

THE next whose fortune 'twas a tale to tell
Was one whom men, before they thought,
loved well,
And after thinking wondered why they did,
For half he seemed to let them, half
forbid,
And wrapped him so in humours, sheath
on sheath,
'Twas hard to guess the mellow soul
beneath ;
But, once divined, you took him to your
heart,
While he appeared to bear with you as
part

Of life's impertinence, and once a year
 Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,
 Or rather something sweetly-shy and
 loath,
 Withdrawn ere fully shown, and mixed
 of both.
 A cynic? Not precisely: one who
 thrust
 Against a heart too prone to love and
 trust,
 Who so despised false sentiment he knew
 Scarce in himself to part the false and
 true,
 And strove to hide, by roughening-o'er
 the skin,
 Those cobweb nerves he could not dull
 within.
 Gentle by birth, but of a stem decayed,
 He shunned life's rivalries and hated
 trade;
 On a small patrimony and larger pride,
 He lived untroubled on the Other Side
 (So he called Europe), only coming West
 To give his Old-World appetite new
 zest;
 Yet still the New World spooked it in
 his vein,
 A ghost he could not lay with all his
 pains;
 For never Pilgrims' offshoot escapes
 control
 Of those old instincts that have shaped
 his soul.
 A radical in thought, he puffed away
 With shrewd contempt the dust of usage
 gray,
 Yet loathed democracy as one who saw,
 In what he longed to love, some vulgar
 flaw,
 And, shocked through all his delicate
 reserves,
 Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.
 His fancy's thall, he drew all ergoes
 thence,
 And thought himself the type of common
 sense;
 Misliking women, not from cross or
 whim,
 But that his mother shared too much in
 him,

And he half felt that what in them was
 grace
 Made the unlucky weakness of his race.
 What powers he had he hardly cared to
 know,
 But sauntered through the world as
 through a show;
 A critic fine in his haphazard way,
 A sort of mild La Bruyère on half-pay.
 For comic weaknesses he had an eye
 Keen as an acid for an alkali,
 Yet you could feel, through his sardonic
 tone,
 He loved them all; unless they were his
 own.
 You might have called him, with his
 humorous twist,
 A kind of human entomologist:
 As these bring home, from every walk
 they take,
 Their hat-crowns stuck with bugs of
 curious make.
 So he filled all the lining of his head
 With characters impaled and ticketed,
 And had a cabinet behind his eyes
 For all they caught of mortal oddities.
 He might have been a poet—many
 worse—
 But that he had, or feigned, contempt of
 verse;
 Called it tattooing language, and held
 rhymes
 The young world's lullaby of ruder times.
 Bitter in words, too indolent for gall,
 He satirised himself the first of all,
 In men and their affairs could find no law,
 And was the ill logic that he thought he
 saw.
 Scratching a match to light his pipe
 anew,
 With eyes half shut some musing whiffs
 he drew,
 And thus began: "I give you all my
 word,
 I think this mock-Decameron absurd;
 Boccaccio's garden! how bring that to
 pass
 In our bleak clime save under double
 glass?"

The moral east-wind of New England
 life
 Would snip its gay luxuriance like a
 knife ;
 Mile-deep the glaciers brooded here,
 they say,
 Through æons numb ; we feel their chill
 to-day.
 These foreign plants are but half-hardy
 still,
 Die on a south, and on a north wall chill.
 Had we stayed Puritans ! *They* had
 some heat,
 (Though whence derived I have my own
 conceit,)
 But you have long ago raked up their
 fires ;
 Where they had faith, you've ten sham-
 Gothic spires.
 Why more exotics ? Try your native
 vines,
 And in some thousand years you *may*
 have wines ;
 Your present grapes are harsh, all pulps
 and skins,
 And want traditions of ancestral bins
 That saved for evenings round the
 polished board
 Old lava-fires, the sun-steeped hillside's
 hoard.
 Without a Past, you lack that southern
 wall
 O'er which the vines of Poesy should
 crawl ;
 Still they're your only hope ; no midnight
 oil
 Makes up for virtue wanting in the soil ;
 Manure them well and prune them ;
 'twon't be France,
 Nor Spain, nor Italy, but there's your
 chance.
 You have one story-teller worth a score
 Of dead Boccaccios,—nay, add twenty
 more,—
 A hawthorn asking spring's most dainty
 breath,
 And him you're freezing pretty well to
 death.
 However, since you say so, I will tease
 My memory to a story by degrees,

Though you will cry, 'Enough !' I'm
 well-nigh sure,
 Ere I have dreamed through half my
 overture.
 Stories were good for men who had no
 books,
 (Fortunate race !) and built their nests
 like rooks
 In lonely towers, to which the Jongleur
 brought
 His pedler's-box of cheap and tawdry
 thought,
 With here and there a fancy fit to see
 Wrought to quaint grace in golden
 filigree, —
 Some ring that with the Muse's finger
 yet
 Is warm, like Aucassin and Nicolette ;
 The morning newspaper has spoilt his
 trade,
 (For better or for worse, I leave unsaid,)
 And stories now, to suit a public nice,
 Must be half epigram, half pleasant vice.

"All tourists know Shelagoc County :
 there
 The summer idlers take their yearly
 stare,
 Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,
 As 'twere Italian opera, or play,
 Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed),
 And pat the Mighty Mother on the head :
 These have I seen,—all things are good
 to see, —
 And wondered much at their com-
 placency.
 This world's great show, that took in
 getting-up
 Millions of years, they finish ere they
 sup ;
 Sights that God gleams through with
 soul-tingling force
 They glance approvingly as things of
 course,
 Say, 'That's a grand rock,' 'This a
 pretty fall,'
 Not thinking, 'Are we worthy ?' What
 if all
 The scornful landscape should turn
 round and say,

'This is a fool, and that a popinjay'?
 I often wonder what the Mountain
 thinks
 Of French boots creaking o'er his breath-
 less brinks,
 Or how the Sun would scare the chatter-
 ing crowd,
 If some fine day he chanced to think
 aloud.
 I, who love Nature much as sinners can,
 Love her where she most grandeur shows,
 —in man:
 Here find I mountain, forest, cloud, and
 sun,
 River and sea, and glows when day is
 done;
 Nay, where she makes grotesques, and
 moulds in jest
 The clown's cheap clay, I find unfading
 zest.
 The natural instincts year by year retire,
 As deer shrink northward from the
 settler's fire,
 And he who loves the wild game-flavour
 more
 Than city-feasts, where every man's a bore
 To every other man, must seek it where
 The steamer's throb and railway's iron
 blare
 Have not yet startled with their punctual
 stir
 The shy, wood-wandering brood of
 Character.

"There is a village, once the county
 town,
 Through which the weekly mail rolled
 dustily down,
 Where the courts sat, it may be, twice a
 year,
 And the one tavern reeked with rustic
 cheer;
 Cheeshogquesumscot erst, now Jethro
 light,
 Red-man and pale-face bore it equal
 spite.
 The railway ruined it, the natives say,
 That passed unwisely fifteen miles away,
 And made a drain to which, with steady
 ooze,

Filtered away law, stage-coach, trade,
 and news.
 The railway saved it; so at least think
 those
 Who love old ways, old houses, old
 repose.
 Of course the Tavern stayed: its genial
 host
 Thought not of flitting more than did the
 post
 On which high-hung the fading sign-
 board creaks.
 Inscribed, 'The Eagle Inn, by Ezra
 Weeks.'

"If in life's journey you should ever
 find
 An inn medicinal for body and mind,
 'Tis sure to be some drowsy-looking
 house
 Whose easy landlord has a bustling
 spouse:
 He, if he like you, will not long forego
 Some bottle deep in cobwebbed dust
 laid low,
 That, since the War we used to call the
 'Last,'
 Has dozed and held its lang-syne
 memories fast;
 From him exhales that Indian-summer
 air
 Of hazy, lazy welcome everywhere,
 While with her toil the napery is white,
 The china dustless, the keen knife-blades
 bright,
 Salt dry as sand, and bread that seems as
 though
 'Twere rather sea-foam baked than vulgar
 dough.

"In our swift country, houses trim and
 white
 Are pitched like tents, the lodging of a
 night;
 Each on its bank of baked turf mounted
 high
 Perches impatient o'er the roadside dry,
 While the wronged landscape coldly stands
 aloof,
 Refusing friendship with the upstart roof.

Not so the Eagle ; on a grass-green
 swell
 That toward the south with sweet con-
 cessions fell
 It dwelt retired, and half had grown to be
 As aboriginal as rock or tree.
 It nestled close to earth, and seemed to
 brood
 O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious
 mood,
 As by the peat that rather fades than
 burns
 The smouldering grandam noods and knits
 by turns,
 Happy, although her newest news were
 old
 Ere the first hostile drum at Concord
 rolled.
 If paint it e'er had known, it knew no
 more
 Than yellow lichens spattered thickly
 o'er
 That soft lead-gray, less dark beneath
 the caves
 Which the slow brush of wind and
 weather leaves.
 The ample roof sloped backward to the
 ground,
 And vassal lean-tos gathered thickly
 round,
 Patched on, as sire or son had felt the
 need,
 Like chance growths sprouting from the
 old roof's seed,
 Just as about a yellow-pine-tree spring
 Its rough-barked darlings in a filial ring
 But the great chimney was the central
 thought
 Whose gravitation through the cluster
 wrought ;
 For 'tis not styles far-fetched from Greece
 or Rome,
 But just the Fireside, that can make a
 home ;
 None of your spindling things of modern
 style,
 Like pins stuck through to stay the card-
 built pile,
 It rose broad-shouldered, kindly, de-
 bonair,

Its warm breath whitening in the October
 air,
 While on its front a heart in outline
 showed

The place it filled in that serene abode.

“When first I chanced the Eagle to
 explore,

Ezra sat listless by the open door ;
 One chair carcered him at an angle meet,
 Another nuzzed his hugely-slippered
 feet ;

Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,
 And the whole man diffused tobacco's
 charm.

‘Are you the landlord?’ ‘Wahl, I guess
 I be,’

Watching the smoke, he answered
 leisurely.

He was a stoutish man, and through the
 breast

Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly
 chest ;

Streaked redly as a wind-foreboding
 morn,

His tanned cheeks curved to temples
 closely shorn ;

Clean-shaved he was, save where a hedge
 of gray

Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
 About an Adam's-apple, that beneath
 Bulged like a boulder from a brambly
 heath.

The Western World's true child and
 nursing he,

Equipt with aptitudes enough for three :
 No eye like his to value horse or cow,
 Or gauge the contents of a stack or
 mow ;

He could foretell the weather at a word,
 He knew the haunt of every beast and
 bird,

Or where a two-pound trout was sure to
 lie,

Waiting the flutter of his home-made fly ;
 Nay, once in autumns five, he had the luck
 To drop at fair-play range a ten-tined
 buck ;

Of sportsmen true he favoured every
 whim,

But never cockney found a guide in him;
A natural man, with all his instincts
fresh,
Not buzzing helpless in Reflection's
mesh,
Firm on its feet stood his broad-shouldered
mind,
As bluffly honest as a northwest wind;
Hard-headed and soft-hearted, you'd
scarce meet
A kindlier mixture of the shrewd and
sweet;
Generous by birth, and ill at saying
'No,'
Yet in a bargain he was all men's foe
Would yield no inch of vantage in a
trade,
And give away ere nightfall all he made.

"Can I have lodging here?" once
more I said.
He blew a whiff, and, leaning back his
head,
'You come a piece through Bailey's
woods, I s'pose,
Across a bridge where a big swamp-oak
grows'
It don't grow, neither; it's ben dead ten
year,
Nor th' ain't a livin' creetur, fur nor
near,
Can tell wut killed it; but I some mis-
doubt
'Twas borers, there's sech heaps on 'em
about.
You didn't chance to run ag'inst my son,
A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
He'd oughto ben back more'n an hour
ago,
An' brought some birds to dress for supper
---sho!
There he comes now. 'Say, Obed, wut
ye got?
(He'll hev some upland plover like as
not.)
Wal, them's real nice uns, an' 'll eat A1,
Ef I can stop their bein' over-done;
Nothin' riles *me* (I pledge my fastin'
word)
Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird;

(Obed, you pick 'em out o' sight an'
sound,
Your ma'am don't love no feathers
cluttrin' round;)
Jes' scare 'em with the coals,—thet's *my*
idee.'
Then, turning suddenly about on me,
'Wal, Square, I guess so. Callilate to
stay?
I'll ask Mis' Weeks; 'bout *thet* it's hern
to say.'

"Well, there I lingered all October
through,
In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue,
So leisurely, so soothing, so forgiving,
That sometimes makes New England fit
for living.
I watched the landscape, erst so granite
glum,
Proom like the south side of a ripening
plum,
And each rock-maple on the hillside
make
His ten days' sunset doubled in the
lake;
The very stone walls draggling up the
hills
Seemed touched, and wavered in their
roundhead wills.
Ah! there's a deal of sugar in the sun!
Tap me in Indian summer, I should run
A juice to make rock-candy of,—but
then
We get such weather scarce one year in
ten.

"There was a parlour in the house, a
room
To make you shudder with its prudish
gloom,
The furniture stood round with such an
air,
There seemed an old maid's ghost in
every chair,
Which looked as it had scuttled to its
place
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
Too smugly proper for a world of sin,
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.

The table, fronting you with icy stare,
 Strove to look witless that its legs were
 bare,
 While the black sofa with its horse-hair
 pall
 Gloomed like a bier for Comfort's funeral.
 Each piece appeared to do its chilly best
 To seem an utter stranger to the rest,
 As if acquaintanceship were deadly sin,
 Like Britons meeting in a foreign inn.
 Two portraits graced the wall in grimmest
 truth,
 Mister and Mistress W. in their youth,—
 New England youth, that seems a sort of
 pill,
 Half wish-I-dared, half Edwards on the
 Will,
 Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a
 trace
 Of Calvinistic colic on the face.
 Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in
 state
 Solomon's temple, done in copperplate ;
 Invention pure, but meant, we may
 presume,
 To give some Scripture sanction to the
 room.
 Facing this last, two samplers you might
 see,
 Each, with its urn and stiffly-weeping
 tree,
 Devoted to some memory long ago
 More faded than their lines of worsted woe ;
 Cut paper decked their frames against the
 flies,
 Though none e'er dared an entrance who
 were wise,
 And bushed asparagus in fading green
 Added its shiver to the franklin clean.

 " When first arrived, I chilled a half-
 hour there,
 Nor dared deflower with use a single
 chair ;
 I caught no cold, yet flying pains could
 find
 For weeks in me,—a rheumatism of
 mind.
 One thing alone imprisoned there had
 power

To hold me in the place that long half-
 hour :
 A scutcheon this, a helm-surmounted
 shield,
 Three griffins argent on a sable field ;
 A relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
 And Ezra held some Old-World lumber
 dear.
 Nay, do not smile ; I love this kind of
 thing,
 These cooped traditions with a broken
 wing,
 This freehold nook in Fancy's pipe-
 blown ball,
 This less than nothing that is more than
 all !
 Have I not seen sweet natures kept alive
 Amid the humdrum of your business
 hive,
 Undowered spinsters shielded from all
 harms,
 By airy incomes from a coat of arms ? "

 He paused a moment, and his features
 took
 The flitting sweetness of that inward
 look
 I hinted at before ; but, scarcely seen,
 It shrank for shelter 'neath his harder
 mien,
 And, rapping his black pipe of ashes
 clear,
 He went on with a self-derisive sneer :
 " No doubt we make a part of God's
 design,
 And break the forest-path for feet divine ;
 To furnish foothold for this grand pre-
 vision
 Is good, and yet—to be the mere transi-
 tion,
 That, you will say, is also good, though I
 Scarce like to feed the ogre By-and-by.
 Raw edges rasp my nerves ; my taste is
 wooded
 By things that are, not going to be, good,
 Though were I what I dreamed two
 lustres gone,
 I'd stay to help the Consummation on,
 Whether a new Rome than the old more
 fair,

Or a deadflat of rascal-ruled despair ;
 By *my* skull somehow never closed the
 suture
 That seems to knit yours firmly with the
 future,
 So you'll excuse me if I'm sometimes fain
 To tie the Past's warm nightcap o'er my
 brain ;
 I'm quite aware 'tis not in fashion here,
 But then your northeast winds are *so*
 severe !

“ But to my story : though 'tis truly
 naught
 But a few hints in Memory's sketchbook
 caught,
 And which may claim a value on the score
 Of calling back some scency now no
 more.
 Shall I confess ? The tavern's only Lar
 Seemed (be not shocked !) its homely-
 featured bar.
 Here dozed a fire of beechen logs, that
 bred
 Strange fancies in its embers golden-red,
 And nursed the loggerhead whose hissing
 dip,
 Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug
 of flip
 That made from mouth to mouth its
 genial round,
 Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound ;
 Hence dropt the tinkling coal all mellow-
 ripe
 For Uncle Reuben's talk-extinguished
 pipe ;
 Hence rayed the heat, as from an indoor
 sun,
 That wooed forth many a shoot of rustic
 fun.
 Here Ezra ruled as king by right divine ;
 No other face had such a wholesome
 shine,
 No laugh like his so full of honest cheer ;
 Above the rest it crowed like Chanti-
 cees.

“ In this one room his dame you never
 saw,
 Where reigned by custom old a Salic law ;

Here coatless lolled he on his throne of
 oak,
 And every tongue paused midway if he
 spoke.
 Due mirth he loved, yet was his sway
 severe ;
 No blear-eyed driveller got his stagger
 here ;
 ‘ Measure was happiness ; who wanted
 more,
 Must buy his ruin at the Deacon's store ’ ;
 None but his lodgers after ten could
 stay,
 Nor after nine on-eves of Sabbath-day.
 He had his favourites and his pensioners,
 The same that gypsy Nature owns for
 hers :
 Loose-ended souls, whose skills bring
 scanty gold,
 And whom the poor-house catches when
 they're old ;
 Rude country-minstrels, men who doctor
 kine,
 Or graft, and, out of scions ten, save
 nine ;
 Creatures of genius they, but never meant
 To keep step with the civic regiment.
 These Ezra welcomed, feeling in his
 mind
 Perhaps some motions of the vagrant
 kind ;
 These paid no money, yet for them he
 drew
 Special Jamaica from a tap they knew,
 And, for their feelings, chalked behind
 the door
 With solemn face a visionary score.
 This thawed to life in Uncle Reuben's
 throat
 A torpid shoal of jest and anecdote,
 Like those queer fish that doze the
 droughts away,
 And wait for moisture, wrapt in sun-
 baked clay ;
 This warmed the one-eyed fiddler to his
 task,
 Perched in the corner on an empty cask,
 By whose shrill art rapt suddenly, some-
 boor
 Rattled a double-shuffle on the floor ;

'Hull's Victory' was, indeed, the favourite air,
Though 'Yankee Doodle' claimed its proper share.

"'Twas there I caught from Uncle Reuben's lips,
In dribbling monologue 'twixt whiffs and sips,

The story I so long have tried to tell ;
The humour coarse, the persons common,
— well,

From Nature only do I love to paint,
Whether she send a satyr or a saint ;
To me Sincerity's the one thing good,
Soiled though she be and lost to maiden-hood.

Quompegan is a town some ten miles south

From Jethro, at Nagumscot river-mouth,
A seaport town, and makes its title good
With lumber and dried fish and eastern wood.

Here Deacon Bitters dwelt and kept the Store,

The richest man for many a mile of shore ;

In little less than everything dealt he,
From meeting-houses to a chest of tea ;
So dextrous therewithal a flint to skin,
He could make profit on a single pin ;
In business strict, to bring the balance true

He had been known to bite a fig in two,
And change a board-nail for a shingle-nail.

All that he had he ready held for sale,

His house, his tomb, whate'er the law allows,

And he had gladly parted with his spouse.
His one ambition still to get and get,
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.

His store looked righteous, should the Parson come,

But in a dark back-room he peddled rum,

And eased Ma'am Conscience, if she e'er would scold,

By christening it with water ere he sold.
A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,

And one white neckcloth all the week-days through,—

On Monday white, by Saturday as dun
As that worn homeward by the prodigal son.

His frosted earlocks, striped with foxy brown,

Were braided up to hide a desert crown ;
His coat was brownish, black perhaps of yore ;

In summer-time a banyan loose he wore ;
His trousers short, through many a season true,

Made no pretence to hide his stockings blue ;

A waistcoat buff his chief adornment was,
Its porcelain buttons rimmed with dusky brass.

A deacon he, you saw it in each limb,
And well he knew to deacon-off a hymn,
Or lead the choir through all its wandering woes

With voice that gathered unction in his nose,

Wherein a constant snuffle you might hear,
As if with him 'twere winter all the year.
At pew-head sat he with decorous pains,
In sermon-time could foot his weekly gains,

Or, with closed eyes and heaven-abstracted air,

Could plan a new investment in long-prayer.

A pious man, and thrifty too, he made
The psalms and prophets partners in his trade,

And in his orthodoxy straitened more
As it enlarged the business at his store ;
He honoured Moses, but, when gain he planned,

Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

"Soon as the winter made the sledding good,

From far around the farmers hauled him wood,

For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb.
 He paid in groceries and New England rum,
 Making two profits with a conscience clear,—
 Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear.
 With his own nute-wand measuring every load,
 Each somehow had diminished on the road;
 An honest cord in Jethro still would fail
 By a good foot upon the Deacon's scale,
 And, more to abate the price, his gimlet eye
 Would pierce to cat-sticks that none else could spy;
 Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet
 But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.

"While the first snow was mealy under feet,
 A team drawled creaking down Quompegan street.
 Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding sled,
 And cornstalk fodder rustled overhead;
 The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
 Were silver-fringed; the driver's own was blue
 As the coarse frock that swung below his knee.
 Behind his load for shelter waded he;
 His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
 Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his feet,
 Hushed as a ghost's; his amputee scarce could hold
 The walnut whipstock slippery-bright with cold.
 What wonder if, the tavern as he past,
 He looked and longed, and stayed his beasts at last,
 Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam
 While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam?

"Before the fire, in want of thought profound,
 There sat a brother-townsmen weather-bound:
 A sturdy churl, crisp-headed, bristly-cared,
 Red as a pepper; 'twixt coarse brows and beard
 His eyes lay ambushed, on the watch for fools,
 Clear, gray, and glittering like two bay-edged pools;
 A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,
 Could swap a poor horse for a better one,—
 He'd a high-stepper always in his stall;
 Liked far and near, and dreaded there-withal.
 To him the in-comer, 'Perez, how d'ye do?'
 'Jest as I'm mind to, Obed; how do you?'
 Then, his eyes twinkling such swift gleams as run
 Along the levelled barrel of a gun
 Brought to his shoulder by a man you know
 Will bring his game down, he continued, 'So,
 I s'pose you're haulin' wood? But you're too late;
 The Deacon's off; Old Splitfoot couldn't wait;
 He made a bee-line las' night in the storm
 To where he won't need wood to keep him warm.
 'Fore this he's treasurer of a fund to train
 Young imps as missionaries; hopes to gain
 That way a contract that he has in view
 For fireproof pitchforks of a pattern new.
 It must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,
 To think he stuck the Old One in a trade;
 His soul, to start with, wasn't worth a carrot,
 And all he'd left 'ould hardly serve 'o swear at.'

"By this time Obed had his wits thawed out,
 And, looking at the other half in doubt,
 Took off his fox-skin cap to scratch his head,
 Donned it again, and drawled forth,
 'Mean he's dead?'
 'Jesso; he's dead and t'other *d* that follers
 With folks that never love a thing but dollars.
 He pulled up stakes last evening, fair and square,
 And ever since there's been a row Down There.
 The minute the old chap arrived, you see,
 Comes the Boss-devil to him, and says he,
 "What are you good at? Little enough, I fear;
 We callilate to make folks useful here."
 "Well," says old Bitters, "I expect I can
 Scale a fair load of wood with e'er a man."
 "Wood we don't deal in; but perhaps you'll suit,
 Because we buy our brimstone by the foot:
 Here, take this measurin'-rod, as smooth as sin,
 And keep a reckonin' of what loads comes in.
 You'll not want business, for we need a lot
 To keep the Yankees that you send us hot;
 At firin' up they're barely half as spry
 As Spaniards or Italians, though they're dry;
 At first we have to let the draught on stronger,
 But, heat 'em through, they seem to hold it longer."

"Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon
 A teamster comes, whistling an ex-psalm tune.

A likelier chap you wouldn't ask to see,
 No different, but his limp, from you or me"--
 'No different, Perez! Don't your memory fail?

Why, where in thunder was his horns and tail?

'They're only worn by some old-fashioned pokes;

They mostly aim at looking just like folks.
 Sech things are scarce as queues and top-boots here;

'Twould spoil their usefulness to look too queer.

Ef you could always know 'em when they come,

They'd get no purchase on you: now be mum.

On come the teamster, smart as Davy Crockett,

Jinglin' the red-hot coppers in his pocket,

And clost behind, ('twas gold-dust, you'd ha' sworn,)

A load of sulphur yellower 'n seed-corn;
 To see it wasted as it is Down There
 Would make a Friction-Match Co. tear its hair!

"Hold on?" says Bitters, "stop right where you be;

You can't go in athout a pass from me."

"All right," says t'other, "only step round smart;

I must be home by noon-time with the cart."

Bitters goes round it sharp-eyed as a rat,
 Then with a scrap of paper on his hat
 Pretends to cipher. "By the public staff,
 That load scarce rises twelve foot and a half."

"There's fourteen foot and over," says the driver,

"Worth twenty dollars, ef it's worth a stiver;

Good fourth-proof brimstone, that'll make 'em squirm,—

I leave it to the Headman of the Firm;
 After we masure it, we always lay
 Some on to allow for settlin' by the way.
 Imp and full-grown, I've carted sulphur here,

And gi'n fair satisfaction, thirty year."
 With that they fell to quarrellin' so loud
 That in five minutes they had drawn a
 crowd,
 And afore long the Boss, who heard the
 row,
 Comes elbowin' in with "What's to pay
 here now?"
 Both parties heard, the measurin'-rod he
 takes,
 And of the load a careful survey makes.
 "Sence I have bossed the business here,"
 says he,
 "No fairer load was ever seen by me."
 Then, turnin' to the Deacon, "You
 mean cus,
 None of your old Quompegan tricks with
 us!
 They won't do here: we're plain old-
 fashioned folks,
 And don't quite understand that kind o'
 jokes.
 I know this teamster, and his pa afore
 him;
 And the hard-working Mrs. D. that bore
 him,
 He wouldn't soil his conscience with a
 lie,
 Though he might get the custom-house
 thereby.
 Here, constable, take Bitters by the
 queue,
 And clap him into furnace ninety-two,
 And try this brimstone on him; if he's
 bright,
 He'll find the measure honest afore night.
 He isn't worth his fuel, and I'll bet
 The parish oven has to take him yet!"

"This is my tale, heard twenty years
 ago
 From Uncle Reuben, as the logs burned
 low,
 Touching the walls and ceiling with that
 bloom
 That makes a rose's calyx of a room.
 I could not give his language, where-
 through ran
 The gamy flavour of the bookless man
 Who shapes a word before the fancy cools,

As lonely Crusoe improvised his tools.
 I liked the tale,—'twas like so many
 told
 By Rutebeuf and his brother Trouvères
 bold;
 Nor were the hearers much unlike to
 theirs,
 Men unsophisticate, rude-nerved as
 bears.
 Ezra is gone and his large-hearted kind,
 The landlords of the hospitable mind;
 Good Warriner of Springfield was the
 last;
 An inn is now a vision of the past;
 One yet-surviving host my mind recalls,—
 You'll find him if you go to Trenton
 Falls."

THE ORIGIN OF DIDACTIC POETRY

WHEN wise Minerva still was young
 And just the least romantic,
 Soon after from Jove's head she flung
 That preternatural antic,
 'Tis said, to keep from idleness
 Or flirting, those twin curses,
 She spent her leisure, more or less,
 In writing po- —, no, verses.

How nice they were! to rhyme with *far*
 A kind *star* did not tarry;
 The metre, too, was regular
 As schoolboy's dot and carry;
 And full they were of pious plums,
 So extra-super-moral,—
 For sucking Virtue's tender gums
 Most tooth-enticing coral.

A clean, fair copy she prepares,
 Makes sure of moods and tenses,
 With her own hand,—for prudence
 spares
 A man-(or woman)-uensis;
 Complete, and tied with ribbons proud,
 She hinted soon how cosy a
 Treat it would be to read them loud
 After next day's Ambrosia.

The Gods thought not it would amuse
 So much as Homer's Odyssees,
 But could not very well refuse
 The properst of Goddesses ;
 So all sat round in attitudes
 Of various dejection,
 As with a *hem* ! the queen of prudes
 Began her grave prelection.

At the first pause Zeus said, "Well
 sung !—"

I mean—ask Phœbus, —*he* knows."
 Says Phœbus, "Zounds ! a wolf's
 among

Admetus's merinos !
 Fine ! very fine ! but I must go ;
 They stand in need of me there ;
 Excuse me !" snatched his stick, and so
 Plunged down the gladdened ether.

With the next gap, Mars said, "For me
 Don't wait,—naught could be finer,
 But I'm engaged at half-past three,
 A fight in Asia Minor !"
 Then Venus lisped, "I'm sorely tried,
 These duty-calls are vip'rous ;
 But I *must* go ; I have a bride
 To see about in Cyprus."

Then Bacchus,— "I must say good-bye,
 Although my peace it jeopard ;
 I meet a man at four, to try
 A well-broke pair of leopards."
 His words woke Hermes. "Ah !" he
 said,

"I *so* love moral theses !"
 Then winked at Hebe, who turned red.
 And smoothed her apron's creases.

Just then Zeus snored,—the Eagle drew
 His head the wing from under ;
 Zeus snored,—o'er startled Greece there
 flew
 The many-volumed thunder.
 Some augurs counted nine, some, ten ;
 Some said 'twas war, some, famine,
 And all, that other-minded men
 Would get a precious —.

Proud Pallas sighed, "It will not do ;
 Against the Muse I've sinned, oh !"

And her torn rhymes sent flying through
 Olympus's back window.
 Then, packing up a peplus clean,
 She took the shortest path thence,
 And opened, with a mind serene,
 A Sunday-school in Athens.

The verses ? Some in ocean swilled,
 Killed every fish that bit to 'em ;
 Some Galen caught, and, when distilled,
 Found morphine the residuum ;
 But some that rotted on the earth
 Sprang up again in copies,
 And gave two strong narcotics birth,
 Didactic verse and poppies.

Years after, when a poet asked
 The Goddess's opinion,
 As one whose soul its wings had tasked
 In Art's clear-aired dominion,
 "Discriminate," she said, "betimes ;
 The Muse is unforgiving ;
 Put all your beauty in your rhymes,
 Your morals in your living."

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

DON'T believe in the Flying Dutchman ?
 I've known the fellow for years ;
 My button I've wrenched from his clutch,
 man :

I shudder whenever he neats !

He's a Rip van Winkle skipper,
 A Wandering Jew of the sea,
 Who sails his bedevilled old clipper
 In the wind's eye, straight as a bee.

Back topsails ! 'you can't escape him ;
 The man-ropes stretch with his weight,
 And the queerest old toggeries drape
 him,
 The Lord knows how long out of
 date !

Like a long-disembodied idea,
 (A kind of ghost plentiful now,)
 He stands there ; you fancy you see a
 Coeval of Teniers or Douw.

He greets you ; would have you take
letters :

You scan the addresses with dread,
While he mutters his *donners* and
welters,—

They're all from the dead to the dead !

You seem taking time for reflection,
But the heart fills your throat with a
jam,

As you spell in each faded direction
An ominous ending in *dam*.

Am I tagging my rhymes to a legend ?
That were changing green turtle to
mock :

No, thank you ! I've found out which
wedge-end
Is meant for the head of a block.

The fellow I have in my mind's eye
Plays the old Skipper's part here on
shore,

And sticks like a burr, till he finds I
Have got just the gauge of his bore.

This postman 'twixt one ghost and
t'other,

With last dates that smell of the
mould,

I have met him (O man and brother,
Forgive me !) in azure and gold.

In the pulpit I've known of his preaching,
Out of hearing behind the time,
Some statement of Balaam's impeaching,
Giving Eve a due sense of her crime.

I have seen him some poor ancient
thrashing

Into something (God save us !) more
dry,

With the Water of Life itself washing
The life out of earth, sea, and sky.

O dread fellow-mortal, get newer
Despatches to carry, or none !

We're as quick as the Greek and the
Jew were

At knowing a loaf from a stone.

Till the couriers of God fail in duty,
We sha'n't ask a mummy for news,
Nor sate the soul's hunger for beauty
With your drawings from casts of a
Muse.

CREDIDIMUS JOVEM REGNARE

O DAYS endeared to every Muse,
When nobody had any Views,
Nor, while the cloudscape of his mind
By every breeze was new designed,
Insisted all the world should see
Camels or whales where none there be !
O happy days, when men received
From sire to son what all believed,
And left the other world in bliss,
Too busy with bedevilling this !

Beset by doubts of every breed
In the last bastion of my creed,
With shot and shell for Sabbath-chime,
I watch the storming-party climb,
Panting (their prey in easy reach),
To pour triumphant through the breach
In walls that shed like snowflakes tons
Of missiles from old-fashioned guns,
But crumble 'neath the storm that pours
All day and night from bigger bores.
There, as I hopeless watch and wait
The last life-crushing coil of Fate,
Despair finds solace in the praise
Of those serene dawn-rosy days
Ere microscopes had made us heirs
To large estates of doubts and snares,
By proving that the title-deeds,
Once all-sufficient for men's needs,
Are palimpsests that scarce disguise
The tracings of still earlier lies,
Themselves as surely written o'er
An older fib erased before.

So from these days I fly to those
That in the landlocked Past repose,
Where no rude wind of doctrine shakes
From bloom-flushed boughs untimely
flakes ;

Where morning's eyes see nothing
strange,

No crude perplexity of change,

And morrows trip along their ways
 Secure as happy yesterdays.
 Then there were rulers who could trace
 Through heroes up to gods their race,
 Pledged to fair fame and noble use
 By veins from Odin filled or Zeus,
 And under bonds to keep divine
 The praise of a celestial line.
 Then priests could pile the altar's sods,
 With whom gods spake as they with gods,
 And everywhere from haunted earth
 Broke springs of wonder, that had birth
 In depths divine beyond the ken
 And fatal scrutiny of men ;
 Then hills and groves and streams and
 seas
 Thrilled with immortal presences,
 Not too ethereal for the scope
 Of human passion's dream or hope.

Now Pan at last is surely dead,
 And King No-Credit reigns instead,
 Whose officers, morosely strict,
 Poor Fancy's tenantry evict,
 Chase the last Genius from the door,
 And nothing dances any more.
 Nothing? Ah, yes, our tables do,
 Drumming the Old One's own tattoo,
 And, if the oracles are dumb,
 Have we not mediums? Why be glum?

Fly thither? Why, the very air
 Is full of hindrance and despair !
 Fly thither? But I cannot fly ;
 My doubts enmesh me if I try,
 Each Liliputian, but, combined,
 Potent a giant's limbs to bind.
 This world and that are growing dark ;
 A huge interrogation mark,
 The Devil's crook episcopal,
 Still borne before him since the Fall,
 Blackens with its ill-omened sign
 The old blue heaven of faith benign.
 Whence? Whither? Wherefore?
 How? Which? Why?

All ask at once, all wait reply.
 Men feel old systems cracking under 'em ;
 Life saddens to a mere conundrum
 Which once Religion solved, but she
 Has lost—has Science found?—the key.

What was snow-bearded Odin, trow,
 The mighty hunter long ago,
 Whose horn and hounds the peasant
 hears
 Still when the Northlights shake their
 spears?
 Science hath answers twain, I've heard ;
 Choose which you will, nor hope a
 third ;
 Whichever box the truth be stowed in,
 There's not a sliver left of Odin.
 Either he was a pinchbrowed thing,
 With scarcely wit a stone to fling,
 A creature both in size and shape
 Nearer than we are to the ape,
 Who hung sublime with brat and spouse
 By tail prehensile from the boughs,
 And, happier than his maimed de-
 scendants,

The culture-curtailed independents,
 Could pluck his cherries with both paws,
 And stuff with both his big-boned jaws ;
 Or else the core his name enveloped
 Was from a solar myth developed,
 Which, hunted to its primal shoot,
 Takes refuge in a Sanskrit root,
 Thenceby to instant death explaining
 The little poetry remaining.
 Try it with Zeus, 'tis just the same ;
 The thing evades, we hug a name ;
 Nay, scarcely that,—perhaps a vapour
 Born of some atmospheric caper.
 All Lempriere's fables blur together
 In cloudy symbols of the weather,
 And Aphrodite rose from frothy seas
 But to illustrate such hypotheses.
 With years enough behind his back,
 Lincoln will take the selfsame track,
 And prove, hulled fairly to the cob,
 A mere vagary of Old Prob.
 Give the right man a solar myth,
 And he'll confute the sun therewith.

They make things admirably plain,
 But one hard question *will* remain :
 If one hypothesis you lose,
 Another in its place you choose,
 But, your faith gone, O man and brother,
 Whose shop shall furnish you another?
 One that will wash, I mean, and wear,

And wrap us warmly from despair?
 While they are clearing up our puzzles,
 And clapping prophylactic muzzles
 On the Actæon's hounds that sniff
 Our devious track through But and If,
 Would they'd explain away the Devil
 And other facts that won't keep level,
 But rise beneath our feet or fail,
 A reeling ship's deck in a gale!
 God vanished long ago, iwis,
 A mere subjective synthesis;
 A doll, stuffed out with hopes and fears,
 Too homely for us pretty dears,
 Who want one that conviction carries,
 Last make of London or of Paris.
 He gone, I felt a moment's spasm,
 But calmed myself with Protoplasm,
 A finer name, and, what is more,
 As enigmatic as before;
 Greek, too, and sure to fill with ease
 Minds caught in the Symplegades
 Of soul and sense, life's two conditions,
 Each baffled with its own omniscience.
 The men who labour to revise
 Our Bibles will, I hope, be wise,
 And print it without foolish qualms
 Instead of God in David's psalms:
 Noll had been more effective far
 Could he have shouted at Dunbar,
 "Rise, Protoplasm!" No dourest Scot
 Had waited for another shot.

And yet I frankly must confess
 A secret unforgivingness,
 And shudder at the saving chrism
 Whose best New Birth is Pessimism;
 My soul- I mean the bit of phosphorus
 That fills the place of what that was for
 us—

Can't bid its inward bores defiance
 With the new nursery-tales of science.
 What profits me, though doubt by doubt,
 As nail by nail, be driven out,
 When every new one, like the last,
 Still holds my coffin-lid as fast?
 Would I find thought a moment's truce,
 Give me the young world's Mother
 Goose.

With life and joy in every limb,
 The chimney-corner tales of Grimm!

Our dear and admirable Huxley
 Cannot explain to me why ducks lay,
 Or, rather, how into their eggs
 Blunder potential wings and legs
 With will to move them and decide
 Whether in air or lymph to glide.
 Who gets a hair's-breadth on by showing
 That Something Else set all agoing?
 Farther and farther back we push
 From Moses and his burning bush;
 Cry, "Art Thou there?" Above,
 below,

All Nature mutters *yes* and *no*!
 'Tis the old answer: we're agreed
 Being from Being must proceed,
 Life be Life's source. I might as well
 Obey the meeting-house's bell,
 And listen while Old Hundred pours
 Forth through the summer-opened doors,
 From old and young. I hear it yet,
 Swelled by bass-viol and clarinet,
 While the gray minister, with face
 Radiant, let loose his noble bass.
 If Heaven it reached not, yet its roll
 Waked all the echoes of the soul,
 And in it many a life found wings
 To soar away from sordid things.
 Church gone and singers too, the song
 Sings to me voiceless all night long,
 Till my soul beckons me afar,
 Glowing and trembling like a star.
 Will any scientific touch
 With my worn strings achieve as much?

I don't object, not I, to know
 My sires were monkeys, if 'twas so;
 I touch my ear's collusive tip
 And own the poor-relationship.
 That apes of various shapes and sizes
 Contained their germs that all the prizes
 Of senate, pulpit, camp, and bar win
 May give us hopes that sweeten Darwin.
 Who knows but from our loins may spring
 (Long hence) some winged sweet-throated
 thing
 As much superior to us
 As we to Cynocephalus?

This is consoling, but, alas,
 It wipes no dimness from the glass

Where I am flattening my poor nose,
 In hope to see beyond my toes.
 Though I accept my pedigree,
 Yet where, pray tell me, is the key
 That should unlock a private door
 To the Great Mystery, such no more?
 Each offers his, but one nor all
 Are much persuasive with the wall
 That rises now, as long ago,
 Between I wonder and I know,
 Nor will vouchsafe a pin-hole peep
 At the veiled Isis in its keep.
 Where is no door, I but produce,
 My key to find it of no use.
 Yet better keep it, after all,
 Since Nature's economical,
 And who can tell but some fine day
 (If it occur to her) she may,
 In her good-will to you and me,
Make door and lock to match the key?

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

THE world turns mild; democracy, they
 say,
 Rounds the sharp knobs of character
 away,
 And no great harm, unless at grave
 expense
 Of what needs edge of proof, the moral
 sense;
 For man or race is on the downward path
 Whose fibre grows too soft for honest
 wrath,
 And there's a subtle influence that springs
 From words to modify our sense of things.
 A plain distinction grows obscure of late:
 Man, if he will, may pardon; but the
 State
 Forgets its function if not fixed as Fate.
 So thought our sires: a hundred years
 ago,
 If men were knaves, why, people called
 them so,
 And crime could see the prison-portal
 bend
 Its brow severe at no long vista's end.
 In those days for plain things plain words
 would serve;

Men had not learned to admire the
 graceful swerve
 Wherewith the Aesthetic Nature's genial
 mood
 Makes public duty slope to private good;
 No muddled conscience raised the saving
 doubt;
 A soldier proved unworthy was drummed
 out,
 An officer cashiered, a civil servant
 (No matter though his piety were fervent)
 Disgracefully dismissed, and through the
 land
 Each bore for life a stigma from the
 brand
 Whose far-heard hiss made others more
 averse
 To take the facile step from bad to
 worse.
 The Ten Commandments had a meaning
 then,
 Felt in their bones by least considerate
 men,
 Because behind them Public Conscience
 stood,
 And without wincing made their mandates
 good.
 But now that "Statesmanship" is just a
 way
 To dodge the primal curse and make it
 pay,
 Since office means a kind of patent drill
 To force an entrance to the Nation's till,
 And speculation something rather less
 Risky than if you spelt it with an *s*;
 Now that to steal by law is grown an
 art,
 Whom rogues the sires, their milder sons
 call smart,
 And "slightly irregular" dilutes the
 shame
 Of what had once a somewhat blunter
 name.
 With generous curve we draw the moral
 line:
 Our swindlers are permitted to resign;
 Their guilt is wrapped in deferential
 names,
 And twenty sympathise for one that
 blames.

Add national disgrace to private crime,
Confront mankind with brazen front
sublime,
Steal but enough, the world is un-
severe,—

Tweed is a statesman, Fisk a financier ;
Invent a mine, and be—the Lord knows
what ;

Secure, at any rate, with what you've
got.

The public servant who has stolen or
lied,

If called on, may resign with honest
pride :

As unjust favour put him in, why doubt
Disfavour as unjust has turned him out ?
Even if indicted, what is that but fudge
To him who counted in the elective
judge ?

Whitewashed, he quits the politician's
strife

At ease in mind, with pockets filled for
life :

His "lady" glares with gems whose
vulgar blaze

The poor man through his heightened
taxes pays,

Himself content if one huge Kohinoor
Bulge from a shirt-front ampler than
before,

But not too candid, lest it haply tend
To rouse suspicion of the People's
Friend.

A public meeting, treated at his cost,
Resolves him back more virtue than he
lost ;

With character regilt he counts his
gains ;

What's gone was air, the solid good
remains ;

For what is good, except what friend and
foe

Seem quite unanimous in thinking so,
The stocks and bonds which, in our age
of loans,

Replace the stupid pagan's stocks and
stones ?

With choker white, wherein no cynic
eye

Dares see idealised a hempen tie,

At parish-meetings he conducts in
prayer,

And pays for missions to be sent else-
where ;

On 'Change respected, to his friends
endeared,

Add but a Sunday-school-class, he's
revered,

And his too early tomb will not be dumb
To point a moral for our youth to come.

1872.

IN THE HALF-WAY HOUSE

I

AT twenty we fancied the blest Middle
Ages

A spirited cross of romantic and
grand,

All templars and minstrels and ladies and
pages,

And love and adventure in Outre-Mer
land ;

But ah, where the youth dreamed of
building a minster,

The man takes a pew and sits reckon-
ing his pelf,

And the Graces wear fronts, the Muse
thins to a spinster,

When Middle-Age stares from one's
glass at oneself !

II

Do you twit me with days when I had an
Ideal,

And saw the sear future through
spectacles green ?

Then find me some charm, while I look
round and see all

These fat friends of forty, shall keep
me nineteen ;

Should we go on pining for chaplets of
laurel

Who've paid a perruquier for mending
our thatch,

Or, our feet swathed in baize, with our
Fate pick a quarrel,

If, instead of cheap bay-leaves, she sent
a dear scratch ?

III

We called it our Eden, that small patent-baker,
When life was half moonshine and half

Mary Jane ;
But the butcher, the baker, the candle-

stick-maker !—
Did Adam have duns and slip down a

back-lane ?
Nay, after the Fall did the modiste keep

coming
With last styles of fig-leaf to Madam

Eve's bower ?
Did Jubal, or whoever taught the girls

thrumming,
Make the patriarchs deaf at a dollar

the hour ?

IV

As I think what I was, I sigh *Desunt
nonnulla* !

Years are creditors Sheridan's self
could not bilk ;

But then, as my boy says, "What right
has a fullah

To ask for the cream, when himself
spilt the milk ?"

Perhaps when you're older, my lad,
you'll discover

The secret with which Auld Lang Syne
there is gilt,—

Superstition of old mar, maid, poet, and
lover,—

That cream rises thickest on milk
that was spilt !

V

We sailed for the moon, but, in sad
disillusion,

Snug under Point Comfort are glad to
make fast,

And strive (sans our glasses) to make a
confusion

'Twixt our rind of green cheese and
the moon of the past.

Ah, Might-have-been, Could-have-been,
Would-have-been ! rascals,

He's a genius or fool whom ye cheat
at twoscore,

And the man whose boy-promise was
likened to Pascal's

Is thankful at forty they don't call him
bore !

VI

With what fumes of fame was each con-
fident pate full !

How rates of insurance should rise on
the Charles !

And which of us now would not feel wisely
grateful,

If his rhymes sold as fast as the Em-
blems of Quarles ?

E'en if won, what's the good of Life's
medals and prizes ?

The rapture's in what never was or is
gone ;

That we missed them makes Helens of
plain Ann Elizys,

For the goose of To-day still is
Memory's swan.

VII

And yet who would change the old
dream for new treasure ?

Make not youth's sourest grapes the
best wine of our life ?

Need he reckon his date by the Almanac's
measure

Who is twenty life-long in the eyes of
his wife ?

Ah, Fate, should I live to be nonagenarian,
Let me still take Hope's frail I.O.U.s

upon trust,
Still talk of a trip to the Islands

Macarian,
And still climb the dream-tree for—

ashes and dust !

AT THE BURNS CENTENNIAL

JANUARY, 1859

I

A HUNDRED years ! they're quickly fled,
With all their joy and sorrow ;

Their dead leaves shed upon the dead,
Their fresh ones sprung by morrow !

And still the patient seasons bring
 Their change of sun and shadow ;
 New birds still sing with every spring,
 New violets spot the meadow.

II

A hundred years ! and Nature's powers
 No greater grown nor lessened !
 They saw no flowers more sweet than
 ours,
 No fairer new moon's crescent.
 Would she but treat us poets so,
 So from our winter free us,
 And set our slow old sap afLOW
 To sprout in fresh ideas !

III

Alas, think I, what worth or parts
 I have brought me here competing,
 To speak what starts in myriad hearts
 With Burns's memory beating !
 Himself had loved a theme like this ;
 Must I be its entomber ?
 No pen save his but's sure to miss
 Its pathos or its humour.

IV

As I sat musing what to say,
 And how my verse to number,
 Some elf in play passed by that way,
 And sank my lids in slumber ;
 And on my sleep a vision stole,
 Which I will put in metre,
 Of Burns's soul at the wicket-hole
 Where sits the good Saint Peter.

V

The saint, methought, had left his post
 That day to Holy Willie,
 Who swore, "Each ghost that comes
 shall toast
 In brunstane, will he, nill he ;
 There's nane need hope with phrases
 fine
 Their score to wipe a sin frae ;
 I'll chalk a sign, to save their tryin',—
 A hand (*q*) and ' *Vide infra* !' "

VI

Alas ! no soil 's too cold or dry
 For spiritual small potatoes,
 Scrimped natures, spry the trade to ply
 Of *diaboli advocatus* ;
 Who lay bent pins in the penance-stool
 Where Mercy plumps a cushion,
 Who've just one rule for knave and fool,
 It saves so much confusion !

VII

So when Burns knocked, Will knit his
 brows,
 His window gap made scunter,
 And said, "Go rouse the other house ;
 We lodge no Tam O'Shanter !"
 "We lodge !" laughed Burns. "Now
 well I see
 Death cannot kill old nature ;
 No human flea but thinks that he
 May speak for his Creator !

VIII

"But, Willie, friend, don't turn me forth,
 Auld Cloutie needs no gauger ;
 And if on earth I had small worth,
 You've let in worse, I'se wager !"
 "Na, nane has knockit at the yett
 But found me hard as whunstane ;
 There's chances yet your bread to get
 Wi' Auld Nick, gaugin' brunstane."

IX

Meanwhile, the Unco' Guid had ta'en
 Their place to watch the process,
 Flattening in vain on many a pane
 Their disembodied noses.
 Remember, please, 'tis all a dream ;
 One can't control the fancies
 Through sleep that stream with wayward
 gleam,
 Like midnight's boreal dances.

X

Old Willie's tone grew sharp's a knife :
 "In *primis*, I indite ye,
 For makin' strife wi' the water o' life,
 And preferrin' *agua vite* !"

Then roared a voice with lusty din,
Like a skipper's when 'tis blowy,
"If *that's* a sin, I'd ne'er got in,
As sure as my name's Noah!"

XI

Baulked, Willie turned another leaf,—
"There's many here have heard ye,
To the pain and grief o' true belief,
Say hard things o' the clergy!"
Then rang a clear tone over all,—
"One plea for him allow me:
I oncc heard call from o'er me, 'Saul,
Why persecutest thou Me?'"

XII

To the next charge vexed Willie turned,
And, sighing, wiped his glasses:
"I'm much concerned to find ye yearned
O'er-warmly tow'rd the lasses!"
Here David sighed; poor Willie's face
Lost all its self-possession:
"I leave this case to God's own grace;
It baffles *my* discretion!"

XIII

Then sudden glory round me broke,
And low melodious surges
Of wings whose stroke to splendour
woke
Creation's farthest verges;
A cross stretched, ladder-like, secure
From earth to heaven's own portal,
Whereby God's poor, with footing sure,
Climbed up to peace immortal.

XIV

I heard a voice serene and low
(With my heart I seemed to hear
it)
Fall soft and slow as snow on snow,
Like grace of the heavenly spirit;
As sweet as over new-born son
The croon of new-made mother,
The voice begun, "Sore tempted one!"
Then, pausing, sighed, "Our brother!"

XV

"If not a sparrow fall, unless
The Father sees and knows it,
Think! reck's He less His form express,
The soul His own deposit?
If only dear to Him the strong,
That never trip nor wander,
Where were the throng whose morning
song
Thrills His blue arches yonder?"

XVI

"Do souls alone clear-eyed, strong-
kneed,
To Him true service render,
And they who need His hand to lead,
Find they His heart untender?
Through all your various ranks and fates
He opens doors to duty,
And he that waits there at your gates
Was servant of His Beauty.

XVII

"The Earth must richer sap secrete,
(Could ye in time but know it!)
Must juice concrete with fiercer heat,
Ere she can make her poe; ;
Long generations go and come,
At last she bears a singer,
For ages dumb of senses numb
The compensation-bringer!

XVIII

"Her cheaper broods in palaces
She raises under glasses,
But souls like these, heav'n's hostages,
Spring shelterless as grasses:
They share Earth's blessing and her bane,
The common sun and shower;
What makes your pain to them is gain.
Your weakness is their power.

XIX

"These larger hearts must feel the rolls
Of stormier-waved temptation;
These star-wide souls between their
poles
Bear zones of tropic passion.

He loved much !—that is gospel good,
 Howe'er the text you handle ;
 From common wood the cross was
 hewed,
 By love turned priceless sandal.

XX

" If scant his service at the kirk,
 He *paters* heard and *aves*
 From choirs that lurk in hedge and birk,
 From blackbird and from mavis ;
 The cowering mouse, poor unroofed
 thing,
 In him found Mercy's angel ;
 The daisy's ring brought every spring
 To him Love's fresh evangel !

XXI

" Not he the threatening texts who deals
 Is highest 'mong the preachers,
 But he who feels the woes and weals
 Of all God's wandering creatures.
 He doth good work whose heart can
 find
 The spirit 'neath the letter ;
 Who makes his kind of happier mind,
 Leaves wiser men and better.

XXII

" They make Religion be abhorred
 Who round with darkness gulf her,
 And think no word can please the Lord
 Unless it smell of sulphur.
 Dear Poet-heart, that childlike guessed
 The Father's loving kindness,
 Come now to rest ! Thou didst His
 hest,
 If haply 'twas in blindness !"

XXIII

Then leapt heaven's portals wide apart,
 And at their golden thunder
 With sudden start I woke, my heart
 Still throbbing-full of wonder.
 " Father," I said, "'tis known to Thee
 How Thou Thy Saints preparest ;
 But this I see,—Saint Charity
 Is still the first and fairest !"

XXIV

Dear Bard and Brother ! let who may
 Against thy faults be railing,
 (Though far, I pray, from us be they
 That never had a failing !)
 One toast I'll give, and that not long,
 Which thou wouldst pledge if pre-
 sent,—
 To him whose song, in nature strong,
 Makes man of prince and peasant !

IN AN ALBUM

THE misspelt scrawl, upon the wall
 By some Pompeian idler traced,
 In ashes packed (ironic fact !)
 Lies eighteen centuries uneffaced,
 While many a page of bard and sage,
 Deemed once mankind's immortal gain,
 Lost from Time's ark, leaves no more
 mark
 Than a keel's furrow through the main.

O Chance and Change ! our buzz's range
 Is scarcely wider than a fly's ;
 Then let us play at fame to-day,
 To-morrow be unknown and wise ;
 And while the fair beg locks of hair,
 And autographs, and Lord knows what,
 Quick ! let us scratch our moment's match,
 Make our brief blaze, and be forgot !

Too pressed to wait, upon her slate
 Fame writes a name or two in doubt ;
 Scarce written, these no longer please,
 And her own finger rubs them out :
 It may ensue, fair girl, that you
 Years hence this yellowing leaf may see,
 And put to task, your memory ask
 In vain, " This Lowell, who was he ?"

AT THE COMMENCEMENT
DINNER, 1866IN ACKNOWLEDGING A TOAST TO THE
SMITH PROFESSOR

I RISE, Mr. Chairman, as both of us know,
 With the impromptu I promised you
 three weeks ago,

Dragged up to my doom by your might
and my mane,
To do what I vowed I'd do never again ;
And I feel like your good honest dough
when posset
By a stirring, impertinent devil of yeast.
"You must rise," says the leaven. "I
can't," says the dough ;
"Just examine my bumps, and you'll see
it's no go."
"But you must," the tormentor insists,
" 'tis all right ;
You must rise when I bid you, and,
what's more, be light."

'Tis a dreadful oppression, this making
men speak
What they're sure to be sorry for all the
next week ;
Some poor stick requesting, like Aaron's,
to bud
Into eloquence, pathos, or wit in cold
blood,
As if the dull brain that you vented your
spite on
Could be got, like an ox, by mere poking,
to Brighton.

They say it is wholesome to rise with
the sun,
And I dare say it may be if not over-
done ;

(I think it was Thomson who made the
remark

'Twas an excellent thing in its way—for a
lark ;)

But to rise after dinner and look down
the meeting

• On a distant (as Gray calls it) prospect
of Eating,

With a stomach half full and a cerebrum
hollow

As the tortoise-shell ere it was strung for
Apollo,

Under contract to raise anerithmon
gelasma

With rhymes so hard hunted they gasp
with the asthma,

And jokes not much younger than
Jethro's phylacteries,

Is something I leave you yourselves to
characterise.

I've a notion, I think, of a good dinner
speech,

Tripping light as a sandpiper over the
beach,

Swerving this way and that as the wave
of the moment

Washes out its slight trace with a dash
of whim's foam on't,

And leaving on memory's rim just a sense
Something graceful had gone by, a live
present tense ;

Not poetry,—no, not quite that, but as
good,

A kind of winged prose that could fly if
it would.

'Tis a time for gay fancies as fleeting and
vain

As the whisper of foam-beads on fresh-
poured champagne,

Since dinners were not perhaps strictly
designed

For manœuvring the heavy dragoons of
the mind.

When I hear your set speeches that start
with a pop,

Then wander and maunder, too feeble to
stop,

With a vague apprehension from popular
rumour

There used to be something by mortals
called humour,

Beginning again when you thought they
were done,

Respectable, sensible, weighing a ton,
And as near to the present occasions of men

As a Fast Day discourse of the year
eighteen ten,

I—well, I sit still, and my sentiments
smother,

For am I not also a bore and a brother ?

•
And a toast,—what should that be ?
Light, airy, and free,

The foam-Aphrodite of Bacchus's sea,
A fancy-tinged bubble, an orb'd rainbow-
stain,

That floats for an instant 'twixt goblet
and brain ;
A breath-born perfection, half something,
half naught,
And breaks if it strike the hard edge of a
thought.
Do you ask me to make such ? Ah no,
not so simple ;
Ask Apelles to paint you the ravishing
dimple
Whose shifting enchantment lights
Venus's cheek,
And the artist will tell you his skill is to
seek ;
Once fix it, 'tis naught, for the charm of
it rises
From the sudden bopeeps of its smiling
surprises.

I've tried to define it, but what mother's
son
Could ever yet do what he knows should
be done ?
My rocket has burst, and I watch in the
air
Its fast-fading heart's-blood drop back in
despair ;
Yet one chance is left me, and, if I am
quick,
I can palm off, before you suspect me,
the stick.

Now since I've succeeded—I pray do
not frown—
To Ticknor's and Longfellow's classical
gown,
And profess four strange languages, which,
luckless elf,
I speak like a native (of Cambridge)
myself,
Let me beg, Mr. President, leave to
propose
A sentiment treading on nobody's toes,
And give, in such ale as with pump-
handles *we* brew,
Their memory who saved us from all
talking Hebrew.—
A toast that to deluge with water is good,
For in Scripture they come in just after
the flood :

I give you the men but for whom, as I
guess, sir,
Modern languages ne'er could have had
a professor,
The builders of Babel, to whose zeal the
lungs
Of the children of men owe confusion of
tongues ;
And a name all-embracing I couple
therewith,
Which is that of my founder—the late
Mr. Smith.

A PARABLE

AN ass munched thistles, while a nightin-
gale
From passion's fountain flooded all the
vale.
“Hee-haw !” cried he, “I hearken,” as
who knew
For such ear-largess humble thanks were
due.
“Friend,” said the winged pain, “in
vain you bray,
Who tunnels bring, not cisterns, for my
lay ;
None but his peers the poet rightly hear,
Nor mete we listeners by their length of
ear.”

COLONNA, ITALY, 1852.

EPIGRAMS

SAYINGS

I
In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained : know'st
thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to
thee,
“I find thee worthy ; do this deed for me” ?

II

A camel-driver, angry with his drudge,
Beating him, called him hunchback ; to
the hind

Thus spake a dervish: "Friend, the
Eternal Judge
Dooms not His work, but ours, the
crooked mind."

III

Swiftly the politic goes: is it dark?—he
borrows a lantern;
Slowly the statesman and sure, guiding
his steps by the stars.

IV

"Where lies the capital, pilgrim, seat of
who governs the Faithful?"
"Thither my footsteps are bent: it is
where Saadi is lodged."

INSCRIPTIONS

FOR A HELL AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I CALL as fly the irrevocable hours,
Futile as air or strong as fate to make
Your lives of sand or granite; awful
powers,
Even as men choose, they either give
or take.

FOR A MEMORIAL WINDOW TO SIR
WALTER RALEIGH, SET UP IN ST.
MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, BY
AMERICAN CONTRIBUTORS

THE New World's sons, from England's
breasts we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence
we came;
Proud of her Past wherefrom our Present
grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's
name.

PROPOSED FOR A SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS'
MONUMENT IN BOSTON

To those who died for her on land and sea,
That she might have a country great and
free,
Boston builds this: build ye her monument
In lives like theirs, at duty's summons spent.

A MISCONCEPTION

B, TAUGHT by Pope to do his good by
stealth,
'Twixt participle and noun no difference
feeling,
In office placed to serve the Common-
wealth,
Does himself all the good he can by
stealing.

THE BOSS

SKILLED to pull wires, he baffles Nature's
hope,
Who sure intended him to stretch a rope.

SUN-WORSHIP

IF I were the rose at your window,
Happiest rose of its crew,
Every blossom I bore would bend inward,
They'd know where the sunshine grew

CHANGED PERSPECTIVE

FULL oft the pathway to her door
I've measured by the selfsame track,
Yet doubt the distance more and more,
'Tis so much longer coming back!

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES LOST
IN A WAGER

WE wagered, she for sunshine, I for rain,
And I should hint sharp practice if I
dared;
For was not she beforehand sure to gain
Who made the sunshine we together
shared?

SIXTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY

As life runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new, and near the end
The milestones into headstones change,
'Neath every one a friend.

GLOSSARY TO THE BIGLOW PAPERS

Act'lly, *actually*.

Air, *air*.

Airth, *earth*.

Airy, *aria*.

Arree, *aria*.

Arter, *after*.

Ax, *ask*.

Beller, *below*.

Bellowses, *lungs*.

Ben, *ben*.

Bile, *boil*.

Bimeby, *by and by*.

Blurt out, *to speak bluntly*.

Bust, *burst*.

Buster, *a roistering blade*; used also as a general superlative.

Caird, *carried*.

Cairn, *carrying*.

Caleb, *a turncoat*.

Cal'late, *calculate*.

Cass, *a person with two lives*.

Close, *clothes*.

Cockerel, *a young cock*.

Cocktail, *a kind of drink*; also, *an ornament peculiar to soldiers*.

Convention, *a place where people are imposed on*; *a juggler's show*.

Coons, *a cant term for a now defunct party*; derived, perhaps, from the fact of their being commonly *up a tree*.

Cornwallis, *a sort of muster in masquerade*; supposed to have had its origin soon after the Revolution, and to commemorate the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. It took the place of the old Guy Fawkes procession.

Crooked stick, *a perverse, forward person*.

Cunnle, *a colonel*.

Cus, *a curse*; also, *a pitiful fellow*.

Darsn't, used indiscriminately, either in singular or plural number, for *dare not*, *dares not*, and *dare not*.

Deacon off, *to give the cue to*; derived from a custom, once universal, but now extinct, in our New England Congregational churches. An important part of the office of deacon was to read aloud the hymns *given out* by the minister, one line at a time, the congregation singing each line as soon as read.

Demmercrat, *leadin', one in favour of extending slavery*; *a free-trade lecturer maintained in the custom-house*.

Desput, *desperate*.

Dö, *don't*.

Doos, *docs*.

Doughface, *a contented lick-spittle*; a common variety of Northern politician.

Dror, *draw*.

Du, *do*.

Dunno, dno, *do not or does not know*.

Dut, *dirt*.

Eend, *end*.

Ef, *if*.

Emptins, *yeast*.

Env'y, *envoy*.

Everlasting, *an intensive, without reference to duration*.

Ev'y, *every*.

Ez, *as*.

Fence, *on the*; said of one who halts between two opinions; *a trimmer*.

Fer, *for*.

Ferile, *ferul, fearful*; also *an intensive*.

Fin', *find*.

Fish-skin, used in New England to clarify coffee.

Fix, *a difficulty, a nonplus*.

Foller, *folly, to follow*.

Forred, *forward*.

Frum, *from*.

Fur, *far*.

Furder, *farther*.

Furrer, *furrow*. Metaphorically, *to draw a straight furrow* is to live uprightly or decorously.

Fust, *first*.

Gin, *gave*.
 Git, *get*.
 Gret, *grea'*.
 Grit, *stirrit, energy, pluck*.
 Grout, *to sulk*.
 Grouty, *crabbed, surly*.
 Gum, *to impose on*.
 Gump, *a foolish fellow, a dullard*.
 Gut, *got*.

 Hed, *had*.
 Heern, *heard*.
 Hellum, *helm*.
 Hendy, *handy*.
 Het, *heated*.
 Hev, *have*.
 Hez, *has*.
 Holl, *whole*.
 Holt, *hold*.
 Huf, *hoof*.
 Hull, *whole*.
 Hum, *home*.
 Humbug, *General Taylor's anti-slavery*.
 Hut, *hurt*.

 Idno, *I do not know*.
 In'my, *enemy*.
 Insines, *ensigns*; used to designate both the officer who carries the standard, and the standard itself.
 Inter, intu, *into*.

 Jedge, *judge*.
 Jest, *just*.
 Jine, *join*.
 Jint, *joint*.
 Junk, *a fragment of any solid substance*.

 Keer, *care*.
 Kep', *kept*.
 Killock, *a small anchor*.
 Kin', kin' o', kinder, *kind, kind of*.

 Lawth, *lon'h*.
 Less, *let's, let us*.
 Let daylight into, *to shoot*.
 Let on, *to hint, to confess, to own*.
 Lick, *to beat, to overcome*.
 Lights, *the bowels*.
 Lily-pads, *leaves of the water-lily*.
 Long-sweetening, *molasses*.

 Mash, *marsh*.
 Mean, *stingy, ill-natured*.
 Min', *mind*.

 Nimepunce, *ninepence, twelve and a half cents*.
 Nowers, *nowhere*.

 Offen, *often*.
 Ole, *old*.

Ollers, *olluz, always*.
 On, *of*; used before *it* or *them*, or at the end of a sentence, as *on't, on'em, nat es coer I heerd on*.
 On'y, *only*.
 Ossifer, *officer* (seldom heard).

 Peaked, *pointed*.
 Peek, *to peep*.
 Pickerel, *the pike, a fish*.
 Pint, *point*.
 Pocket full of rocks, *plenty of money*.
 Pooty, *pretty*.
 Pop'ler, *conceited, popular*.
 Pus, *purse*.
 Put out, *troubled, vexed*.

 Quarter, *a quarter-dollar*.
 Queen's-arm, *a musket*.

 Resh, *rush*.
 Revelee, *the reveille*.
 Rile, *to trouble*.
 Riled, *angry; disturbed*, as the sediment in any liquid.
 Riv, *risen*.
 Row, a long row to hoc, *a difficult task*.
 Rugged, *robust*.

 Sarse, *abuse, impertinence*.
 Sartin, *certain*.
 Saxon, *sacristan, sexton*.
 Scaliest, *worst*.
 Scringe, *cringe*.
 Scrouge, *to crowd*.
 Sech, *such*.
 Set by, *valued*.
 Shakes, *great, of considerable consequence*.
 Shappoes, *chapeaux, cocked-hats*.
 Sheer, *share*.
 Shet, *shut*.
 Shut, *shirt*.
 Skeered, *scared*.
 Skeeter, *mosquito*.
 Skooting, *running, or moving swiftly*.
 Slarterin', *slaughtering*.
 Slim, *contemptible*.
 Snake, *crawled like a snake*; but *to snake any one out* is to track him to his hiding-place; *to snake a thing out* is to snatch it out.
 Sofies, *sofas*.
 Sogerin', *soldiering*; a barbarous amusement common among men in the savage state.
 Som'ers, *somewhere*.
 So'st, *so as that*.
 Sot, *set, obstinate, resolute*.
 Spiles, *spoils; objects of political ambition*.
 Spry, *active*.
 Staddles, *stout stakes driven into the salt marshes, on which the hay-ricks are set, and thus raised out of the reach of high tides*.

Streaked, *uncomfortable, discomfited.*

Suckle, *circle.*

Sutthin', *something.*

Suttin, *certain.*

Take on *to sorrow.*

Talents, *talons.*

Taters, *potatoes.*

Tell, *till.*

Tetch, *touch.*

Tetch tu, *to be able*; used always after a negative in this sense.

Tollable, *tolerable.*

Toot, used derisively for *playing on any wind instrument.*

Thru, *through.*

Thundering, a euphemism common in New England for the profane English expression *devilish*. Perhaps derived from the belief, common formerly, that thunder was caused by the Prince of the Air, for some of whose accomplishments consult Cotton Mather.

Tu, *to, too*; commonly has this sound when used emphatically, or at the end of a sentence. At other times it has the sound of *t* in *tough*, as, *W'are ye goin' tu? Goin' ta Boston.*

Ugly, *ill-tempered, intractable.*

Uncle Sam, *United States*; the largest boaster of liberty and owner of slaves.

Unrizest, applied to dough or bread; *heavy, most unrisen, or most incapable of rising.*

V-spot, *a five-dollar bill.*

Vally, *value.*

Wake snakes, *to get into trouble.*

Wal, *well*; spoken with great deliberation, and sometimes with the *a* very much flattened, sometimes (but more seldom) very much broadened.

Wamut, *walnut (hickory).*

Ware, *where.*

Ware, *were.*

Whopper, *an uncommonly large lie*; as, that General Taylor is in favour of the Wilmot Proviso.

Wig, *Whig*; a party now dissolved.

Wunt, *will not.*

Wus, *worse.*

Wut, *what.*

Wuth, *worth*; as, *Anti-slavery professions for 'lection aint wuth a Bungtown copper.*

Wuz, *was*, sometimes *were.*

Yaller, *yellow.*

Yeller, *yellow.*

Yellers, *a disease of peach-trees.*

Zack, Ole, *a second Washington, an anti-slavery slaveholder; a humane buyer and seller of men and women, a Christian hero generally.*

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